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GERMANY

VOL. II.

GERMANY

PRESENT AND PAST

BY

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

AUTHOR OF 'THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW' ETC.

Καὶ τά τε παλαιὰ καινῶς διελθεῖν, καὶ περὶ τῶν νεωστὶ γεγενημένων ἀρχαίως εἰπεῖν—Isocrates, *Panegyricus*, § 8

32368

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1879

943
Bar/Ger
32368

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GERMANY, PRESENT AND PAST.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STAGE.

God be with you, good people, go and act your play; and if there be anything in which I may be of service to you, command me, for I will do it readily; having been from my youth a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations.—*Don Quixote.*

'On April 26, in the year 1322,' says Johann Rothe in his 'Thuringian Chronicle,' 'after Easter there was performed at Eisenach a dramatic representation of the "Ten Virgins," five of whom were wise, and five foolish, according to the Gospel, as preached by Christ. And the Landgrave Frederick was present, and saw and heard how the five foolish virgins were cast out of eternal life, and how Mary and all the saints interceded for them in vain. Then he fell into great doubt, and was very wroth, and exclaimed: "What profit is there in the Christian faith if God will show no pity at the prayer of Mary and the saints?" And he went to the Wartburg, and was wroth five days, and the learned could hardly appease him and make him understand the purport of the Gospel. And then he had a stroke, brought on by the great distress he was in, and he lay sick of it three

years in bed. And then he died, at the age of fifty-five.'

It is significant that the first historic notice of a dramatic performance in Germany should also illustrate the strong impression it produced upon a German mind.

In his 'Confessions' Saint Augustine bewails the hold the stage had on his affections in his unregenerate days. The heathen stage certainly deserved the censure of the early Fathers as dangerous to morals. Under the condemnation of the Church, without the imperial court at Rome to support it, the drama died out in the West, to be revived in a Christian form in the Mystery. Germany produced her great dramatist in the tenth century—an abbess, Hroswitha, who, finding that the reading of Plautus was not of spiritual profit to her daughters in religion, wrote for them a series of Latin plays on the legends of the saints: dramas of no ordinary merit, and not without their spice of comedy.

It is not my intention to enter at any length into the history of Mystery Plays; but something must be said of those which were performed in Germany, as this species of performance is not extinct.

In 1412, at Bautzen, was performed in the market-place the play of 'Saint Dorothea,' and thirty-three spectators, standing on the roof of a house, were killed by the giving way of the rafters. In 1417, during the sitting of the Council of Constance, the 'Mystery of the Birth of Christ,' the 'Adoration of the Magi,' and the 'Massacre at Bethlehem,' were performed before the Emperor Sigismund. These plays often lasted several days. In 1536, one, 'Les Actes des Apôtres,' was put on the stage at Bourges; it continued forty days, and consisted of 40,000 verses, contained in nine volumes.

Every village church, probably, had its theatrical per-

formances at Epiphany and Easter. One of the pranks of Tyll Eulenspiegel turns on such a dramatic representation. Tyll served the parish priest as sacristan, and was entrusted at Easter with the duty of providing the three Marys. He chose three of the stupidest louts in the village, and drilled them in their parts. The priest had a wall-eyed housekeeper who was to enact the part of the angel at the tomb, sitting with her blind eye turned from the congregation; and the priest with a banner was to personate Christ. On Easter Day the three bumpkins dressed in female clothes drew up to the sepulchre and stooped before it. Then the white-robed angel blandly asked 'Whom seek ye?' Thereupon the three Marys, with one voice, answered, as instructed by Tyll, 'We seek the parson's wall-eyed wench.' The angel lost composure, sprang off the tomb, and clawed at the eyes of the Marys. Their wives, from the congregation, flew to the rescue. The parson, emerging from his hiding-place, laid about him with the banner, and, in the general scrimmage, Tyll made off.

In the St. Bartholomew's-Stift at Frankfurt-on-Main is preserved the stage director's book for the performance of a Passion Play, which continued to be enacted annually on the Römerplatz till 1506. In that year there were two hundred and sixty-seven performers, among whom were some of the clergy, and the church choir sang antiphons in Latin between the scenes. The Bible text was followed most closely. The cock crowed for Peter's conversion, the stage shook for the earthquake at the Crucifixion, and the hanging of Judas was so real that the actor taking the part on more than one occasion was resuscitated with difficulty. In 1437, at Metz, the priest who acted the part of Christ was so severely dealt with in the Crucifixion scene that he died of the consequences. The performance took place in the open air, under the sun; the pavement was parterre,

the windows of the houses formed the boxes, and the roofs constituted the gallery.

In the great Mysteries the stage was at three elevations, and before it was a shallow but broad *podium* for the chorus. The lowest stage represented the nether world. In the midst was a door—the mouth of hell, and steps led from it on each side to the second stage, which figured earth. The highest stage was reserved for the Deity and the saints; it was heaven. Each stage was divided into three compartments by pillars. There was no curtain, no change of scenery, but the back of each platform was suitably painted, or hung with drapery. The Mount of Olives, the pinnacle of the Temple, &c., were made of wine-barrels piled on one another, disguised by painted canvas, whence the stage directions 'Here Satan ascends the barrel,' or 'Judas springs off the barrel.'

With this description of the structure of the mediæval stage, the reader will be able to follow the movement of a play composed in 1480 by a priest, Theodore Schernbeck, and published by Tilesius at Eisleben in 1565. It is entitled 'Frau Jutta' and turns on the story of Pope Joan. It opens with a dance of demons on the lowest platform, singing in chorus—

> Lucifer on throne of night,
> Rimo, Rimo, Rimo!
> Once an angel clad in light,
> Rimo, Rimo, Rimo!
> Now a devil foul to sight.
> Rimo, Rimo, Rimo!

Lilith, Satan's grandmother, with a howl, leaps from the jaws of hell (in the centre) into the circle of caperers, and expresses her delight at their mad hullabaloo. All the while, on the highest stage, in a blaze of sunlight, silent, still as statues, sit Christ, his mother, and the saints, whilst angels kneel, with smoking censers, in adoration. Lucifer sends

an angel on earth to inspire the maid Jutta with ambition to climb to the highest pinnacle of honour in the world, hitherto supposed to be accessible only to a man. The devil mounts to the middle stage, where the maid Jutta is seen ministering to her master and lover, a clerk. The evil spirit breathes the ambitious thought into her ear, and she discusses it with the clerk. They resolve to go to Paris together, where she, in male attire, may study with him in the university. Whilst they are on their journey the chorus on the *podium* sing. The stage direction is broad enough, 'Unter des singet man etwas.' When the studies at Paris are accomplished, Jutta receives the Doctor's bonnet, and goes to Rome with her clerk, where they enter the household of Pope Basil, are next appointed cardinals, and finally Jutta is elected Pope. All this is passed over rapidly, and preludes the main action of the piece, which now begins, and shows the advantages of the structure of the Mediæval stage for dramatic effect.

Jutta is enthroned Pope, and sits surrounded by cardinals, holding conclave, when a senator enters and represents that his son is possessed with a devil, which he prays the new Pope to expel. Now, for the first time, fear falls on the soul of the ambitious woman. The possessed boy is brought in, writhing on his couch, and she recognises in the spirit that afflicts him the demon who had inspired her with her sacrilegious purpose. She invites the cardinals to drive out the devil: they attempt it, but in vain. Then, hesitatingly, tremblingly, the Pope raises her voice in exorcism. The black spirit appears—hidden before behind the bed,—and flies towards hell, shrieking—

> Hear! hear this marvel all
> Assembled in Saint Peter's Hall,
> A woman has you all beguile
> A woman-Pope, a Pope with child!

That the disclosure of such a scandal in the Church, wrought by a profligate woman, would produce a lively effect on a believing audience, entered into the calculations of the poet; and the threefold division of his stage assisted in making it effective. The lowest platform is crowded with scoffing, exulting demons, jabbering and pointing at the Pope, who sits on the middle stage, in full pontificals, blanched with fear, covering her eyes with shame, whilst the cardinals shrink back with dismay, or lean forward in question. Above, the Saviour discloses his pierced side, the saints express dismay. Mary kneels before her Son, and at her prayer he sends the Angel Gabriel to announce to Jutta the approach of death.

Thereupon the female Pope, filled with contrition, falls prostrate. She lifts her hands to heaven, and as she sees death—a skeleton—descend the stair of cloud, with poised javelin to smite her, she breaks into the musical cry—[1]

Mary, Mary, mother dear,
In my shame, my hour of fear,
Drops of blood I weep; receive
My confession! do not leave
Me, for evil I have done:
Plead for me to thy dear Son!

The stage direction orders a rushing together of the cardinals and of the populace around the dying Pope. A new-born child is lifted above their heads and shown to the audience. At the same moment the soul of Jutta is seen carried off by devils to the nether world.

A new situation now begins.

Blood rains out of heaven, and the earth quakes. The cardinals assume that heaven is outraged at the disgrace brought on the Holy See by Jutta, and resolve on a pilgrimage to invoke the intercession of Our Lady and

[1] The musical notation is printed with the text.

St. Nicolas. They form into procession, with tapers and banners, and move along the middle stage chanting a litany. Below, the demons are tormenting the soul of Jutta, who pleads on in piteous hymn to Mary. Above, in heaven, the Blessed Virgin and St. Nicolas are entreating the Saviour, but—'Christus schweiget stille.'

Then Mary recites all her cares and sorrows, from the hour of the Nativity in the stable till the dead head rested on the mother's lap beneath the Cross: the Saviour's brow relaxes, he raises his mother, and sends Michael to release the soul of Jutta.

The closing spectacle must have been one of extraordinary animation and dignity, the like of which cannot be equalled with all our modern appliances, in the opera. The devils recoil before Michael in his flashing silver armour, muttering a rolling bass of execrations. Simultaneously rise the wail of the litany as the procession winds, the song of thanksgiving from the lips of the redeemed soul, and a thunder of Alleluias from the host in heaven.

What a subject for Wagner!

In the Mystery Plays representing the Gospel story, each scene was 'interlarded' with a tableau, or scene in dumb show taken from the Old Testament, typical of the scene from the New Testament. In the *baroque* period this tradition of the religious drama survived under a form adapted to the taste of the period. In 1743 was enacted before Maria Theresa and Francis the First a play on the Conversion of Constantine, which opened with the stage representing a rock rising out of the sea, to which Andromeda was chained, and a monster at her feet was rising to devour her. Above sat enthroned Jupiter and the gods and goddesses of the heathen pantheon. Perseus rescues Andromeda. It is easy to trace the allegory.

Constantine delivers the Christian Church from persecution. The prologue ends with Perseus giving Andromeda over to the charge of his friend Phineus. The first act represents Constantine's camp and the marshalling of his host.

The second entr'acte treats of the faithless Phineus, intent on securing Andromeda for himself, building a bridge with the bones of the sea-monster. Perseus appears on the winged horse, exhibits the Gorgon's head. Phineus plunges into the sea, his companions are turned to stone. The second act represents the battle of the Milvian Bridge. Maxentius is precipitated into the Tiber, the *labarum* strikes terror into the hearts of his soldiers, and the Senate of Rome fall prostrate in worship before the triumphant Cross.

The story of Andromeda also serves as prelude to a play of the 'Sacrifice of Isaac' performed in 1725.

Any one who has seen the Ober-Ammergau, Mittewald, or Brixleg Passion Plays will recognise at once three features of the Mediæval Mystery which are preserved in them: the chorus singing the intermezzo on the podium; the proscenium enclosing only a third of the stage; and the allegorical tableaux from the Old Testament introducing each scene in the Gospel narrative.

Miracle Plays are not limited to these three spots. I have seen the 'Life of Our Lord' enacted by strolling companies in the Black Forest, and in the Pyrenees. But perhaps the most curious representation of the last scenes of the sacred history I have witnessed was at Mechlin, a few years ago, on the fête of St. Rumbold. A travelling band of players had erected a large tent with stage in it, in the market-place; and their programme of entertainments consisted of:—

1. Tight-rope dancing, tumbling, and performing dogs.

2. The laughable farce of 'A Ghost in spite of himself.'[1]

3. The Passion and Resurrection of Christ.

It was more than startling to see 'the spangled sprite of the shining shower,' who pirouetted on the tight-rope, figure half-an-hour later as the Mater Dolorosa, and the human spider, a man in fleshings, who walked backwards on hands and feet, transformed into the Beloved Disciple; but the Brabant peasants seemed aware of no incongruity, and were as ready to weep at the crucifixion as they were to laugh at the dancing dogs. The peasant mind of the present day is constituted like that of their Mediæval forefathers, who insisted on the introduction of an element of grotesqueness into every tragedy and religious mystery.

This has been banished from the Ober-Ammergau performance in deference to the taste of Munich visitors; but it survives at Brixleg, where Judas hanging himself, and Malchus pulling his ear to ascertain whether it is fast fixed, elicit roars of laughter. In Mahlmann's tearful tragedy of 'Herod before Bethlehem' there is a comic chorus of the children over lollipops scattered among them.

But it is in the Opera and the Oratorio that the most flourishing descendants of the old Mystery Plays are to be met with. It is in them that they have touched the ground and arisen with renewed strength. The sacred opera is not known to us in England: its less charming quaker sister, the Oratorio, is preferred. But in Germany, as we shall see presently, it long held its ground, and at the present day Méhul's 'Joseph in Egypt' and Rubinstein's 'Maccabeus,' &c., are played wherever there is an operatic company.[2]

[1] The English farce of that name translated into Flemish.

[2] In 1877, at Berlin, *Joseph* thrice, *The Maccabees* five times; at Hanover, *Joseph* once, Cassel twice, Wiesbaden once, in the season.

At the end of the fifteenth century a new species of dramatic performance came into existence to dispute the ground with the Mystery. This was the school comedy, a nursling of the learned. The zeal with which, at this period, the Greek and Latin authors were studied led to the performance by scholars of the plays of Terence. Then the learned were seized with ambition to write Latin imitations of the classic authors, and to set their pupils to act them. But these performances were of little influence on the drama, except to emancipate it from the Church. The language was dead, the manners represented belonged to a dead civilisation—there was nothing in them to live or give life.

At the same time, in taverns and in the streets, strolling players, seldom more than three at a time, performed little farces of the meanest merit and most jejune wit. Hans Rosenblut, a master-singer, was renowned as a composer of such pieces. They were performed without stage or costume. Their representatives survive. Whilst writing this chapter, I saw a couple performed at a peasant's wedding near Klein-Laufenburg. One turned on the contrast between the new style of fashionable shoemaker and the old style of cobbler. The other was on the blunders made by a Swabian servant in the service of a baron. These simple plays were the first feeble beginnings of the secular drama. They appeared at the time when the schism between the people and the Church was beginning to show.

But Hans Sachs, the shoemaker of Nürnberg, gave the drama its new direction. 'Hans Sachs,' says Gervinus, 'stands at the middle point between the old and the new art; he drew into his poetry history and the whole circle of science and common life, broke the bounds of nationality, and gave German poetry its characteristic

stamp. He was a reformer in poetry as truly as was Luther in religion, and Hutten in politics.' Sachs adapted to the stage alike the stories of the Old and New Testaments, from the Creation to the Redemption, the fables of antiquity, the legends of the Heldenbuch, the novels of Boccaccio, Greek tragedies, Roman comedies, and the follies and crimes of his own time. In his sixty-nine carnival pieces, fifty-two secular comedies, twenty-eight secular tragedies, and fifty-two sacred tragedies and comedies, he broke down the partition which existed between the religious stage and the secular drama, and brought the theatre into sympathy with the citizen life of his period. Hans Sachs' plays show us dramatic art getting out of swaddling-clothes, nothing more. There is no attempt at delineation of character, none at producing effective situations. The comedy of the 'Children of Eve' shows us the great simplicity of the cobbler-poet. The Almighty appears 'like a condescending but stiff school inspector,' says Tieck, and walks about attended by two angels, examining Adam's children in Luther's catechism. Eve has to take Cain to task for holding out his left to shake hands with God, and for forgetting to doff his cap on His first appearance. It was probably under the direction of Sachs that the first German theatre was erected at Nürnberg, in 1550, by the guild of the master-singers.[1] Augsburg followed the example of Nürnberg. These theatres were without roofs, but the stage was covered, and the patricians occupied chairs on the stage on each side—a right they claimed long after the whole house was covered in.

[1] In France the first was erected by the Brothers of the Passion in the village of S. Maur, near Vincennes, in 1398. In Italy, the old amphitheatres were used. The Brothers of the Passion, 'del gonfalone,' since 1264 when founded, performed annually in the Colosseum. The first wooden theatre erected in London was in 1576.

These theatres, like those for the Mysteries, were without curtain. At the beginning of an act the performers entered, at the end they retired. The drama had not yet conceived the idea of beginning or closing in the midst of a situation.

Adam Puschmann, a pupil of Hans Sachs, also a shoemaker and master-singer, carried the Nürnberg art to Breslau. He wrote a great comedy of 'Joseph and his Brothers' with valuable stage directions. He particularly urges that all the properties and costumes be got together before the beginning of a performance. The brothers of Joseph are to have coats of one sort, hats and shepherds' staves, Jacob a long grey beard, the angel yellow frizzled hair and a gilt nimbus. Pharaoh must wear royal robes 'and a beautiful royal beard,' Joseph a slashed and puffled dress, parti-red.

At this time, as in the Middle Ages, women were not tolerated on the stage, and the female parts were enacted by boys. Charles V., in an enactment on stage dress, excluded women from appearing on the boards. Philip II. strictly prohibited female performers, but with the introduction of the opera, they became a necessity. The Reformers laid eager hold of the drama, as a lively means of popularising their attacks on Rome. Not only rectors of colleges and professors of universities, but village pastors and superintendents of dioceses, rivalled each other in the composition of pieces for the stage. But it was not only for polemic purposes that they courted Melpomene; they felt that by making a clean sweep of the old religious services of the Church, they had lost one great means of impressing on the minds of the people the great story of Redemption, carried out in the ecclesiastical ritual of the Christian year in a dramatic but educative manner. They therefore sought to make the stage do for

them what Catholic ritual had effected before. The result was that with the Reformation came a great revival of the religious play, and that till the middle of the eighteenth century the Evangelical clergy of Germany encouraged, wrote for, and applauded the stage, and only broke with it when it refused to become the humble handmaid of the Protestant Church.

Luther was the first to stand forth as the champion of the stage against those sterner spirits, who doubted the propriety of setting boys to act in the questionable plays of Terence. 'Christians,' he said, 'must not shun comedies because in them there are some foul indecencies and licentious performances, for on account of these we might forbid them also reading the Bible. Therefore it is not well that a Christian should avoid reading or acting in such comedies, just because they contain these sort of things.'

'John Huss at Constance' was a stock polemic piece among the Lutherans. The contrast between Christ and Antichrist, in a series of scenes, as represented in the woodcuts adorning the 'Memorabilia' of Wolfius, was put on the boards. Such a series had great influence in deciding the people of Berne to adopt the Reformation.[1]

The Rector Kielmann of Stettin composed a comedy on Tetzel's sale of Indulgences. 'Lutherus Redivivus,' 'Curriculum Vitæ Lutheri,' 'The Calvinist Postboy,' were the titles of other controversial comedies. Paul Rebhun, pastor of Oelmitz, afterwards superintendent of Voigtsberg, wrote a 'spiritual play of the chaste Susanna,' in five acts, with chorus, after the Mediæval pattern. 'Saul and David,' in five acts, occupying two days, with 100 actors and 500 walking characters, was performed in

[1] By Nicolas Manuel. His pieces were as offensive to decency as they were polemical.

1571 at Gabel. The deacon, Eriginger, wrote a great play of the Rich Man and poor Lazarus. In this the *dramatis personæ* are divided into three lots (*Haufen*). To the first lot belong: the actor, *i.e.* the director, who recites the prologue to each act, and is also stage-manager; the argumentator, a boy who points the moral of each act; the conclusor, who speaks the epilogue; also the Almighty, the angel who takes the soul of Lazarus, Abraham; trusty Eckehardt, adopted into the sacred play from popular mythology;[1] Solicitus, a poor artisan; Lazarus; two travelling students; a hospital servant collecting subscriptions; Master Hans, a tailor; the soul of Lazarus represented by a pretty little boy in a white shirt.

To the second lot belong: Nabal, the rich man; his wife Sarkophilia; his five brethren; Convivia, a guest; Syrus, Dromo, and Davus, servants; a head cook and scullion, a huntsman, fisherman, butler, jester, drummers and pipers, and chambermaids.

To the third lot belong: Temporal Death and Eternal Death; Satan and six hideous devils; the soul of Nabal, a little boy blackened with charcoal and in a black shirt.

'It was in the bosom of the Reformation,' says Devrient, 'that the drama first obtained an independent life, which gradually unfolded. And the course of the history of the stage shows that all progress in dramatic art was effected in Protestant lands, by Protestant authors, and by Protestant actors.'

I shall speak in another chapter of the German opera, but, as I am on the subject of sacred dramas, I cannot break what I have to say upon it into two portions. The true descendant of the old Mystery Play is found in

[1] Trusty Eckehardt in the popular myth watches the gates of the Venusberg, and warns off those who approach the underground palace of the goddess of Love.

the sacred Opera and Oratorio. That I have already stated. But what I may now add is, that these are the forms it has assumed in the nursing arms of Protestantism. The old Mystery Play remains scarce altered in Catholic lands, in Austria and Bavaria, but in the Protestant North it has become a cultured child of civilisation.

In 1678 a musical drama was performed, entitled 'Man's Creation, Fall, and Restoration,' the words by Gerhardt Schott, the music by Thiel. The old threefold form of stage was preserved with this improvement (?), that Heaven, with the Trinity enthroned in it, was let down and hauled up as required. The introduction represented Chaos and the Fall of the Angels. The Creator descends 'on the great machine,' and begins to make Man. Lucifer on the lowest stage, addressing his devils as 'Messieurs!' exhorts them to effect the ruin of the new creation. It is unnecessary to follow the opera further. In the same year was enacted, before the court at Dresden, 'The Patriarch Jacob and his Sons,' lasting three days, and winding up with 'a ballet of the Sons of Israel.' In the *répertoire* of the Hamburg Opera-House during the seventeenth century we find the 'Bloody Spectacle of Jesus tortured and crucified for our Sins.' And before the Saxon court was repeatedly played 'The Dying Jesus' by Dedekind. How little these compositious did justice to their subject may be judged from an instance from the last. When Judas sings his farewell to earth, the Devil sings echo; and when he bursts asunder, Satan collects the bowels in a basket, trolling forth an appropriate air.

In 1688 at Hamburg was performed 'The Revenge of the Gibeonites,' after 2 Sam. xxi. and Joshua ix. On another day in the same year, 'The sacred drama of Adam and Eve, followed by the merry farce of Pickelherring in a Box.' At Hamburg, in 1702, widow Velthen's company

produced 'The ascent of Elijah and the stoning of Naboth, followed by Pickelherring and the Schoolmaster, or the bacon thief taken in.' In 1734 at Hamburg was enacted 'The whole history of Samson, the Israelitish Hercules,' winding up with a ballet of Jews, Philistines, Delilah and Samson. In the 'Birth of Christ,' an opera performed at Hamburg in 1681, in addition to the personages of the sacred story, appeared Apollo, the Pythoness, and his priests, bewailing the fall of the old gods of Olympus.

In Catholic countries the martyrdom of saints remained a favourite subject for dramatic representation. A traveller in 1790 gives the following account of one such:—'The parish of Ambras announced on a large placard its intention of entertaining and edifying the public, on July 25, with a performance of a tragedy, "The youthful martyr St. Pancras," to begin at half-past one in the afternoon, and to last till six in the evening. Though this was the tenth performance, there was quite a pilgrimage of Innsbrückers to Ambras on that sweltering afternoon. The theatre was a solid wooden erection near a tavern, with a plot of grass before it. The three entrances were guarded by peasants with halberts. Seats in shade cost six kreuzers. The stage was much raised and was long. It had two side curtains, and between them the principal curtain, and these were drawn up turn and turn about with the central curtain. Over the proscenium sprawled a wooden angel, from whose consecrated lips issued in golden vapour the words "The Life and Death of the Blessed Pancras." In Greek fashion the prologue was sung by a chorus, in which the Good Shepherd, brandishing his crook, denounced the evil days in doggerel. In the play appeared, not only angels and devils, but also the Pope, who, when not wanted on the stage, sat in the pit *in pontificalibus*, looking on with the

spectators. For next Sunday "The Devil on two Sticks" was announced.' The traveller goes on to relate that in other villages near Innsbrück, St. Mary Magdalene and St. Sebastian were being performed, and he was assured that these pieces possessed superior attractions to that of St. Pancras, inasmuch as more devils appeared in them.[1] Precisely the same plays are enacted to this day in Tyrol, the Bavarian Alps, the Black Forest, and elsewhere. On the very day that this was written, I saw a poster at Waldshut announcing that on Sunday, April 7, 1878, the legend of St. Christopher would be given by a religious club, representing the Saint in his service to Satan, his conversion, his carrying Christ over the water, and his martyrdom, in four acts.

Throughout the seventeenth century wandering bands of actors performed in the towns of Germany. They bore the title of 'English comedians.' Perhaps the first company may have been composed of English players,[2] but if so, their successors were certainly German, though they designated themselves as English. They were the first professionals in Germany.

In 1605, Duke Julius of Brandenburg appointed court actors. In 1611, the Saxon ambassador at the court of Hesse-Cassel saw performed the '"Comedy of Tarquin and Lucretia" in a pretty theatre built in the Roman style, and capable of holding a thousand spectators.' In 1626, Hans Schelling, director of one of these bands, obtained a patent from the Elector John George of

[1] See Pichler, *Ueber das Drama des Mittelalters in Tirol.* Innsbrück, 1850.

[2] Now it is our proud prerogative to provide the Continent with clowns. In 1876, I saw English clowns at the Théâtre S. Hubert in Brussels, in a circus at Liége, in another at Constance; in 1878, at Strassburg. I have met them as well at Mainz. They may be found also in the Prater at Vienna.

Saxony to perform in his Principality. The patent was continued to his son-in-law Lengsfeld.

From these companies the theatrical profession in Germany dates its origin.

Let us see what was their répertoire. Jacob Ayrer of Nürnberg was the chief dramatic composer after Hans Sachs. Sixty-six of his pieces were published after his death in 1618. They manifest some advance in power of treatment and grouping, but that is all. In Hans Sachs there was the coarseness of a simple age; in Ayrer there is brutal indecency, to suit a savage and sensual taste.

In 1624 appeared in print the first collection of pieces performed by the errant troupes. It was entitled: 'English Comedies and Tragedies: that is, very Beautiful, Choice, and Excellent Sacred and Secular Comedies and Tragedies, together with Pickelherring. These, on account of their moral purport and adhesion to history, have been well received by Royal, Electoral, and Princely Courts, as also by the Free Imperial and Hanseatic Cities, where they have been enacted by English Players. Now first printed for edification and entertainment.'

This curious volume lets us see what was the state of the public taste when the Thirty Years' war burst over the nation.

Among the plays the favourite was probably 'Titus Andronicus,' a seven-act tragedy, which was so popular in England that it was recast again and again till Shakspeare gave it its definite form. From his redaction we know that it is a story full of horrors, much more calculated to excite disgust and repulsion than to serve for 'edification and entertainment.' But in the version given by the 'English players' in Germany all the horrors were produced with dull coarseness, the speeches

are without brilliancy—all is stupid and brutal and bloody. At the close of the fourth act, when Titus has in his power the sons of the Empress, who had disgraced his daughter, and cut off her hands and tongue lest she should be able to write or speak the name of the person who had ill-treated her, he exclaims: 'Hallo, soldiers! come forward and hold these fellows firmly. Now, you murderous and dishonourable scoundrels, I have you in my power. Servants! bring me a sharp knife and a butcher's apron.' When these properties are produced, Titus ties on him the apron. 'Go and fetch me a basin. And do one of you hold this fellow's throat that I may slash it. And do you other hold the basin in which to catch his blood.' The eldest brother is first led forward. Titus cuts his throat from ear to ear. The blood pours into the bowl. Then he lays him down, when all the blood has run out.[1] And he deals with the second brother in a similar manner. Titus goes on, 'Now I have cut both their throats, and I have slaughtered them with my own hand, and I will cook them myself also. I will hack their heads into small junks, and bake them in pasties, and feast on them the Emperor and his mother, when I have invited them to me. Take up the bodies and carry them into the kitchen, where I may operate upon them appropriately.'

Putting aside the disgust inspired by a horrible subject treated in this Raw-head and Bloody-bones style, one looks into the drama in hopes of finding some tokens of advance in dramatic composition, some improvement in literary style on the crudities of Hans Sachs, and one looks in vain. The play is simply a story told in dialogue. It is the same with Esther and Haman, the Prodigal Son, Fortunatus, and the rest. They are strings of incidents

[1] The stage directions for all this are very explicit.

calculated to amuse the public, but the Folks-drama is like the Folks-tale, a tissue of adventures without a thread of moral interest running through it. The actors are puppets, not men with characters and souls; there is no development of ideas, no modulation of character in them. The popular interest is excited by material horrors, not by spiritual sympathies. The speeches have their formulæ, 'Now I will do this,' and after an event, 'Now this is done.' Even the throat-cutting in Andronicus must be announced as about to take place, and declared to be accomplished, so little could the drama emancipate itself from the form of recitation of a tale, to which the enacted scenes were the illustrations.

Of horrors there must be a glut. Suicides take place in public, often the hero or villain in despair 'dashes his head against the wall, so that blood bursts out,'—the stage direction adds, 'to be managed with a bladder.' In 'King Montalor' a pair of lovers are beheaded on the stage with great effusion of blood, and when the king dies, the stage direction is, 'Here they begin to fight, and when the king is cut across the head, it must be so arranged that blood is to spurt out.' In the hanging scene in Esther, Haman exclaims, whilst the rope is round his neck, 'How sweet is life! Death how bitter! World adieu!' whereupon Hans Knapküse, the clown, flings him off, cuts him down, and carries him out.

It will perhaps be hardly believed that spectacles equally disgusting should still attract and delight crowds. But such is the case. In 1876 I was at Ulm at the Kermesse. In front of the Liebfrau-Kirche was a huge booth, in which a grand execution by guillotine proved an unfailing attraction every evening. The person to be beheaded was laid on a sort of trough, and run under the guillotine: a crimson silk cap was placed over the head.

The cord was cut, and down came the axe, apparently severing the head from the trunk. The executioner held up the head, from which blood flowed into a large metal soup-plate. He borrowed a handkerchief from a lady in the reserved seats, and sopped it with the blood spurting from the severed arteries in the stump. Then he placed the head on a table, and drew up the cap to expose the face. Of course the putting on of the head followed. But the feature of the performance which most struck me—sickened by the revolting spectacle—was the placidity and even pleasure with which it was viewed by ladies, and bürger and bauer women of Ulm and its neighbourhood. A Yorkshire friend, sitting by me, exclaimed, 'Why, if this had been exhibited at Wakefield, we should have had the women shrieking and fainting!' and I have no doubt that such would have been the effect produced by the exhibition in any part of England.

But to return to the 'English comedies' published in 1624. The obscenity of these pieces printed 'with moral purpose' is as offensive as their brutality. 'However unrefined we may imagine the age to have been,' says Devrient, 'it seems to us inconceivable how women and girls could have sat out the scenes of boundless indecency and unveiled licentiousness in which Pickelherring or Hans Wurst is the chief actor. Their shameless foulness of word and act surpasses all belief.'

About the year 1683 a German band of strolling players was organised by Master Johann Velthen of Halle, which speedily acquired great fame, and which revolutionised the stage.

Velthen introduced dramatic life and personality into his pieces and personages, but at a great cost. Hitherto the actors had been puppets reciting a story they had acquired by heart. To identify the actor with his part

was Velthen's object, and the only way of doing this was, he supposed, to emancipate him from the text and throw him on his own resources. He cast aside the manuscript, sketched to his company the outline of the plot, arranged the order of the scenes and the principal situations, and left them to work the story out in their own way, by their own wit, improvising to suit every occasion. For the first time the actor was taught to enter into his part, live in it, think in it, speak and act in it, instead of strutting and declaiming it. The fashion spread and became universal. But success was not also always universal. Velthen's plan answered when all the company consisted of men of talent, but one or two inferior actors had it in their power to mar a whole play, to discomfit the rest, and so entangle the plot as to make it inextricable.

There were further disadvantages in Velthen's venture. The whole generation of actors that grew up under him acquired a radical contempt for the text, and their memories were uncultivated, so that it became with them an impossibility to accurately read up a part. And a still more serious disadvantage was this—Velthen had cut the drama adrift from literature. No writer of ability would compose for the stage when the actors refused to be bound by his text.

John George III. of Saxony, in 1685, erected the first German court theatre at Dresden, and installed in it Velthen and his troupe with fixed salary. Velthen received annually 200 thalers, his wife the same sum, his sister 100 thalers, the other actors received from 150 to 100 thalers a year. The pay was poor. In 1687 the first Italian singers at the opera received 1,500 thalers; but it was a beginning, a first recognition of the drama by the court. It was more: it was the first recognition of women as actresses. Hitherto female parts had been

performed by boys. But the opera had broken through prejudice and admitted women on the boards. But even in the opera it was not everywhere that women were tolerated. At the court of Charles VI., at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the opera was under the direction of Metastasio, and the carrying out of one opera cost 60,000 florins, the female parts were taken by eunuchs. Velthen, who introduced improvisation, brought also women on the stage. There were five in his company, his wife, her sister, the wives of two of the actors, and a lady of gentle birth, Sara von Boxberg.

On the death of John George III., the court theatre was broken up, and the Saxon Electoral House abandoned the protectorship of the German drama. Velthen's troupe recommenced its wanderings. Velthen died at Hamburg in 1692, and his company dissolved.

Velthen had lived long enough to find that the wide latitude he had allowed his actors did not answer, that genius was not always ready to respond to a sudden summons, and that tragedies trusted to improvisation had an unhappy knack of converting themselves in the course of performance into extravaganza or burlesque. Actors at a loss for words beat about their hands and howled, ranting took the place of acting, and empty vociferation of connected declamation. He was therefore obliged to introduce more and more of matter to be committed to memory. And what was this répertoire? A curious MS. collection of pieces of this period exists at Vienna. Among them are 'Perseus and Andromeda;' 'Phaeton;' 'Medea and Harlequin;' 'The Wisdom of Solomon;' 'Eginhardt and Emma;' 'Romeo and Juliet;' 'The Earl of Essex;' 'Charles XII. at Friedrichshall;' 'The Loving Stepmother, Ormunda;' 'Ardelinda, the Female Hero,' &c. The plots were derived from foreign

sources, but the plays were no servile translations. 'Medea and Harlequin' was based on the tragedy of Euripides, but oh, what a falling off is here! Medea is wroth chiefly because Creon will not admit her to his court. A soldier who bars her way she transforms into a pillar, another into a tree, the palace into a wilderness. There is no lack of enchantments, flying chariots and fire-breathing dragons. Harlequin, who is an attendant on Jason, threatens Medea with a pistol, and is transformed by her into a nightstool.

Charles XII. before Friedrichshall comes on announcing his pedigree and position. 'Mighty disposer of the unbounded earth! who am I? Lord, thy servant. Yet allow me to state my lineage. Charles XI., the son of Charles Gustavus, to whom the Swedish throne was ceded by the renowned Queen Christina, was my father, and my *mama* was Ulrica Eleanora, daughter of the King of Denmark, who married Sophia Amelia, a princess of Brunswick Lüneburg; and the said Ulrica Eleanora had issue on June 19, in the year of Grace 1682, between seven and eight in the morning, to the universal joy of the Swedish realm—Me!'

Velthen's company had broken up. One of his company obtained the degree of Doctor at Vienna for his proficiency in chemistry, another became Rector at Riga. But the widow did her best to keep a troupe together. She had not the abilities of her husband, and though she continued to play sacred dramas and tragedies, her stage was all but monopolised by buffoonery.

One of Velthen's company, Elenson, died in 1708, as court actor to the Duke of Mecklenburg. He was so admired by the Elector of Köln, that on his death the archbishop commemorated the merits of the actor and his own wit on a marble monument at Langenschwalbach:—

Hic jacet et tacet qui stabat et clamabat.
Ludens Comœdiam finit Tragœdiam.
Viator, ora et labora
Ut ultima hora sit tibi Aurora.
Julius Franciscus Elensen
Prinzipal Hochfürstlich Mecklenburgischer Hofcomödiant.
SanCte ChrIste Dona eI reqVIeM (MDCCVIII.).

Elenson's widow, a handsome broombinder's daughter, continued the troupe, married the harlequin Haak, and on the coronation of Charles VI. at Frankfurt in 1711, entered into competition with widow Velthen, beat her, and forced her to leave the town.

In Berlin, the Elector Frederick III., first King of Prussia, held the actors in high esteem, and attended German plays as well as the Italian Opera and the French theatre. But Frederick would not tolerate excessive burlesque. In 1692, when the 'Prodigal Son' was being acted before him, and Hans Wurst began his low buffoonery with some saints and devils, the King rose and left the theatre with his suite.

The close-fisted Frederick William I. put down the Italian Opera and French theatre, but favoured the German stage, which exhibited tight-rope dancing, tumbling, and pantomime. He hated everything French, and ordered an eminently anti-Gallic piece, 'The Marquis dismissed with Blows,' to be frequently enacted. From the 'Mémoires of the Margravine of Baireuth' we learn how intolerably tedious and tasteless such performances were to those of the court who had received French education. Lady Montagu was present at a play in the Court Theatre at Vienna in 1716. It was on the fable of Amphitryon, burlesqued. It opened with Jupiter falling to earth out of a cloud, and ended with the birth of Hercules. Jupiter was the wag of the piece; he defrauded a banker of his money, a tailor of a suit of clothes, and a Jew of a diamond

ring. Lady Montagu says that the play was so charged with vulgarities and indelicacies that it would not have been tolerated at an English fair, whereas the coarsest jokes drew applause from the boxes, and the whole piece was regarded by all parties as a masterpiece.

We can form some idea of the degradation to which the stage had fallen when we look at the tariff of payments made to performers of the Court Theatre at Vienna under Maria Theresa, about 1750.

This was the scale of payments:—

	Fl.	Kr.
For every flight into the air . . .	1	0
„ jump into the water . . .	1	0
„ „ over a wall or down a rock .	1	0
„ transformation	1	0
„ cudgelling (passive) . . .		34
„ box in the ear or kick . . .		34

When cudgelling, kick, or clout was returned, no charge could be made, the gratification of repaying it cancelled the claim.

	Kr.
For every bruise received	34
„ sousing with water	34
„ sword fight, each combatant . .	34

On Saturday the actor brought his bill to the Imperial cashier. Some of these have been preserved. Here is a specimen:—

	Fl.	Kr.
This week 6 airs sung	6	0
„ 1 flight into the air . . .	1	0
„ 1 plunge into water . . .	1	0
„ 1 sousing with water . . .		34
„ received 2 cuffs on the ear . .	1	8
„ 1 kick		34
Total	9	76

Received with profound gratitude,

J. H.

When Molière was blamed for having allowed himself to receive a blow when acting the part of Sganarelle, he answered, 'It was not I, but Sganarelle, who was struck,' but here each actor eagerly claimed the insult and demanded nothing better than to be kicked and cuffed and cudgelled, as it raised the total of his receipts on Saturday.

Our Christmas pantomimes, and the representations at a circus of 'The Tailor of Brentwood,' &c. are sole relics among us of a type of performance which never obtained complete possession of the English stage, but which reigned absolutely in Germany. The clown was an essential element. He went by many names, Hans Wurst (our Jack Pudding), Pickelherring, Jampatsch; the Italian Harlequin, Pantaloon, Leander and Columbine were added, and the attractions of the play consisted in marvellous transformations and broad jests. In a favourite piece, 'Spirito folletto,' oranges on trees changed into letters, a bottle yielded alternately red and white wine, out of a pasty bloomed a sunflower, and the flower when cut off resolved itself into a lady's head.

No play, however sacred or tragic, was tolerated without Hans Wurst to enliven it. In the most blood-curdling scenes, the clown in one corner was diverting the attention of the audience by his buffooneries.

The stage had shaken itself free from the Reformed Church; and the clergy changed their estimate of it. In England the Parliament, in 1642, forbade theatrical performances. But German Protestantism was not Puritanical. The first system of moral theology drawn up for the Lutheran Church by Johann Conrad Dürr in 1662 is the first to give a just estimate of the dramatic art. St. Thomas Aquinas had pronounced the profession of an actor as not in itself sinful, Dürr proclaims it noble. His is not

a negative, but a positive approval. He declares that the profession is lawful, as the actor is employing a natural, divine-given talent for a useful and praiseworthy purpose, —the representation of men's manners and fortunes, the expression of the beauty of virtue and the hatefulness of vice. The stage is a great moral educator, it is in its way as sacred as the pulpit. It is even more effective as a teacher, and may be as useful to society. The drama is lawful as long as it holds to this ideal, it is only unlawful when it panders to low tastes and vulgar passions. Dürr goes on to say that an actor's professional training is calculated to do him good morally and mentally. His memory is educated, his manners refined, a polish is given to his thoughts, his speech, his intercourse with others.

But the vagabond bands of 'English Comedians' had taken the stage out of control. It was different when pieces were performed by the guild of master-singers or the pupils of a school. Now the actors appealed to the vulgar, and were unscrupulous what they provided so long as spectators were brought to their booths, and they could reap a harvest of groschen. 'Go on, boy,' says the puppet player in Don Quixote, 'and let folk talk, for so I fill my bag, I care not if I represent more improprieties than there are motes in the sun.' As long as the strollers were men and boys, the magistrates were tolerant of their extravagances, but when women associated themselves with them, and appeared on the boards, the councils of the various towns forbade their reception into the houses of the bürgers. They became a sort of outlaws, living only in taverns, and forbidden association with the respectable classes. This did not tend to their elevation. It is curious that the first direct attack against them on the part of the clergy was made in Hamburg, in the town in which several of the pastors, Riest, Johann Koch, Johann-

sen, and Elmenhorst, had written for the stage. Anton Reiser, Pfarrer of St. Jacob, wrote against the opera in 1681. Thereupon Pastor Winkler composed a treatise in its defence. In 1688, Pastor Elmenhorst, himself a dramatic writer, published his 'Dramatologia antiquo-hodierna,' in vindication of the stage. In 1693 the theological faculties of the Lutheran universities of Rostock and Wittenberg decided that operas on Biblical subjects were not objectionable, and that the Lord's Supper was not to be denied to actors in them. But when Velthen was dying, a Hamburg pastor refused to give him the Sacrament. In Berlin, under the influence of the pious but prejudiced Spener, some pastors rejected actors from the communion table, but the Elector, Frederick V., as their spiritual head, being a great friend of the stage, read them a sharp lecture and ordered them at once to give the Sacrament to the players. King Frederick I. gave open token of his respect for the profession by standing sponsor along with his Queen at the font to the daughter of the actor Uslenzki, in the very church of which Spener was provost.

A still more decided step was taken in 1745 by Frederick II. At the instigation of the Pastor Frank, the university of Halle requested that a company of actors might not be allowed to perform in the town. The King wrote peremptorily, 'Enough of this pack of bigots (*Muckerpack*). The actors shall perform, and Herr Frank, or whatever the rogue (*Schurke*) calls himself, shall assist at the entertainment, to make open reparation before the students for his foolish remonstrance. And an attestation to this effect shall be sent me, that I may be satisfied that he has been present.'

When dramatic art was at its last gasp, a pedant and a woman were its saviours.

Frederica Caroline Weissenborn was the daughter of a practising solicitor at Zwickau. She was born in 1692 at Reichenbach. Her father was a widower, harsh, pragmatical, and gouty. He little understood the character of his child. We know nothing of her youth, of how the artistic faculties of her soul were quickened and fed. She suddenly comes before us at the age of twenty-six, when, to escape a beating from her father, she jumped out of a window, and was only saved from death by falling into a hedge. She never returned home, but fled to Weissenfels with a young man named Johann Neuber, who was warmly attached to her. At Weissenfels they were married, and there joined a strolling band of players under Spielberg, a disciple of Velthen. Neuber was never other than a third-rate actor, but he was an intelligent and true-hearted man. When Caroline Weissenborn married him, she acquired an indefatigable assistant and a devoted husband. But the genius of the Neuberinn, her higher culture, her inexhaustible energy of character, distinguished her above all her associates. Her husband shines with but a reflected light. The Neubers soon left Spielberg and joined the troupe of the widow Elenson, now married to a third husband, Hoffmann, and associated with the best actors of the period. Whilst the company were at Dresden, Hanover, and Brunswick, Frau Neuber took the opportunity to attend French plays. Her cultivated taste told her at once how vastly superior they were to the sad rubbish performed on the German stage; and she was the first to perceive the advantages of Alexandrine verses for tragic declamation. She played in 'Roderic' and 'Ximenes,' adapted from Corneille, and in the 'Regulus' of Pradon. At the same time she showed great comic liveliness, and acted frequently dressed in men's clothes. A strange transformation in ideas! Fifty years had not

elapsed since female parts were acted by boys, and now it was *haut goût* for women to take the parts of boys.

When the widow Elenson died, the Brunswick court gave the Neubers the management of the theatre there. They brought out 'Regulus,' 'Brutus,' 'Alexander,' and the 'Cid.' The applause these adaptations received encouraged the daring woman in her resolution to devote her life to the regeneration of the drama. For this purpose she organised a company of her own, after her own heart—elect spirits from widow Elenson's band, and disciples trained by herself. With this troupe she came to Leipzig for the great Easter fair in 1727. There she met a man whose ambition and passion was the development of the German language and poetry—a man who had long chafed at the unworthiness of the stage in his own land. The ambition of one inflamed the enthusiasm of the other. The Neuberinn promised to do her utmost to give back to the stage its dignity, and purge it of the blood and filth which stained it, if she were seconded by literary men who should restock her répertoire. Gottsched, this Leipzig pedant, obtained for her a concession to play in Saxony, and thenceforth, for ten years, Leipzig was the centre from which the Neubers made their excursions to Dresden, Brunswick, Hanover, Hamburg, and Nürnberg. Gottsched was not a poet, or a man of original conceptions. He was not calculated to be the Shakspeare of the German drama. The utmost he could do was to translate, and recast old material. As he and the Neuberinn worked together, their ideas expanded, and their enthusiasm was shared by other members of the company. The task they had undertaken was not light. Gottsched desired a total revolution. The plots of the old plays were regardless of time and space. They had to be subjected to the rule of Aristotle, and brought to a treble unity of scene, period, and treatment. Proportion must be

introduced into the lively medley of dialogue and song, of tragedy and burlesque. Improvisation must be given up. The dialogue must be cast into rhyme, and move with stately swing. The Neuberinn was herself a ready extemporiser, and had an untrained memory. To the end of her days she found unusual difficulty in learning her parts correctly. Her companions had been brought up under Velthen's lax method, and found it hard to abandon improvisation and chain themselves to a text. But, nevertheless, Frau Neuber carried out exactly what she had undertaken. She was satisfied that Gottsched was right, and followed his direction with alacrity.

The artistic association of Gottsched and the Neuberinn is one of the most weighty and eventful moments in the history of the development of the German drama. Now once more literature was called to aid; the schism between the stage and poetry was healed. The Neuberinn held out her hand across the gulf, with humility, and cried to the literary world to come to her assistance.

Frau Neuber was by nature chosen to carry out her undertaking. Keen-sighted, daring to defiance, energetic to violence, active to restlessness, persistent to stubbornness, she was far removed from greed of gain or craving for applause. She lived for an ideal, and to that ideal she was ready to sacrifice everything. She had the good fortune to associate with her men of no ordinary talent, the most remarkable of whom was Koch, a clever actor and scene-painter. It was not only the elevation of the drama that this remarkable woman sought, she sought also to recover for her profession the respect it had forfeited. And that this might be regained, the members must learn to respect themselves. Like a practical woman, she began her reformation with the members of the troupe under her own hand. She insisted on frequent and careful rehearsals,

the more necessary, as under Velthen's system rehearsals had fallen into disuse. She brought order and respectability into the company arrangements. The unmarried actresses lived with her, they became her adopted daughters. She cared for, watched and directed them, as though they were her own children. The unmarried actors dined at her table. And this arrangement, which she first instituted, survives to the present day among the strolling companies in Germany. Her plan was economical, but it was not for economy that she adopted it; it was because she was determined to emancipate her professiom from public-house haunting, and to bring about community life in the company. She tolerated no idle flirtations; if an actor and actress appeared attached, she watched them with Argus eye, and unless there was an engagement, put a stop to the matter peremptorily. The women worked with scissors and needles at the costumes, the men at scene-painting, copying the parts, or organising the mechanism. By degrees a sort of family life grew up in the company, in which each followed his special avocation, and all felt an interest in one another. In a word, this patriarchal life of the band, encouraged by bürger exclusiveness, which refused the player access to their houses, became the nursery from which the modern German profession has grown, and conquered the respect of noble and bürger alike. The répertoire was next overhauled. It took a long time to get up the Alexandrine tragedies, and even when the difficulty of learning them was overcome, the Neuberinnn found that the public, accustomed to burlesque and blood-curdling horrors, had no taste for classic compositions.

It was in Hamburg, in 1730, that she ventured on the first production of the tragedies. 'The verses please,' she wrote to Gottsched, 'but there are complaints made of

their obscurity. One must have patience: with time taste will grow.' She found it necessary to tack a farce on the tail of a tragedy, and play burlesques on alternate nights to attract and fill her house.

Next year at Hamburg, her hopes seemed likely to be realised. She wrote, 'Our comedies and tragedies are tolerably well attended. The trouble we have taken to improve taste has not been quite thrown away. I find here various converted hearts. Persons whom I had least expected, have become lovers of poetry, and there are many who appreciate our orderly artistic plays.'

From Hanover the Neuberinn wrote: 'Here I have found better appreciation of German tragedies than might have been anticipated. During the last few years, there have been many comedians here, amongst them the renowned harlequin Müller. These gave the Hanoverians such a glut, that at first the people came only in driblets to our performances. But when we began our metrical comedies and drew on our new costumes, matters mended. The Geheimräthe were the first to appear, and as they were pleased, the nobility and gentry followed, and now every one comes to see the novelty. But the general public, fed on the unwholesome diet provided by former comedians, do not take to our performances, which are ungarnished with indelicacies.'

From Nürnberg, in 1731, Neuber wrote: 'As we play only twice a week, and the bad weather may spoil an evening, I have waited some time before writing, so that I might have leisure to ascertain whether the people here are to be won to a taste for our plays. At first no one would hear of a comedy all in verse. But now the patricians are, I trust, won. Our first piece was 'Cinna,' and fortunately the translator, Herr von Führer, was one of the audience; and as he is castellan and principal councillor,

and lives up at the Castle, his word goes for much. This patriot has done wonders for us by his applause, and the Nürnbergers show a decided inclination to favour the Leipzig verses. But what distresses me most is that we have not enough pieces of the sort.'

This was precisely the great difficulty. This was the burden of every letter. Whatever pains Gottsched took to translate and adapt, the results were small. As written, the plays were sent to the Neubers, act by act, and committed to memory. From not having enough new comedies and tragedies, the Neubers were obliged to fall back on the old stock, but they recast the plays, cut out what was unsuitable, improved the dialogue, and ruthlessly removed every allusion offensive to delicacy. How small was the result of the literary labours of Gottsched and his fellow-workers may be judged from the fact that the Neubers had only twenty-seven of the new plays in their répertoire between 1727 and 1740. Of these, fifteen were translations, the rest rearrangements. The Neuberinn herself took pen in hand, and wrote comedies, farces, and preludes. Lessing says of her compositions, 'One must be very prejudiced not to allow this famous actress a thorough knowledge of her art. She had masculine penetration, and in one point only did she betray her sex—she delighted in trifles. All plays of her composition are full of disguises and pageants, wondrous and glittering. But, after all, she may have known the hearts of the Leipzig bürgers, and put these in, from a desire to please them, as flies are caught with treacle.'

Frau Neuber took great pains to have good costumes, and went as far as her means allowed her in making them rich and suitable. She would have no tinsel, and crowns and armour of gilt paper. By a stroke of policy in 1728 she began her performances at Leipzig with the 'Regulus'

of Bressand, translated by von König, master of ceremonies at Dresden. Von König, to help out his poor translation, sent her the requisite costume from the royal garde-robe. The magnificence with which she was able to put the 'Regulus' on the stage, and the report carefully circulated by Gottsched that the court was interested in the Neuberinn's reform, caused the house to be crowded, and attracted attention to her undertaking. Otherwise costume followed the received tradition. The three classes of Roman, Turk, and modern costume were retained, but the two first were poorly represented, and eked out from the third. The powdered coiffure and hoop-petticoats with women, knee-breeches and buckle-shoes for men, were *de rigueur* at least for the chief personages, and Kohlhardt appeared alike as Cato and as King of Cockayne with powdered wig, ruffles, and a three-cornered hat. Attitude was not natural any more than were the speeches. The body was bent in graceful postures: only one foot was allowed to rest on the ground, the other was poised on the toe: the arms were bowed in studied curves; there was much of 'Ah!' and 'Oh!' of turgid rhapsody and tedious soliloquy. But a great stride had been taken; the stage had acquired dignity, the drama had been lifted from the dust, brutality was exchanged for *baroque*, indecency for high-flown courtesy.

Gottsched's services deserve recognition as well as those of Frau Neuber. He reduced the chaos of dramatic composition to order, and divided the elements and set each its proper place. His stiff-necked determination to subject the drama to the rules of beauty and proportion, as he understood them, was as invaluable as the perseverance and self-devotion of Frau Neuber in carrying out his theories. He had the literary power and dogged resolution to lay down his theories as irrefragable laws;

his diplomatic cleverness acquired for him an artistic dictatorship in literary circles, and none belonging to polite society dared to dissent from his views. His influence engaged writers of talent in the service of the stage. All poetry in a dramatic form that appeared till 1750 issued from Gottsched's school at Leipzig. He brought Elias Schlegel's youthful productions into notice. His exhortations inspired Gellert to write dramas, and Gellert was the first to bring the genuine German tone back to the dramatic art. It is true that Gottsched was a representative of *baroque* formalism, that his reform was along false lines, in the direction of affectation, not of nature; but it was a reform in the interests of civilisation.

But, when all is said for Gottsched, the largest measure of our gratitude and respect remains to be meted to Frau Neuber. It cost Gottsched nothing to start his theories, but on her fell the labour and risk of carrying them into execution. It was her purse which suffered, her popularity which was affected. It was she who fought the battle and received the blows, whilst Gottsched directed from the safe and serene heights of his library. She lived on the people, her bread was dependent on their favour, and yet she had to take from them what they most prized and give them that for which they had no appreciation. Every sacrifice she made of the foolish, bloody, and obscene—of what was popular—cost her money and the favour of the people. She knew it; she was well aware that she might have doubled her receipts by stooping to please low tastes, but she was too noble, too conscientious, too true, ever to sacrifice what was right to sordid interest.

In 1731 the Neubers wrote to Gottsched from Nürnberg:—'Probably we should have earned many more thalers if we had played only the tasteless fashionable

pieces. But now that we have undertaken what is good, we will not forsake the path so long as we have a penny. Good must continue good.'

In 1733 the privilege of the Neubers to play in Saxony expired, and the King, instead of renewing it, made it over to the harlequin Müller and his band. In vain did the Neubers remonstrate, and offer to give to Müller exclusive right to play all burlesques. 'Our efforts,' they wrote, 'have been incessant to subject all our representations to the strictest morality, to avoid vapid foolishness and indelicate double-entendres. Our aim has consistently been to educate and raise the taste of the masses, and not to make the stage a means of evoking the immoderate laughter of the vulgar.' It was all in vain. The Neubers and their troupe were turned out of the theatre in Leipzig to make way for harlequin Hans Wurst and the blood and filth from which they had washed it.[1]

The Neubers went from town to town, meeting with some support, but with a thousand contrarieties, attacks from friends of the old style, the indifference of the public, and with consequent deficiency of means. They found one protector, Duke Charles Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. In 1736 he gave the Neubers a patent as court actors, and an annual subsidy of 1,000 thalers. So great, indeed, was his liking for their performances, that on more than one occasion he appeared with the company on their boards. But the Ducal subsidy could not keep them wholly above water. In May 1736, Neuber wrote from Lübeck:—'We must be content to carry on our undertaking as best we may, and that is poorly. Every

[1] Smollet, in *Peregrine Pickle*, describes a performance in the theatre at Amsterdam, where the jests of Harlequin or Pickelherring were of the grossest nature. These obscenities, when banished Germany, took refuge in Holland.

one must see that we would gladly do good if we were able, and that it is only shortness of means which impedes us. But it cannot be helped; we do our utmost, and wait on time and luck.'

But luck did not come; and as it proved unpropitious, the Neubers became the more stubborn. Urged on by Gottsched, they resolved by an open manifestation to show their irrevocable breach with pantomime. Gottsched was impatient because improvisation was not wholly abolished. The root of the evil lay in harlequin, that merry-andrew whose jokes tickled the multitude, and whom they regarded as an essential element in every play. He appeared in the sacred drama and in the tragedy; no moment was too solemn, no situation too supreme, not to be marred by his unseasonable and inappropriate jests. If the people did not always exact the chequered tights and spangles, they demanded the merry-andrew—at Vienna under the green hat of a Salzburg clown, elsewhere in white and scarlet. Gottsched exhorted the Neubers to wholly suppress this vulgar and disturbing element. They resolved on doing so by a characteristic theatrical exhibition. It was in October 1737, and their booth was at Hamburg. A suitable piece was played, in which a figure dressed up as harlequin was brought up for trial, and all his outrages on decency and artistic proprieties were charged against him. He was sentenced to execution; a pyre was raised, and he was committed to the flames.

This demonstration has been ridiculed. Lessing calls it 'itself the greatest harlequinade;' but it was the demonstration of a serious purpose, from which the Neubers never swerved, though it cost them their popularity, and brought them to ruin.

Many years ago, when English musical taste was in

the depths, Julien attempted its education. With his band he performed a few classic pieces, interspersed with noisy rubbish of the modern French school. The ear of the vulgar was caught with the rubbish, and tolerated the good music. Little by little the musical faculty acquired a power of distinguishing between good and evil, and then what was worthless became distasteful, and the classic music was approved. But had Julien begun with the latter only, he would have disgusted, not have drawn. His performances would have pleased a few connoisseurs, not have raised the taste of the masses. The Neubers erred in banishing harlequin before the vulgar were trained to find his pranks distasteful, and they felt at once the consequences. Hitherto their dramas had pleased a cultivated circle: the people had crowded to their comedies, wherein harlequin cut his jokes. And it was on the people's groschen, not on the thalers of the men of letters, that the company had lived. The Neubers had burnt harlequin, as Cortez did his ships, and retreat was impossible. *En avant* was their motto, cost what it might. The audience yawned at the Alexandrines, and clamoured for a pantomime; for the old loved 'Harlequin, the Living Clock,' 'The Man with Two Heads,' and the like. In vain did Frau Neuber compose and introduce farces after her tragedies, in which the situations were laughable. The people would not laugh at fun that came from no accredited joker. They complained that tragedies were intolerable when not relieved by the capers of a fool, and history was dry dust unless treated as burlesque.

In 1735, when Frau Neuber had been three-quarters of a year in Hamburg, using every endeavour to recover her ground, and gain the approval of the people for her 'purified stage,' she had felt keenly her disappointment.

She was the object of ignoble cabals, of jealousies, mean insinuations, and even open attack. She gave vent to her indignation. The Hamburgers called her proud and thankless. They expected her to accept the crusts from their lavish tables with cringing humility. They would have her the servant, not the guide, of public taste. She fell into debt. Her enemies exulted. The headstrong choleric woman thought herself justified in telling the public her opinion. She announced a prelude to her last performance for the season on 'The Condition of the Drama at all Seasons.' The Senate had wind of its purport, and forbade the performance.

In 1738, when she acted at Hamburg for the first time, she had the triumph of performing in the opera-house, as the opera had failed. But this circumstance helped on her downfall. It drew on her the hostility of the lovers of the dead opera. She could not equal the attractions, the splendour of the *mise-en-scène*, of the opera; she could not draw the multitude without harlequin. She lost her first actress, Gündler, who retired from the stage. With her usual energy, though she was aged forty-six, Frau Neuber threw herself into the parts hitherto filled by Gündler, and often acted two *rôles* in the same piece. But the audience sneered; she was too old for the part of first lady. In 1739 she met with no better success. The house in Hamburg became thinner and thinner. At the coffee-houses, the friends of the opera intrigued with the lovers of pantomime to make her ridiculous by lampoon, and hurt her character by innuendo.

Schönemann, her old harlequin, deserted her, and organised a new company, in which he might resume his gambols and jests. Eckenberg, a great Jack Pudding, set up his booth in rivalry and drew crowds. The ruin of the Neubers seemed inevitable, when the Empress Anna,

on the recommendation of her Holstein supporter, invited the troupe to St. Petersburg.

Here was help in the hour of need! In the moment of exultation the embittered woman took a step which was as fatal as it was indiscreet. She who, with untiring effort, at great sacrifice, had lifted German art from the dungheap, had met with the recognition from a foreigner which had been denied her by her countrymen. Now she could pay her debts, and defy the spite, the ridicule, the persecution, with which she had been assailed. She closed her last performance at Hamburg with an epilogue composed by herself, and sufficiently remarkable to deserve an extract. It began :—

> My friends, have patience, now I charge my foes;

and then, after a few introductory lines, went on :—

> Perhaps the days will come,
> In which the world will weigh with equal scale
> What we have tried t' become, and you have proved to be.
> Go! take you some Jack Pudding to your hearts,
> Some clown from out a gutter, train him well,
> And make him wise with all your treasured store
> Of science and of sense; and set him up to be
> Your teacher and your pattern . . . .
> For what's your life-long object? good to spoil.
> Your chiefest wisdom? innocence to stain;
> For innocence you know not, sirs, nor grow,
> Nor cherish in your midst. Oh! if she went,
> Poor Purity, a beggar through your streets,
> And asked a crust and water at your doors,
> What would she get? . . . .

Whether the Hamburg audience heard her out may be doubted. The indignation she aroused was so general that the Senate cancelled her licence to play in the town. She was never after able to appear in Hamburg.

In Russia she met with nothing but disappointment. The opera was there in vogue, and no one cared for the

drama. When her patroness, the Duchess of Courland, died, she returned to Germany, no richer than when she left it. Her sojourn in St. Petersburg had been brief; it lasted but a year. She found the soil in Germany not ready to receive her. Hamburg was closed to her. To the Elbe reigned Franz Schuch, the harlequin. This man in youth had been a friar in a Tyrolean convent. He ran away from it, came to Berlin, and became an actor. His wife took the part of Columbine. A cloister comrade, Stenzel, had escaped his cell with him, and played with him on the boards the part of Leander, the lover. Schuch and Stenzel were grave, honourable men in private life; but Schuch was transformed when he trod the stage. As he said of himself: 'When he drew on the Hans-Wurst jacket, the devil entered into him.' But it was a merry, harmless devil. He did his good work, for he purified stage humour. Schönemann, as has been said, had formed a troupe of his own, and was supported by Gottsched, who had quarrelled with the Neubers because they would not abandon a translation of Voltaire's 'Alzira' by Strüven, which they had read up, for another made by Madame Gottsched. Kohlhardt, one of the best actors in the company, died almost like Molière, on the stage. Everything went wrong with Frau Neuber; and, in deep disappointment and distress, she broke up her company, and in 1743 went with her husband to Oschatz, where the Amtmann was their friend, and where she hoped a civil appointment might be obtained for Neuber. But this was also a failure. Next year she returned to the battle-field, sounded the call, and the *élite* of her old attached company flew to her again—Koch, Heydrich, Lorenz, Wolfram, bringing with them fresh adherents—the young and beautiful Kleefelder, and Schuberth. The Neubers at once entered the field against Schönemann. It was the

period when the craze for pastoral scenes and idealised rusticity had set in over Europe. The Neubers introduced pastoral plays upon their stage with some success. Gellert wrote for them the first attempt at the domestic drama, 'Die zärtliche Schwester.' It was performed by them in 1745. One might have expected that the star of the Neubers would ascend again, that success would return, now that they had touched and opened a new dramatic vein; but it was not to be. They had fulfilled their mission. It is an universal historic experience that in the advance of civilisation individuals are ruthlessly cast aside as soon as they have accomplished the task set them. Leaders of great movements are left broken on the path, and fresh tools are taken up to carry on the work they began.

But one favour was accorded to Frau Neuber to link her life to the most important moment in the development of her art. She was allowed to introduce to the world that great man who was destined to found German literature and the national drama, and unite both in closest wedlock. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, a student of eighteen at Leipzig, brought her his first composition, 'The Young Savant' (1747). She recognised at once the promise of genius, and brought out the piece on her stage. 'Damon' and 'The Old Maid' speedily followed.

This was the last gleam that falls on the history of this remarkable woman. In 1748 she lost Koch, Heydrich, and Lorenz, called to Vienna, where the Court desired the reformation of the theatre on her lines. Then her adopted daughter, the Kleefelder, married and left her. The ever-faithful Suppig died. In 1750 her troupe broke completely up, and she and her husband wandered about with a company of strolling players, as subordinates, performing at fairs. The Seven Years' war brought that

to an end, and the Neubers found refuge with an honourable man at Dresden, Dr. Löber, physician to the King, who gave them a little room in his house free of rent. When Dresden was occupied in 1756 by the Prussian soldiers, some were quartered in their chamber. She was forced to live and sleep in the same room with the soldiers. But her dignity maintained its rights. At the window stood a little table, on which the old fallen couple continued their literary labours. This table was respected by the soldiers; not a pipe was ever laid on it. Neuber sickened and died; the soldiers helped to carry him to his grave. During the bombardment of 1760 the house was shelled and destroyed. Frau Neuber escaped with some members of the family of Dr. Löber to the village of Laubegast. There she fell ill. The host would not hear of an actress dying in his house, and her kind benefactors hired for her a lodging in another cottage, and carried her to it. It was a little room, with a window commanding the vine-clad hill of Pillnitz. The vines were now cleared of grapes, save a few purple clusters not gathered for the vintage, and the first frosts had touched the leaves crimson and amber. Into this room the Neuberinn was brought from the battles of theatrical life, persecuted by prejudice against her profession, seeking a corner in which she might lay her head to die. When the aged, God-fearing woman was carried in, overcome by emotion, she fell on her knees, and stretching out her arms towards the window, burst into the words of the Psalmist: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth.' There she died, not long after, on Saturday, November 30, 1760, about one o'clock in the morning. She was buried without religious service in the cemetery at Laubegast. Her grave is hard by the church-

yard wall that runs along the Pirnau road. Tradition adds that the pastor locked the graveyard gate against her body, and to get it to its place of rest, the coffin was flung over the wall.

Such was the end of a noble woman, who devoted her whole life to the cause of art and morality—a woman who was an honour not merely to her profession, but to her sex and country. The stage has produced many martyrs, but she was the first. She had an unbending will, but it was a will that would not bend because conscience was its director. To the carrying out of a true conviction she sacrificed fortune, favour, success, counting the cost, and submitting to pay it rather than descend from her ideal. If this be not the true heroism of a Christian, I ask, what is?

Frau Neuber had died in poverty, her work apparently a failure. But it may be doubted if any serious work conscientiously carried out is lost. 'Shew thy servants thy work, and their children thy glory,' was the prayer of the psalmist, and prophetic of the ways of Providence. The work of the Neuberinn was not lost. Actors trained under her, Koch, Schönemann, Döbellin, and Ackermann, became directors of the great companies which played in Germany when the Neuberinn was gone, and her traditions were not cast aside. Six years after her death saw the last harlequin figure on the N. German stage; and in 1769, Hans Wurst was banished from the Viennese boards. On the outside of the theatre at Constance is a curious painting of about 1770. It represents the triumph of the dramatic Muses over the pantomime and burlesque, impersonated by harlequin, Hans Wurst, pantaloon, and clown, who are being precipitated into darkness by the radiant Muses—the whole a parody of the fall of the angels before Michael.

Frau Neuber had raised the drama, but had not made

it either national or natural. She had sought inspiration in France, and had transformed a creation of the popular life into a courtly orator. If she had civilised a savage, she had also made him artificial. Before the stage could reach the heart of the people, and fulfil the task she designed it to execute, much she had taught must be unlearned. The man who took up her unfinished work, and gave it the impulse and direction it needed, was Eckhof.

Konrad Eckhof was born at Hamburg in 1720, of poor parents. He began his education as lamp-trimmer and candle-snuffer in Schönemann's theatre. When no one was in the house, and he had done his work, the boy would set up coats and gowns in the stalls, and act to them from the stage. He was a little man, high-shouldered and bony, and with strongly accentuated features. His only charm lay in his voice and eye, both capable of the most subtle and varied expression. His unprepossessing exterior prevented directors from engaging him at first, but when once he had set his foot on the stage his power manifested itself, and in a few years he was recognised as the first actor in Germany. Lessing worked with him. It was Lessing's object to correct the affectation of the French drama by an appeal to Shakspeare as the type of true art. Eckhof was a careful and accurate student of nature. Consequently, the poet and the player were admirably calculated to work together. They released the drama from the golden, but cumbrous fetters of the rococo style, and gave it a healthy and free life—gave it back to nature, but not to barbarism. Nicolai gives an instance of Eckhof's dramatic power. He visited him in his old age, along with Musæus, and asked him to read them something. Eckhof chose a scene from 'Codrus,' then that of the meeting of Lusignan with his children, from 'Zaïre.' And so, in dressing-gown and nightcap, with spectacles

on his nose, seated in his high-backed arm-chair, he produced intense artistic effect upon his hearers, so that the tears rolled down their cheeks. Then, springing out of his chair, and flinging aside his dressing-gown, he gave a scene from the 'Bauer with an Inheritance' with such comic power, 'that scarce a trace could be distinguished of the man of dignity and inner tenderness we had seen before. He was the bauer all over, to the bowed knees, the up-drawn shoulders; in every muscle of the face and movement of the hand was the richest comic expression.'

Tales of Eckhof's power border on the fabulous. It is said that when an Englishman, passing through Weimar, begged Eckhof to give him a specimen of his reading, the actor declaimed to him the German A B C with such variation of expression between the pathetic, the heroic, and the ludicrous, that the Englishman alternately wept, and bristled, and burst into uncontrolled laughter. Lessing says of him, 'Eckhof can play any part he chooses. In the smallest, his ability as a first-rate actor stares you in the face. One feels vexed that he cannot take every part simultaneously, and then the performance would be perfection.'

Eckhof is rightly regarded as the father of the German drama. The work of Frau Neuber was negative, his was positive. She freed the art from coarseness, but he made it German, and touched the heart of the people. I have entered at such length into the life of the Neuberinn, that I must only indicate the results of Eckhof's labours without attempting a biography.

The first Court theatres in Weimar, Schwerin, and Gotha, the first attempt at a national theatre at Hamburg, are associated with his name. He fitly shares with Lessing the fame of having created the German drama. One glimpse I must give of his private character, to show

how worthy a successor he was to the Neuberinn, and how good and noble were these two founders of the modern dramatic profession.

If every work of art partakes somewhat of the personality of its creator, how much more true must this be of the dramatic art, in which creator and creature are one? Eckhof never thought of dissociating the man from the artist, and the artist from his work. Thoroughly conscientious, he was persuaded that to be able to take a noble part, the actor must be noble in himself; he must be able to feel the sentiments put into his mouth; he must be virtuous and generous himself, or he cannot appreciate virtuous and generous characters. A man may be many-sided, and able to catch and caricature the infirmities of his fellows in their many varieties, but unless the light of purity of purpose burns in his heart, he cannot catch and copy the beauties of good lives equally varied. So possessed was he with this idea, that for a quarter of a year he lectured, in the dramatic academy he had founded, on the necessity of the actor leading a high and moral life, to enable him to become great in representations of noble characters. And the religious sincerity with which he pursued his art made him carry out in his own life the morality he preached on the stage, and conquer in himself the passions and vices he denounced. He was a devout and regular attendant at church, and after his death many sacred poems and prayers were found among his papers.

Well has it been said of him, 'The first great German actor was an honourable and upright man, fearing God, in whom could not be detected the absence of a single quality which is thought to characterise a true Christian and a good citizen.' For thirty-eight years he reigned on the German stage, long enough to give it its modern direction.

The last *rôle* he played was that of the ghost of Hamlet's father, and it was noticed that his last words on the stage were, 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'

The Neuberinn and Eckhof, the founders of the modern drama, were worthy representatives of a profession which has since earned for itself the respect and gratitude of the German people.

From this period the history of the drama and stage is one of progress, scarcely interrupted. Under Schröder, Shakspeare was translated and performed, and became a preponderating influence. Lessing, Schiller, Goethe wrote. Wandering companies settled down in the principal towns; and in 1776, under Iffland and Baron Herbert von Dalberg, the first attempt was made to organise a dramatic school for the profession at Mannheim. This remains as the nursery to the German stage. At Mannheim, young actors and actresses receive their training: it is a school for music, scene-painting, mechanism, costume—in a word, for everything pertaining to the dramatic art.

It is unnecessary for me to give further particulars of its growth. The little streams had run together into a great river. The precarious existence of a disordered youth had acquired vigour and gravity. Let us now look at the modern German stage.

In the spring of 1877, I was at Partenkirchen, in the Bavarian Oberland. Opposite my windows was a little inn occupied by a company of strolling players. The attic of the tavern was the theatre. Performance began at 6 P.M., with the director's little boy going round the town with a drum rattling the roll-call. Sight-seers fell in behind the drummer, and we streamed *en queue* up the stairs into the garret. Reserved seats were sixpence, back seats fourpence, and standing places one penny. The loft was crowded to suffocation. An observer in the house opposite

insisted he saw our steam visibly issue from the *louvre* in the roof. Lasses in white sleeves and laced bodices, matrons with beaver mitres, jägers, and bürgers, and burschen of every degree, were there with beaming faces and chattering tongues. The proscenium consisted of newly planed deal boards, with a shield of paper on each side, on which was painted a bunch of gentians, alpen-rosen, and edelweiss. The curtain was a sheet of brown holland, with a lyre of gilt paper pasted in the centre.

The Partenkirchen band occupied a bench against the footlights, and performed the double function of orchestra, and easing the curtain as it fell or rose, so as not to knock over the chimneys of the paraffin lamps that served as footlights. The violoncello-player was a raw hand, that roamed vaguely with the bow over the strings, and threw in grunts at random. The chief forester then came to the rescue, and from the reserve seats by me, prompted the bass with his stentorian directions, 'B—C—bah Dummkopf! F—G!' &c. The manager's bell had tinkled, and tongues were wagging, when, all at once, from the Church tower tolled the Angelus. An instantaneous hush fell on the audience. The orchestra stopped. Every head was uncovered. It was still in the theatre, as in the Church, at the Elevation. Then the bell ceased, and as the tongues broke loose, the manager repeated his signal, and up rose the brown-holland curtain.

The scene was pretty, if the proportions were not correct. Alpine peaks, the Zugspitz with its glaciers, and a little blue lake, the Blaue Gumpen, at its foot. On the left a chalet with a window, from which a Tyrolese girl was leaning and singing. Presently a distant jödel is heard, and a young chamois-hunter enters. He has come to the *Alm* to see his *Maidle* and tell her that he has been drawn at the conscription and must off to the wars.

She fears for him: he scarce believes she will remain true to him. Girls are giddy and love pleasure. How will she bear it to be without a *Bua* to jödel with her on Saturday evenings on the Alm, and to attend her to the dance at Kermesse? They part, and he leaves with her his hunter's gun, and pouch, and hat, adorned with the curved feathers of the Black Grouse. As he descends the mountain-side she sings to him, and fainter sound his answering calls; then tears choke her utterance, and the curtain falls on her, praying that her *Bua* may be preserved in battle.

The second act takes place inside the chalet after the lapse of three years. The Sennerinn is engaged churning, and she sings and speaks to herself. On a nail hang the hat and gun and bag of her old Schatz, religiously preserved. Presently it occurs to her that on this very day three years ago, her lover had left her for the wars, and leaving her churn, she goes to the window, and leaning and looking wistfully forth, sings her old song

> Auf der Alm, auf der Alm, ja da ist a Freud,
> Auf der Alm da ist a Leben.

From far away comes the refrain jödeled back to her. She is startled, and puts her hand to her heart. Presently her lad enters in uniform. He has returned invalided, and discharged. The meeting is pathetic. He has been wounded, but he has his pension and his iron cross. He has been true to her, and she to him. There hang his hat and pouch and gun, displaced by those of no other hunter. He catches them from the nail, and shouldering his little bundle retires. Whilst he is absent her full heart breaks out. She kneels, and lifting her grateful hands to heaven, utters a glad hymn of praise. Whilst thus praying he enters behind in his old Tyrolean costume. But he

removes his hat, and stands still behind her with folded hands. Thanks and praise for happy reunion to the source whence all blessing flows. And so the curtain falls on them. What could have been simpler, and what more touching? Two performers only, and a plot without a tangle; a drama of every day. Two hearts loving, two hearts parting, confiding each other to God, two hearts meeting and uniting in the love of God. Perhaps it was due to the sweet simplicity and purity of the whole performance, as much as to the fact that several of the airs in it came back to me, wafted from boyhood from the lips of my mother, that I was more affected by this little play in a tavern attic than by anything I have seen on the best stage, always excepting Jenny Lee's incomparable 'Jo.'

On another occasion we had 'Ida of Tannenburg, or Filial Affection,' for children, wherein, as a final spectacle, the whole company appeared in a red blaze of strontian fire, repeating in unison, 'Honour thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' During my stay at Partenkirchen, I made the acquaintance of Herr Director Stöbe and his wife the Frau Directorinn. He and I climbed some of the peaks together, and he gathered on the Krottenkopf the first Alpenrosen of the year for her. She was gentle and lady-like, engrossed in her children. The rest of the company consisted of a stout Frau Hoffmann, who leaned out of her window the greater part of the day in *déshabillé*, with her head in an infinity of little curl-papers, as though it were the pasturage of countless small snails—smoking a long German pipe with a death's-head and cross-bones painted on the bowl; a first lady, a Fräulein Seichel, who smoked cigarettes; her mother, with a blind eye, who acted the countess and royal parts; and a grandmother, in peasant costume, who was

prompter; also two young men—one a student of jurisprudence of Tübingen, the other a candidate of Evangelical theology at Heidelberg—who were trying the stage and their chances with the fair Seichel, before committing themselves irrevocably to the bar or the pulpit.

But what a change to the strolling companies of a century ago! What a difference in dramatic performance!

There are now very nearly 3,000 professionals in Germany, exclusive of chorus in the opera and walking parties in a drama; exclusive also of all strolling companies, whose numbers are not given in the 'Deutscher Bühnen-Almanach.' In Germany and Austria there are 235 theatres—indeed there is not a little town without one; but the season at each is not the same; and one company will play alternate nights at two theatres in places not very distant from one another.

At Aachen, for instance, the opera season is in the summer. A travelling company plays at the principal provincial towns in Westphalia. The company in the Stadt Theatre at Hamburg performs also in Altona during the season. The same company plays at Karlsruhe in the winter, and at Baden-Baden in summer. One company performs on alternate nights at Nürnberg and Bamberg. In Berlin there are twenty theatres, in Potsdam three, in Hamburg eight, in Munich, with a population of 170,000 there are four. Hanover, with a population of 76,000, has two.

Of German acting, I cannot speak in very high terms: it is wanting in delicacy and finish. German dramatic genius may do well in tragedy: it is quite in its element in broad, vulgar, comedy, but it is entirely incapable of attaining to the ease and refinement of the French stage. Of the artists I am glad to bring a better report. They

are quiet, respectable, educated persons, very often surpassing in polish the best society in the town where they live; they rarely forfeit the regard of the public by irregularities in their private conduct. It is not uncommon for an actor or actress to remain for many years established as a favourite in a town, and the artist has access to all but the most exclusive society, is made much of, and a kindly mutual attachment grows up between him or her and the public. Should the artist leave, there is a farewell at the railway-station, at which troops of those who have applauded from pit and box attend; and the separation is sometimes not unaccompanied with tears. A kindly, amiable folk—of course, having their little rivalries and quarrels, but forming warm friendships, and—curiously enough, the class most domesticated of all. A German householder lives at his club, his Bierbrauerei, or his tavern. He is never at home with his wife and daughters, but for bed and dinner. But it is not so with the actor. He is too migratory a bird to belong to any club, to become an ancient at a brewery: consequently, he is driven to live at home. He spends his time with his wife; and at his home holds his merry gatherings of fellow-artists with their wives.

I remember sitting in the second *loge* one evening, beside the wife of a very wretched actor—a poor tenor, who was murdering the part of Oberon in Weber's opera. She, not supposing that I knew who she was, became most confidential on the excellencies of the performer. She pointed out beauties in his acting which no one else saw, sweetness in notes which were pleasant to her ear alone, and applauded vociferously when the parterre hissed. Poor woman! with trembling hands she leaned forward, and flung a wreath upon the stage at his feet. A roar of laughter was provoked, and the actor's eyes filled, but he

looked up, caught his wife's eye, and smiled. Was it a crime against art that I ever after gave poor Oberon the loudest applause I could evoke with palms and the ferule of my umbrella? Behind my house was a nursery, and from the loquacious old gardener I had the secret history of many of the bouquets that were showered on the actresses and singers. Every time the *prima donna* sang, there fell at her feet a nosegay from her husband. It was astonishing how many bouquets were given to the firemen to be cast on the stage by actresses in kindly encouragement to one another. On one occasion, when a *soubrette* had met with unmerited want of recognition after a trying part, newly read, a shower of nosegays fell about her, and every one had been purchased—and at a time when flowers were costly—by her companions.

The profession is one that pays very fairly.

In a little town of, say, 25,000 people, the first tenor and first female singers will get 900 marks a month, each, say, from 200*l.* to 300*l.* for the season. The principal actors will, however, receive only 500 marks per month, or 150*l.* for the season. During the other six months they may be engaged for occasional summer performances. This is nothing to what great singers and actors expect in England; but, then with us, there is no provincial stage, certainly no opera.

The theatres in Germany are either managed by the court, or by the town, or belong to a company, or are private speculations. Where there is a Residenz, there will be a court theatre, supported by Government. Even the little courts, as Cassel, Meiningen, Sigmaringen, &c., have their theatres, receiving a subvention from government. Where there are no princely residences, there are town-theatres, partly supported by the Rath, which appoints a commission to determine the programme of performances,

attend and see that everything is conducted with decorum, and choose the *personnel* for the season: an annual grant is made to the theatre by the town from its funds. For instance, in the winter of 1877–8, the Stadtrath of Freiburg in Baden gave a subvention of 18,000 marks or 900*l.*

That is a little town of nearly 25,000 inhabitants. Some particulars of its theatre I will give, as an illustration. In 1806, by the peace of Pressburg, Freiburg was made over to Baden. It had previously belonged to Austria. The Baden Government at once suppressed the religious houses in the town: among them, an Augustinian monastery; the church it converted into a theatre, and the other buildings to various purposes, some connected with the theatre, some not. The town council appoints a commission, composed of gentlemen interested in literature and art, men of rank in the town—the Burgomaster, the chief judge of the circuit, the principal landed noblemen living in Freiburg, &c., and they are wholly responsible for the conduct of the theatre. They appoint the performers, choose the plays and operas, maintain good conduct in the company, audit the accounts, &c. There is an opera company as well as a dramatic company engaged for the season. The total cost of the theatre for the year, is 4,500*l.*; but the season is only from October 1 to March 31. Twice a week there are operas, and twice a week plays, dramas, tragedies, and comedies.

The prices charged for places are the same for opera and for play:—

	s.	*d.*
Principal boxes (centre)	2	6
„ (side)	2	3
Stalls and parterre boxes	2	0
Upper-tier boxes	1	6
Pit	1	2
Gallery (2nd tier)	1	0
Upper gallery	from 4*d.*–6*d.*	

When the theatre is full in every part, the entire take is 50*l.* In the season the receipts amount to 3,500*l.*, or, on an average, 35*l.* a night.

Any one who would suppose that for this small cost the performance would be poor, and the *mise-en-scène* inferior, would be greatly mistaken. For instance, I have heard 'Faust' and 'Lohengrin' both at Drury Lane and at Freiburg, and certainly scenery and general spectacle were quite equal on the little stage to that in the English metropolis. There is not the lavish expenditure, but there is taste; the scenery and dresses are used again and again for other operas, but they are good. Bâle has a population of 45,000 instead of 25,000, and its theatre is in no way superior. The opera at Geneva is in every point inferior. The winter of 1877–78, we had 'Der Freischütz' for four nights at Freiburg. It has been recently performed at Her Majesty's, where I heard it, and in every particular, both of acting, singing, and *mise-en-scène*, chorus excepted, the Freiburg performance was superior.

The performance begins at 7 P.M., and the whole thing is over about 9. Nobody goes dressed. Ladies can go without an escort. Would that we had such cheap, wholesome amusements in every provincial town in England! I may mention here a few instances of the way in which the stage is kept healthy in tone. On one occasion last winter, Madame Emile Girardin's 'Lady Tartuffe' was played. Like all French comedies it has its offensive points, which come out in the last scene. The curtain fell amidst a hurricane of hisses, and the play was never repeated. Strauss's vulgar 'Fledermaus' was put on the stage. The kissing chorus in the second act gave such offence, that it had to be modified on reproduction. In a little town in South Germany, where a travelling com-

pany was performing, one evening a comedy was given, which has had a great run in Berlin. It turns on the misadventures of a Protestant pastor, who, in company with a doubtful lady, that has attached herself to him in the street, goes into a restaurant of bad repute, and there meets the Minister of Public Worship.

The little town where this was performed was Catholic, and the theatre was crammed. But the piece caused such universal indignation, that, on the next performance of the company, there were only six persons present. Berlin is by no means squeamish. As Wagner's 'Tristan' is performed at the Imperial Opera House there, it is unendurable by any decently minded person. The ladies of neither the upper nor bürger classes in the Prussian capital have a fine perception of what is decent, and what is unfit for presentation; but this is not the case in the South of Germany, where a higher tone prevails. What will make a Saxon or a Prussian laugh will make a Bavarian or a Badenserinn blush.

I wish that our playwrights, instead of drawing so liberally upon French sources, would turn to German. They would find there abundant and wholesome material. The comedies and farces are rich in fun, and most numerous. Nothing can be better than Mosen's 'Stiftungsfest,' 'Hektor,' and 'Veilchenfresser;' Töpfer's 'Rosenmüller u. Finke,' Müller's 'Im Wartesalon I. Classe;' Putlitz' 'Schwert des Damokles;' Benedix' 'Die Banditten;' 'Hundert Tausend Thaler,' 'Mamsell Uebermuth,' and a hundred more.

Dramas are less easily adapted. 'Das Anna-Lise,' 'Zopf u. Schwerdt,' 'Die Frau Professorinn,' and many others, are charming. There is one little piece, I think, might well find favour on a London stage. I should like to see it in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the

Prince of Wales'. I allude to the 'Adelaide' of Hugo Müller—a sketch from the life of Beethoven, when deafness was creeping over him, a prey to his unsympathetic landlady worrying the old man about his accounts, but attended by her daughter, whose clear girl's voice penetrates his dull ears. In youth Beethoven had loved an Adelaide, who was, however, forced by her parents to marry an Italian count. As Beethoven is lying down in the afternoon in an adjoining room, a lady in mourning arrives: Lachner, the pupil of the great musician, is then singing 'Adelaide,' a song composed by Beethoven, whilst the girl Clärchen accompanies him on the piano. This is the original Adelaide, now a widow, come to offer herself and fortune to the composer. The interview with the aged man, the recognition of his old love, his straining to catch her voice, and finding it in vain, and then his refusal of her offer, forms one of the most powerful scenes of refined pathos that an actor of ability would desire to study.

But the drama has not as yet, in Germany, obtained a firm footing. Shakspeare is more acted on the stages in Fatherland than in England. Schiller's plays are insufferably tedious; Goethe's 'Egmont' intolerable. We live in a transition period, when forms and fashions and ideas are in a state of flux. There is much freedom, but not independence, much culture, little originality. Every art exhibits want of earnestness in its professors. The modern drama, like modern architecture, is full of prettinesses, but is without character, is imitative and not original, and where original, monstrous or grotesque. We may take Charlotte Birch Pfeiffer as the representative of the modern drama. 'Mutter Birch' was a genial, kindly writer. 'What I have written,' she says of herself, 'I have always written from a full heart.' Ever healthy in tone, never commonplace in diction, spirited in action,

ripe in interest, her dramas have long been favourites with the public. Some of her works can never die. The 'Goldbauer' is as perfect in its delineation of character as it is spirited in the conduct of action. If the English public could be induced to listen to, and take interest in a melodrama, which is laid in Tyrol and not in Ireland, then the 'Goldbauer' is the piece for the Adelphi. But Birch Pfeiffer could never soar to be a leader of taste, she was forced to follow the fashion and not to guide it. She has herself, in her kindly sarcastic way, shown how a dramatist must accommodate himself to passing humour, in her farce 'How to fill a House.' It is this which makes Birch Pfeiffer a typical example of the infirmity of purpose of the modern drama.

During forty years she went hand in hand with every changing fancy of the day, turning from one style to another, as an architect designs a house or town hall according to the rage of the moment. The romantic school reigned from 1820–30, led by Fouqué and Tieck. Then Birch Pfeiffer wrote 'Walpurgisnacht,' 'Robert the Devil,' 'Schloss Greifenstein,'[1] 'The Bell-Ringer of Notre Dame,' 'Hinko the Freebooter,' and 'Heimer the Body-Snatcher.' But then the recoil after the Polish and French Revolution began in Germany, manifest in a noisy anti-Gallic bluster and exaltation of Teutonism. Birch Pfeiffer wrote 'Carl the Great before Pavia,' 'Johannes Gutenberg,' 'Ulric Zwingle's Death.' The public applauded the representative heroes of Germanism. It was grateful to the authoress for sparing it the trouble of doing that which these heroes professed. It streamed out of the theatre thinking it had done great things for Fatherland in applauding the patriotic utterances of its Teutonic ideals. Then the fit passed. The palate of the

[1] All the first part is a mere recasting of the libretto of *Euryanthe*.

public was satiated with mock heroes; it asked for something simple, fresh from nature, and she wrote 'Stephan Laager, the Rope-Maker,' and 'Glazier Toni.' But when these country scenes no longer drew, when people, tired of curds and whey, returned to oysters and champagne, then she gave them the good bürgerish drama, 'Night and Morning,'[1] 'Mother and Son,' 'One Family.' But this fashion did not last long. There was something dull and drab in colour about citizen life, fit material for comedy, not for melodrama. The itch for the tinsel of *baroque* returned, and to please a blasé public, she wrote 'The Marquise de Vilette,'[2] 'Anne of Austria,' 'Ein Billet.' But these gay pictures and glimpses of gilded life pleased but a short time a public which had been too recently oppressed to support it in its extravagance. Revolution was simmering in the witch cauldron of the future. The revolt of 1848 burst upon Germany, which led to the destruction of the aristocracy. To the cry of 'Away with the Ministry!' 'Down with the nobility!' 'An end of privilege!' Birch Pfeiffer composed the absurd drama, 'Der Pfarrer,' in which a countess, fired with Radical views, renounces her rank, privileges, place at court, that she may marry a Lutheran pastor, with a dunghill at his back-door.

The public applauded uproariously the disgrace of the minister, and renunciation of noble prerogative. But reaction followed. German society thought it had been a little precipitate in blotting its gentry out of its account-book, and a sentimental sighing over the disabled estate arose. So Birch Pfeiffer wrote her 'Magdala,' and 'Im Wald,' full of daring innocence, purse-proud shopkeepers, arrogant bauers, and dignified, suffering aristocrats.

[1] An adaptation of Bulwer Lytton's novel.

[2] A very graceful play, charming on the stage for its pictures as well as situations.

As a representative of the sensational dramatic composer, Heinrich Laube occupies a higher place. But in spite of artistic intention, and great genius, he is but Birch Pfeiffer on a grander scale. Effect is the one thing for which he strives. He is brilliant, interesting, but not poetical. Somewhat earlier, Halm represented the lyric drama. Halm (Baron Eligius von Münch-Bellinghausen) died in 1870, but he began to write in 1834. His 'Griseldis' and 'Ein Sohn der Wildniss,' &c. maintain their places on the German stage. But he is a poet who veils the void of ideas with smooth iambics. There is nothing in his plays to make them live. Between Laube and Halm stand Putlitz and von Redwitz. 'Das Testament der grossen Kurfürsten' of the former, and 'Philippine Welser' by the latter, are accepted favourites: they unite force of situation to dignity of diction. 'Ein Arzt von Granada,' showed that Brachvogel was a true dramatic poet. In 'Narcissus' he proved his powers as a sensationalist. Unfortunately the demand for sensationalism at all cost has produced a deteriorating effect on even Mosenthal, the gifted author of 'Deborah.' Paul Lindau represents the modern middle-class drama. Michael Bär's 'Hundsee' deserves mention. More numerous are the writers of comedies. I have mentioned some. Wichert, Hackländer, Bauernfeld, are the names of other writers. Benedix is a healthy and brilliant author. He strives to amuse, but always keeps a good purpose in view. He has some better object at heart than merely filling the house and setting it in a roar.

In the comedies and dramas of the first half of this century the prince solved every entanglement in the plot. Of course the lovers must be made happy; and the prince appeared as the 'Deus ex machinâ,' flung aside his incognito, unbuttoned his great coat, displayed his order,

and the lovers rushed into each other's arms. But mediatisation did away with a great many princes, and commercial enterprise made money supreme. The prince disappeared from the stage, and his place was taken by the uncle from America. He pulls bags of dollars out of his pocket, notes from his book, difficulties disappear before hard cash, and the lovers are made happy. Then came the political convulsions of '48. The romantic school arose. The American uncle became antiquated. The rope-ladder formed a road to the hymeneal altar. Modern chemistry discovered the poisonous qualities of carbonic acid. The lovers work on the fears of the parents by threatening to commit suicide by means of charcoal and a cooking stove. The hard-hearted parent gives his blessing, and the young people are made happy. But there is something rude in this method. It manifests no invention, and is liable to pall. Consequently the new school of dramatists have had recourse to other methods. Listening at doors, peeping into letters, tampering with confidential servants, deception, equivocation—such are the choice methods of circumventing obstructions. But the lovers must be made happy in each other's arms; what does it matter how this result is brought about?

There is a difference between the Berlin and the Viennese comedy which deserves notice. The fun in favour at Berlin is that of persiflage, at Vienna of genial mirth. The former is the laughter of the blasé man of the world, who believes in nothing, neither in religion nor honour and virtue in woman or man, holding that of honesty

> There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
> Of the whole dungy earth.

Viennese humour is the boisterous merriment of sunny youth, of the student and the recruit, romp and rollick,

genial and careless. Berlin wit is purposeful, Viennese purposeless. The former is stinging, wounding, the latter innocent and guileless. The former is witty, the latter humorous. The first has in it thought, the latter poetry.

If there are no great modern tragedians, there are many who are pleasing. Of these Felix Dahn deserves notice: he is an historian, and his dramas are written with political purpose. 'König Roderick,' which appeared in 1874, represents the battle of the State against the Church; 'Deutsche Treue' (1875), the triumph of the idea of Imperial unity over German particularism. In 1816 appeared Grillparzer's 'Ahnfrau,' which at once stamped the author as a genius and a great dramatic writer. It was a strange weird play of fatalism and supernatural elements. The high order of the poetry, and the ability with which exciting situations were worked up, made the play very popular. Unfortunately Grillparzer next adopted classic subjects, 'Sappho,' 'The Golden Fleece,' 'Medea,' &c., in which modern sentimentality and lyrical pathos in an antique setting somewhat jar on the taste. His finest production was 'The Fortune and Fall of King Ottocar' (1825). Though wanting in strongly drawn historical characters, the drama is full of merit and power.

Prince George of Prussia wrote under the name of Conrad, but his tragedies have little merit. Hebbel deserves a word. His tragedies are works of art, and the offspring of genius, but revolting and demoniacal. He is by far the greatest dramatic writer of modern times, but also the most unfortunate. 'Judith' appeared in 1841; 'Genoveva' in 1843; 'Maria Magdalena,' a tragedy of common life, in 1844. A second series is composed of 'Herod and Mariamne,' 'Julia,' 'Michael Angelo,' 'Agnes Bernauer,' and 'Gyges and his Ring.' His last piece was 'The Nibelungen,' 1862. His tragedies as they succeeded one

another seemed to grow in power, but also in offensiveness. As he wrote he became bolder, but also more horrible and capricious. His moral pathos is that of a Danton or Robespierre.

Mosen's dramas are overweighted with the lyrical element: there is too great play of diction, too little articulation of character, too much subjectivity, to make them successful on the stage. But the charm of poetic beauty, pure feeling, and noble purpose, is there, elevating them above mediocrity. One alone holds a place on the stage, 'Otto III.' But the best tragedy after Schiller and Goethe is 'Uriel Acosta' by von Gutzkow, a most fertile and versatile writer. Two of the best modern comedies are also by him, 'Zopf und Schwerdt' and 'Das Urbild des Tartuffe.'

CHAPTER XII.

MUSIC.

Ich glaube an Gott, Mozart und Beethoven.
RICHARD WAGNER.

THE year 1590 was an eventful one in the history of music. In the palace of Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, at Florence, was gathered a select circle of antiquaries. Gothic art was dying, the Renaissance was in flower. The ties by which men were held by the Church were relaxed. Even Christianity had to put on the attributes of paganism to claim a hearing. Architecture, sculpture, painting, the handmaids of religion, dropped their cumbrous Gothic drapery and affected the nude. The perpendicular gave way to the horizontal, the spiritual to the material, the world to come was forgotten in the glories of the world that is. Of all the arts, music alone remained ecclesiastical. The minstrel sang his warm verses in a cold Gregorian mode, and a pot-house lay was intoned to an air only nicely to be discriminated from the Ambrosian 'Te Deum.' Polyphony had been eagerly adopted by the Church, and the Tridentine Council had canonised it in the Masses of Palestrina. The world might use it for madrigals, but not for the stage. It was too cumbrous for passionate declamations, and a chorus was thought too like a church choir to seem in place on the boards.

In 1590, the antiquaries collected in the halls of Count

Bardi discussed the regeneration of classic music. Architecture, sculpture, and painting had been regenerated on classic lines, why not music also? The old heathen drama was revived in opposition to the ecclesiastical mystery, but it was without its proper music. That Church music was not suited to the stage was admitted by all, but how was the music of the ancients to be recovered when no traces of it remained? Clearly, the only thing to be done was for musicians to saturate their spirits with classicism, and then trust to its expressing itself in proper strains. Giulio Romano (Giulio Laccini) wrote a book, 'Le Nuove Musiche,' which became the theoretic gospel of the new movement. He illustrated his theories with numerous examples. Beside him worked the composer Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the famous astronomer, and Jaccopo Peri. The poet of the confederation was Rinuccini. Between them an opera was composed, 'Eurydice,' an epoch-making work. It had been preceded by 'Dafne,' by the same librettist and composers, in 1597, but the circumstances were not as propitious to its success as those in 1600. The 'Eurydice' appeared at the marriage of Henry IV. of France with Maria de' Medici. It created great excitement, and was carried to France and Germany, and performed throughout Italy. The idea lying at the bottom of the 'Eurydice' was, as already said, a revival of the ancient drama. No one doubted but that the new music was a recovery of a lost art, just as in more recent days glass-painting has been regenerated after having become extinct. There was no intention in the composers to create a new sort of entertainment; their highest ambition was to reproduce classic accessories. As modern managers seek to revive Shakspeare's historic plays with correct details—architectural, heraldic, &c., so did these antiquaries seek to revive the classic drama with its classic music. They

sought to purify degenerate modern music, as they had purified architecture, and bring it back to the perfection of Greek simplicity. A new idea had, however, sprung from the heads of these pedants without their being aware of the fact. The old Church music did not give declamatory expression to the words. The same strains were sung to various words and suited all alike. The melody was repeated with each verse, but the new music was subordinated to the words, it was *musica parlante*, a vehicle for intensifying the effect of poetry, and there was no repetition.

The significance of the work of 1597 and 1600 consists, not in the production of positive dramatic music, but in converting music into a vehicle for the expression of emotion. These first operas were almost without chorus and harmony; they consisted of musical recitative, dry and tedious; rich, expressive melody was not yet born.

In 1608 the great composer Monteverde joined the movement, set Rinuccini's 'Arianna' to music, and it was produced at Mantua.[1] 'Dafne' was translated into German by Opitz, and set to music in 1627 by Heinrich Schütz.

In the meantime, one of the company in the house of Count Bardi had struck out another idea. This was the Roman, Emilio del Cavaliere. He had worked with the rest, and composed some musical pastorals, which had been accorded the highest praise—they had been pronounced by connoisseurs entirely antique. Cavaliere was a man of religious mind and devotional habits. He felt, to some extent, alienated in purpose from those who sought only the restoration of paganism in all its forms,

[1] He composed 'Orfeo' in 1607, 'Proserpina rapita' in 1630, 'L'Adoni' in 1639, 'Il Ritorno d'Ulysse' in 1642, &c.

moral and artistic, and when he settled in Rome he carried away with him, indeed, the ambition of the Florentines to dramatise music, but not their desire to emancipate it from the Church. They sought the revival of the classic drama, he that of the Mystery play. Accordingly he wrote a religious piece, 'Dell' Anima e del Corpore,' which was produced for the first time at Rome in the very year in which the 'Eurydice' was brought out at Florence, but this was performed, not on a profane stage, but in the 'oratorio' of the Church della Valicella. From the place of its production this class of musical composition has retained the name of *Oratorio*. In the performance of these first operas and oratorios the orchestra was of little importance. The instruments were used to intensify the notes of the singers, and the recitative was kept in tone by the banging of a clavicembalo. Monteverde enlarged the orchestra, brought in fresh harmonies unallowed by strict theoricians, and reduced all secular music to major and minor keys. There were now two distinct styles of music: the ecclesiastical, rich in harmony and massive in its polyphony, but cold and solemn; and the secular, which was declamatory and contained a promise of better things rather than giving evidence of achievement. However, there were plenty of musicians eager to join the new movement, and bring to it all the resources of their minds. In Venice alone, between 1637 and 1700, there were 40 composers at work, who produced 357 operas. In Bologna, between 1641 and 1700, there were 30 composers. Scarlatti, the Neapolitan, was the man who brought melody upon the stage. He wrote 200 masses, as many motetts and oratorios, 400 cantatas, and 100 operas. He was a remarkable composer, distinguishing sharply between the music of the Church and of the theatre. He it was who gave the air its accepted triple form,

and laid the weight of the orchestration on the quartett of stringed instruments. He also was the first to write overtures to his operas. Scarlatti had as his pupil Adolf Hasse, born in 1699 at Hamburg, who lived and laboured from the time of Scarlatti to that of Mozart, of whom he truly prophesied, 'This lad will cast us all into oblivion.' Hasse had sung as tenor on the Hamburg stage in Italian operas, under Keiser, when, in 1724, he passed into Italy. At Naples he became Scarlatti's favourite pupil. His compositions gained the admiration of the Italians, and he was designated 'il caro Sassone.' In Venice he made the acquaintance of Faustina Bordoni, the best singer of her time, who became his wife. In 1731, he was summoned to Dresden to take the direction of the Italian opera. For forty years his compositions occupied the principal place in the operatic répertoires of Germany. His influence was so great that Gluck, who must be regarded as his great opponent, wrote a series of operas in Hasse's style. The murderous Thirty Years' war (1618–48) had left the German nation exhausted, and seeking repose. Music had not thriven amid the discords of civil strife. The tradition had been kept alive by organists in old churches. At the courts, Italian operatic companies occupied the stages and sang their own music. With peace, the German musicians were obliged to go to school in Italy, to learn the principles of the art and rub off some of their national stiffness and pedantic formalism; but they did not lose their earnestness of purpose and originality. These men formed a national school of art, whose fruit was Bach and Handel. In music alone after 1648 was there German spirit and national character. In politics and fashion, in literature, and every other branch of art, Germany copied France and Italy: she recovered her self-consciousness first in music. Bach and Handel

preceded Goethe and Schiller; there was a musical patriot fighting for German music before Lessing wielded his critical sword.

In 1678, two learned men, Gerhardt Schott and Lütjens, united with a musician, Johann Adam Reinken, to found a German opera in Hamburg.

The attempt was the reverse of that at Florence. In Italy the librettists sought their material in Greek mythology; in Germany, in the Bible. The first operas performed at Hamburg were all founded on Holy Scripture or ecclesiastical history. The series was opened with 'Adam and Eve,' the words by Richter, the music by Theile; 'Michal and David,' 'The Maccabean Mother,' 1679; 'Esther,' 1680; the 'Birth of Christ,' 1680; 'St. Eugenia, or the Conversion of Alexandria,' 1688; 'Cain and Abel,' &c. followed. The attempt succeeded. The matter was homely—known to every German bürger and bauer; the verses were German, the singers German, and the music was German also. Oratorio, opera, tragedy and comedy were rolled together into one lump, or rather, let me say, the various classes of compositions were not yet drawn out and distinguished from one another.

But before long the Italian opera stepped in, and thrust aside these rude national beginnings. The operas of Scarlatti, Leo, and Durante monopolised the stage after 1693, when Reinhold Keiser became manager. This man was himself no inferior composer. He wrote 120 operas, and his melodies were so sweet, fresh, and joyous, that they spread through Germany and France. With him worked the first tenor, Johann Mattheson, half charlatan, half serious. He wrote 'Der Musikalische Patriot,' against Italian music. He died in 1764, in the enjoyment of a canonry at the Dom, a provision given also to Keiser. Telemann was a composer somewhat later.

He wrote 40 operas and 600 overtures, as well as 44 Passion-music pieces. At that time Handel was second violinist in the orchestra of the Hamburg theatre. 'He is strong on the organ, especially in fugues and counterpoint, but he knows little of melody,' was Mattheson's judgment of him. Handel wrote the opera 'Almira' for the Hamburg stage, and the success it achieved brought on him the envy of Mattheson, whose sword would have finished the course of the great composer prematurely in a duel, had it not broken on a button of Handel's coat. Handel then wrote two more operas, 'Nero' and 'Florindo and Daphne,' but left Hamburg without waiting to learn the result of their production, and studied in Italy. In 1707 he composed 'Rodrigo' for the Florentine Opera House; 'Agrippina' followed, in 1708, at Venice; in the same year, at Naples, 'Acis and Galathea.' In 1709 he was in Rome, and was so struck with the playing of the pifferari, that he sketched the outline of the pastoral symphony which he afterwards worked into the 'Messiah.'

His residence in England determined the character of his masterpieces. He abandoned the opera for the oratorio, of which he will ever remain the great classic master. However beautiful Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul' and 'Elijah' may be, they are imitations of the great models left by Handel.

If the oratorio received its most perfect development from Handel, the chorale was not less fortunate with Bach. His sacred compositions were sacred compositions in the best sense. He wrote 'Jesu, juva,' at the head of each work, and at the end 'Soli Deo gloria,' and he truly wrote and laboured to the glory of God only. He laid hold of Christianity in its positive form; but as he found in his religion the answer to the yearnings of his own nature, all his Church compositions express strong individuality.

This explains the double nature of Bach's works, the existence of vigorous individuality side by side with stiff formalism, richest subjectivity along with vigorous objectivity.

There are musical creations which once heard are epochs in a life, as there are scenes, once seen, which vignette chapters in the inner history. I shall never forget the hearing of Bach's 'Himmlische Liebe' at a performance by a German 'Liedertafel.' It was followed by Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul.' But that great work fell unheeded on the ear, the soaring, lark-like song of Bach had taken entire possession of the soul, and left no room even for Mendelssohn.

After Handel, the best known names of Oratorio composers are: Hasse, who wrote a 'Te Deum' and a 'Requiem;' Graun (1701–1759), whose 'Tod Jesu' is sentimental and laboured; Rolle, the composer of a 'Tod Abels;' Homilius, Doles, Johann Adam Hiller, Naumann ('Vater unser') and Fasch. The works of these masters are not without merit and do not deserve to be forgotten, but they are of no great importance.

The classics of humanism, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, performed great things in Church music, but they carried their secular style into the sanctuary just as the rococo artists decorated churches with the ornaments of a ball-room.

Haydn's 'Creation' is a jubilant hymn in praise of the beauty of the world, culminating in earthly love. Mozart's Masses and Requiem are the music of the theatre adapted to an ecclesiastical opera. Beethoven's Mass in D sharp, from a musical point of view, is the Faust-like wrestling of the mind for new faith, subjective throughout, less Churchlike than the music of Haydn and Mozart. Their successors were Stadler, Eibler, Thomaschek,

Schneider ('The Last Judgment') and Klein: good musicians all; but of Church composers the race was extinct. The spirit of the Reformation had evaporated: the bonds of ecclesiasticism were broken. Music had asserted and obtained an independent life.

As we have seen, the Italian opera was an affectation of the antique. The Italians lived in the midst of classic ruins and kept alive the tradition of the past. The classic tragedy appealed to them in a way it could not to Germans or French. Yet the courts favoured the Italian opera, and German composers wrote for classic librettists. Graun wrote thirty operas, Naumann nearly as many. Their music pleased, and was praised for its solidity, technical perfection, and melodious beauty; but the drama, the skeleton they clothed with flesh, interested no one.

The sympathy of the people was not obtainable by the revival of mythological stories from Greek fables. It was caught at once by the 'Singspiel,' the German 'Opéra comique.' George Benda, after gaining applause by his 'Ariadne in Naxos' and 'Medea,' suddenly cast himself into the popular current, and composed melodramas. Hiller, a cobbler's son (1728–1804), a pupil of Homilius, was the most famous representative of the popular Bürger opera as opposed to the classic opera. He wrote 'Die Jagd,' 'Der Teufel ist los,' 'Der Erndtekranz,' 'Lottchen am Hofe,' &c. Hiller was a shy, retiring, morose man, but his operas overflow with joyous melody, making them ever popular and taking, however little may be their actual merit.

French operettas were produced in Hamburg by the French company under Hammon, and in Berlin by that under Bergé, and the applause gained, as well as the pecuniary profits reaped, stimulated Koch, the director, to undertake German operettas. Schönemann had brought

out 'Der Teufel ist los,' but without much success. Koch got the poet Weisse to retranslate the English original, and the composer, Standfuss, to recast the music and write orchestral accompaniments. The first production of this 'Singspiel' was on October 6, 1752, and that is the date of the revival of the German opera. The opera was alive again, in a modest form indeed, as a comedy adorned with songs. No one suspected at the time what a dangerous rival to the drama was being then brought into activity. Schiebler's 'Lisnart und Dariolette' was converted into an opera, with music by Hiller, and produced in 1766; it was followed by 'Lottchen am Hofe' in 1767, and by 'Die Jagd' in 1770. The lively dialogue, the bright music, and the charming manner and voice of Frl. Steinbrecher, who sang the first parts, combined to give the opera great popularity, and raise a passion for it. Nicolai wrote 'The Merry Cobblers,' C. W. Wolf 'The Village Deputies,' Neefe and Stegmann also composed in Hiller's style.

In 1768, Gluck's 'Alcestis' was first performed; it was afterwards re-arranged by the composer. Although not calculated to awake much sympathy in a German public, its merits were allowed.

At the courts, however, only Italian operas were tolerated. The Duke of Würtemberg, at Stuttgart, had the most magnificent opera-house and choice company in Germany, under the director Jomelli, kept up with lavish expenditure. The best singers drove about in the Duke's carriages, and received daily six covers from the ducal kitchen. The production of one opera alone, 'Semiramis,' was rewarded with presents to the singers to the amount of 15,000 gulden from the ducal treasury. This extravagance tended to make the Italian opera hateful, at least to the Swabians. But the German comic opera found its true

home in the imperial city on the banks of the blue Danube. There vigorous, excellent German masters worked, blending French *esprit* with Teutonic earnestness. At the head of these composers must be reckoned Carl Ditter von Dittersdorf (1739–1797,—'Doctor und Apotheker,' 'Hieronymus Knicker') and Wenzel Müller (1767–1835 —'Das Sonntagskind,' 'Die Schwestern von Prag,' &c.), Kauer (1751–1835—'Donauweibchen') and Johann Schenk (1761–1836—'Der Dorfbarbier'). It was in these domestic operas that German music held its own: it failed in rivalry with Italy in the classic opera. In France it was otherwise. Cardinal Mazarin in 1645 imported the Italian opera to Paris. Whereas, in Italy, the musical side of the opera attracted most attention, and most care was spent on its elaboration and development, the vivacity of the French led them to accentuate the dramatic element. The French would not be satisfied with an opera without stirring movement in the dramatic composition. In Italy, the opera declined to a mere concert in costume; in France, poor music was forgiven or excused if the dramatic interest were kept awake.

Jean Baptist Lully (1633–1687), a scullion-boy at first, then, by means of many intrigues, director of the theatre in the Palais Royal, met this demand with his 'Tragédies Lyriques.' In Italy, everything had been sacrificed to 'arias.' Lully restored the recitative, Lully transformed the Italian opera, consisting of a series of airs, duetts, and choruses, into the French declamatory opera, in which these features sink into altogether a subordinate place. The drama is not composed for the airs, but the airs for the drama.

At the same time there sprang up in Paris the true national *genre*, the only one in which the French have, till quite recently, obtained any great results. Lully had

sacrificed melody to the demands of the drama. His successor, Rameau (1683–1764), was more conspicuous still for his indifference to the 'aria.' Recitative began to pall. Remonstrances were heard: amongst others, Jean Jacques Rousseau spoke out. Composers wrote comic operas, operettas full of melody and liveliness. In 1752, the artistic society in Paris was torn into two factions, the 'Buffon' and the 'Nationals.' Lully's style was proclaimed by the former intolerable, by the latter that alone conformable to the laws and reason and the exigencies of high art.

The first 'Buffonists' were Antoine d'Auvergne, Duni (1709–75), Philidor (1726–95), Monsigny (1729–1817—'Le Déserteur,' 'Rose et Colas'). In place of dry declamation came lively, delicate dialogue, instead of long recitative, brilliant melody, and for stately and stiff movement, short-skirted, capering grace. The greatest composers in the Opéra comique were Grétry (1741–1813), a native of Liége, who had studied in Italy, and Nicolas d'Isouard (1777–1818). If this style abandoned all pretence to seriousness and to tragedy, it proved the flexibility of music, and showed that it was not in the heroic drama any more than in the church-hymn that excellence was alone to be achieved.

The feeling for the grandeur of the Greek tragedy was revived among the French by something other than the Italian opera. Their poets, Racine and Corneille, had given the nation dramas cut on the ancient patterns. But the heroic personages of these writers appealed for music to give them life, to bring them out of the phantom world into sympathy with flesh and blood. The idea of reviving the antique without perruque, and of realising on a higher scale the ideal of the Florentines, flashed on the mind of a German — Gluck; but it was France which

understood him, and gave him scope for the realisation of his ideal; at home, he would have been denied both.

Christopher Willibald, Chevalier von Gluck, was born in 1714; he was not a musician by profession. He studied in Milan, and there, in 1741, wrote his first opera, 'Artaxerxes,' quite after the Italian school. Then he visited Paris and London. The result of his travels and experience was a conviction that the opera ought to be re-cast. He would have it severe, solemn, majestic, not all recitative, nor all melody, but recitative and melody combined and blended. The tragic opera was too dull, the comic opera too brilliant. By a large infusion of white, the dulness of the former could be lightened, and the crudeness of the latter softened, and the result would be harmonious. He wrote 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' 'Alcestis' (1767), 'Paris and Helen' (1769).[1] The German public gave faint applause, the connoisseurs expressed disapproval, some condemned the harmonies as poor and thin, others, the melodies as wanting in colour and warmth. Italian musicians found that his compositions were not according to their rules. Gluck turned his eyes to France. In Paris, in 1773, he wrote his 'Iphigenia in Aulis.' With iron persistency, and with the help of his pupil, the Dauphine Marie Antoinette, he overcame all opposition, and the piece was produced on April 19, 1774, and was received with enthusiastic appreciation.

This was followed by 'Iphigenia in Tauris.' In Germany he was not understood. The musicians, with only a few honourable exceptions, cried him down. Gluck's operas were Greek tragedies. The music, simple and restrained, maintains antique gravity, transparency, and objectivity. The instrumentation is not intricate. Strings

[1] The production of Gluck's *Iphigenia* in Germany cost 3,000 thalers; his *New Arcadians*, 4,000 thalers.

are principally used, but wind instruments are employed, though sparely, yet with striking effect. His characters are the marble statues of antiquity endowed with life, but scarce with colour. His music has the polish and the beauty, but also the solidity and chill of marble.

Joseph Haydn led the choir of the classics of instrumental music. He was an Austrian, the son of a waggoner, born in 1732. His father played the harp, and attended the village dances, or accompanied his wife as she sang the peasant Volkslieder while spinning of a winter's evening. The first musical impressions made on the young Haydn were, therefore, village dance-music and popular roundelays. His works were mostly composed as director of the choir of Prince Esterhazy. He died in 1809, after having given to the world one hundred and eighteen symphonies, eighty-three violin quartetts, sixty sonatas, fourteen operas, five marionette operas, five oratorios, forty-two songs and duetts, three Masses, and countless motetts, dances, marches, &c. The fruit of his last years were the 'Creation,' 'The Seasons,' and 'The Seven Last Words.'

There was a great charm about Haydn's character; he was so wholly unselfish and humble. He looked on his musical powers as a gift of God, and when, as an old man of seventy-six, he heard the production of his 'Creation,' when that wondrous burst of harmony rang through the house, 'Let there be Light—And light was!' and awoke applause, he put out his trembling hands, brushing away the clamour of the people, murmuring, 'It is not mine, not mine, it came from above!'

This was no empty phrase, but the expression of a real conviction. He relates that he never was so devout as whilst composing the 'Creation,' and that daily at that time 'I fell on my knees and prayed God to give me power to accomplish the work.' And again, 'When I

could not get on with my composition, I walked up and down the room with my rosary, and prayed some *Aves*, and then ideas came.' His art was divine, and every happy thought was a gift of grace. This explains his modesty and absence of jealousy in the recognition of others. He had no scruple in setting the young Mozart above himself. 'I know very well,' he said, 'that Mozart is the greatest composer the world has seen.'

Haydn's artistic significance lies in what he has effected for instrumental music. He loosed the tongue of the orchestra, he individualised every instrument. The stringed quartett became the conversation of four real individuals: each instrument was characteristically handled, and its theme adapted to its capacities and position in the conversation. The orchestra with Gluck was an accompaniment to the singer, monotonous in colour. Haydn poured life into it. Every instrument began to speak in its own tongue, tell its own tale, find out that it had a language and character of its own. It was the Pentecost of the orchestra. The instruments spoke together in their various tongues, but all were harmonised into one hymn. The orchestra under Haydn became the echo of many-voiced nature: there was warbling and twittering, quavering and trilling, singing, thrumming, and laughing: all the notes, and tones, and emotions, were blended by one golden sunshine. The ideal character of all Haydn's works is joyous youth and inexhaustible freshness. The master remained to the end of his days a child in the noblest sense of the word, and his music has the power of breaking off the chains of daily cares, of sweeping the cobwebs out of the heart and brain, and, like no other music, of bringing back the soul to sunny innocence and childlike enjoyment.

Mozart was born at Salzburg in 1756. In 1768 he

was in Vienna, where he was favourably received by the Emperor Joseph II., and at his request composed the opera 'La Finta Simplice;' but musical jealousies prevented its production. Two years after he was in Italy and was received with enthusiasm. He wrote 'Mithridates,' 1769, 'Ascanius in Alba,' 1772, for Maria Theresa, 'Il Sogno di Scipione,' and 'Lucio Silla.' Munich was the only German city that showed him any sympathy. For the Opera there he composed 'La Finta Giardiniera.' In 1781 he went to Munich, and there produced 'Idomeneo,' an opera in Gluck's style. It was received with enthusiastic applause. Then he went to Vienna, and married Constanze Weber. In the jubilation of his marriage happiness he wrote the 'Entführung aus dem Serail,' the sparkle and freshness of which took the lively Viennese at once, and hushed the disapproval of musical pedants. Now followed masterpiece on masterpiece; the oratorio 'Davide Penitente,' 1785; the comic opera, 'Der Schauspiel-Direktor;' then 'Figaro's Hochzeit,' at the special request of the Emperor, who desired the establishment of a German opera as well as an Italian.

The intrigues of singers, however, discredited 'Figaro' in spite of all the Emperor could do. They would not sing in it, or sang badly. At Prague, Mozart met with more favour. For it he composed 'Don Juan.' There he wrote 'Così fan tutte;' next 'La Clemenza di Tito;' and, lastly, the 'Zauberflöte.'

In 1788 Karl Meyer opened the Josephstadt Theatre at Vienna, for operas, spectacular pieces and melodramas. Neither there nor in the Court Opera-House could Mozart get a hearing. He was received and allowed to appeal to the people only in the humble popular theatre outside the city, in the Wiedner Vorstadt, conducted by Schikaneder. This man performed opera-bouffes and ballad operas.

The house was not altogether free from charges of pandering to low popular tastes. It was there, however, that the inimitable 'Zauberflöte' was first heard—that marvellous composition which, unlike so many other excellent musical works, has not been killed by the absurd libretto to which it is coupled. Schikaneder was himself a man of some musical talent, and Mozart was not ashamed to borrow of him the melodies for his 'Vogelfänger' and for the duett 'Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen.' When the 'Zauberflöte' was being rehearsed, Schikaneder, who was acting Papageno, suggested one of the happiest hits in the last scene. As Mozart had written the duett for Papageno and Papagena, they meet with an astounded cry of 'Papageno!' 'Papagena!' in duett. Schikaneder was dissatisfied. He shouted from the stage to Mozart, who was in the orchestra: 'I say, Mozart, that won't do.[1] I'll tell you how it should be. We must gaze on one another in mute astonishment for some time, and then one must begin, "Pa, pa, pa," and then the other follow, "Pa, pa, pa," and dance round one another, contemplating each other with mutual satisfaction, till at last the whole name comes out.' How admirably Mozart worked out this dramatic 'moment' at the suggestion of the experienced player is well known.

The 'Zauberflöte' took, became a rage, and the profits obtained by Schikaneder were so great, that in 1799 he was able to build the handsome new theatre 'an den Wieden.' But Mozart was then no more. The 'Zauberflöte' was composed in the year of his death.

Schubart has an amusing poem entitled 'Froschkritik.'

One evening there sang a nightingale in a bush, in the still moonlight. The frogs in a neighbouring marsh put

[1] 'Du Mozart, das ist nix.'

their heads above water and listened. Then an old toad, deeply learned in double bass, who had studied in many a marsh and pool—a toad who, as of cold blood, performed music, but felt it not—exclaimed, 'That creature sings not according to correct principle: he makes false fifths, and does not keep true time; his modulations are irregular, and all his melody consists in *jug, jug, jug*. Let us perform a fugue.' So the frogs set up their concert, striving to drown the note of the nightingale; and the bat and the owl applauded. But a lover stealing out at night, with full heart, to listen to the song of Philomel, flung a stone among the orchestra, and cursed their fugue.

'Humpf!' said the critic, from under the water,
'The blockhead no doubt understands nothing better.'

The fable describes pretty well the stir and disapproval among musicians wedded to formal systems, when there burst on their astonished ear the wondrous strains of Mozart. Their croaking deafened men to his merits till, alas! it was too late. The 'Zauberflöte' alone obtained for him the recognition that ought to have been given him before. The Hungarian nobility made him a contribution of 1,000 guilders, an Amsterdam society subscribed a larger sum, he was appointed conductor of the music in St. Stephen's, Vienna—but all too late. He was dying, or dead.

He was mortally sick whilst composing a 'Requiem' ordered of him. The priest sent for in his last sickness, refused him the last sacraments, because he was a freemason. The day before his death he sang portions of the partiture of the Requiem with his friends Schack, Hofer, and Gerl. When he came to the 'lacrimosa,' his tears choked his utterance. He died December 5, 1791, aged 35. Next day he was buried. It was bad weather, and

none attended the funeral but his nearest relatives. As he was destitute, the coffin was placed in the general burying-place for the poor. When, a few weeks later, his widow, who had been ill, went to seek his grave, the sexton was unable to indicate, among the many fresh mounds, that which covered the bones of the great composer.

Mozart's style was that of pure beauty. His music poured from his soul in inexhaustible flow and freshness. His music is that of a refined spirit, delicate, sentimental, feminine. There is sparkle in Haydn, colour in Mozart, effervescence in the former, flow in the latter. The great distinguishing work of Mozart is that he changed the sex of music. In Bach, Handel, and Gluck, the music is essentially manly. Vigour is its characteristic: it is massive, logical, bold. In Haydn it is still male; but it is the new music in boyish joy of heart. It has renewed its youth, but not deposed its virility. But Mozart's music is altogether female. Its beauty is feminine. Instead of massiveness is flexibility, in place of logic, sentiment, pathos in lieu of boldness. There is no disparagement in saying this. Woman has a special beauty of her own, and man has his special beauty. Both are beautiful on different norms. Mozart achieved a great work in drawing his musical Eve out of the side of his predecessors, and he gave to the world a new type of loveliness.

Beethoven was altogether different. He was the Goethe of music: his is the style of manly ethic pathos. Pure beauty was not what he aimed at creating, but the expression of thought. His musical passages are ideas to be studied and expanded, drops of fire from which to kindle light. 'Music,' said he, 'is a loftier revelation than wisdom and philosophy; it is wine stimu-

lating to new achievements. I am Bacchus, casking this costly drink for men.' Beethoven's music is intricate, elaborate, scientific. He laboured at his manuscripts without weariness, till he had polished and burnished as much as was possible. He laboured, as he said, 'after a perfection which he felt, but could not describe.' Every work of his muse is gone over painfully, and everywhere bears the mark of his chisel. The result is highly artistic, but there is a want of spontaneity about it, of airy grace, of easy production, such as characterises the creations of Mozart. His music was the language in which he expressed ideas. The wonderful mystic Canzonetta for violins bears the superscription 'Holy thanksgiving of a convalescent:' it is a picture of his own mind in such a condition. Sand on glass, by the vibrations of music, will arrange itself in various forms. The movements of ideas in Beethoven's brain vibrated into musical phrases and fixed themselves in notes. Of his Symphony in C flat, Beethoven said himself, 'It is Fate knocking at the door,' that terrible Fate which awaited him, deafness. He foresaw its advent, and in that Symphony we read his agony, his resolves, his resignation.

The great age of the Revolution and the European war was followed by a period of lassitude. With the Restoration the idealism of the former age, the self-conscious pride of man in his rights, national enthusiasm died away, and a reign of languid indifference and blasé cosmopolitanism set in. The vigour and thought in Beethoven were distasteful; men had tired of what was robust, and were exhausted by the whirlwind of ideas that had sped across the Continent. 'Ueber alle Gipfeln ist Ruh'!' Goethe had sung in the storm. 'Auf allen Erden lass sein,' said men now. After hard work a cigar and a lounging chair, and a wife tum-tumming on the piano are

agreeable. The Restoration was a relaxation after furious work, and society wanted nothing better in the musical line than pretty tum-tumming. Rossini met the want. He gave sweet, sensual melody, without a thought, a depth, a purpose to dignify it. It was calculated to lull, to please, not to cheer and inspire. After the meat the tarts.

The style of the *dolce far niente* spread over Europe with extraordinary rapidity; and the opera of pleasure usurped the stage.

In the midst of this languor a small school of writers arose—the Romanticist—who strove to awake German self-consciousness and love of the Fatherland by an appeal to the Middle Ages, and to national traditions and customs. What Tieck, Fouqué, and Brentano attempted in literature, that was attempted on the musical stage by Spohr, Weber, and Marschner.

Spohr struck a German note in his 'Faust;' but he was too far steeped in the doctrine of the musical schools to take the popular ear and touch the national heart. His 'Jessonda,' a work, the music of which glows with Oriental richness, was too widely removed from German sympathy to be appreciated by others than artists and scholars. His other operas, 'Zemir and Azor,' 'The Alchymist,' 'The Crusader,' 'The Spirit of the Mountains,' fell flat. He obtained a better hearing for his Oratorios, 'The Last Things,' 'Our Father,' and the 'Fall of Babylon.' Spohr's scientific importance is double; as a violinist he founded the German violin school; as a composer he maintained subtlety of harmony and elaboration of instrumentation against the superficiality of Italian melodiousness, which used the orchestra merely as an accompaniment to the air, and which could dispense with half the instruments without marring the effect of the composition.

Weber's first work, 'Das Stumme Waldmädchen,' he pronounced in after years 'an unripe production, only here and there not wholly void of originality.' In 1801, under the eyes of Michael Haydn, he produced his charming comic opera, 'Peter Schmoll and his Neighbours.' In 1810 he composed 'Silvana.' In 1817 he was called to Dresden 'to found a German opera.' There he wrote 'Preciosa,' 'Der Freischütz,' 'Euryanthe,' and 'Oberon.' Weber's significance is not to be sought in his music, but in the history of art and culture. He opened no new fields in music, he taught nothing new, made no discoveries, but in that he brought music into sympathy with the spirit of the German people, his importance is not to be overlooked. Mozart had struck the first note in 'Der Zauberflöte,' Beethoven in 'Fidelio,' Weber with 'Der Freischütz' completed the chord. He may truly be said to have founded the German opera. In England we know and appreciate his 'Der Freischütz' and 'Oberon,' but not the noble 'Euryanthe.' That, unfortunately, is wedded to a poor plot and dull libretto. The recitative between Lysiart and Eglantine in the second act is tedious, but the opera contains gems not surpassed by anything in the better known compositions.[1]

Marschner followed Weber. His gloomy spirit and love of the grim have made his operas, 'Vampyr,' 1828, 'Der Falkners Braut,' 1830, 'Hans Heiling,' 1833, 'Templer und Jüdin,' 1829, less popular than they deserve. There is something almost Wagnerish in the opening chorus of the gnomes in 'Hans Heiling.' The chorus of peasants, 'Juchheisser!' is bright, and the chorus, 'So wollen wir auf kurze Zeit,' is full of beauty. The argument of the

[1] As the solo and chorus, 'Fröhliche Klänge,' the exquisite 'Der Mai bringt frische Rosen dar,' the duett, 'Hin nimm die Seele mein, and the cavatine, 'Glöcklein im Thale,' not to mention the noble overture.

libretto is this. Hans Heiling, a gnome of the mountains, loves a peasant's daughter, Anna, and by display of his treasures wins the consent of the girl's mother to their union. But Anna secretly loves a young forester, Conrad. The queen of the gnomes and mother of Hans, desirous of withdrawing her son from the upper earth, reveals to the damsel the nature of her betrothed. Anna implores her lover to rescue her from the power of a mountain demon. Hans Heiling calls his gnomes to avenge him on the forester. In the midst of the wedding-feast of Anna with Conrad, the rocks open and the gnomes appear, but the earth-queen prevents her son from revenging himself, and he sorrowfully bids farewell to the land on which the sun shines, his brief vision of love, and retires beneath, leaving Anna and Conrad to their happiness. The drama is full of pathos and weird beauty, and the contrast between the choruses of muttering gnomes and of dancing, jubilant peasants very effective. 'Hans Heiling' is an opera well deserving of production in England. It remains a favourite in Germany. In the season of 1877 it was performed at Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden. It is impossible to mistake its influence on the composition of 'Der fliegende Holländer,' by Wagner.

Marschner wrote also 'Das Schloss am Aetna,' 'Der Bäbu,' 'Adolf von Nassau,' 1844, and 'Austin,' 1852; but the 'Templer and Jewess' and 'Hans Heiling' are the only two which have maintained their hold. Marschner died in 1861. A brighter and more melodious genius, with whose compositions we in England are as little familiar, is Kreutzer (1782–1849). His 'Verschwender' is a popular opera of the best style, but his 'Nachtlager von Granada' is his masterpiece. He wrote in all thirty operas, but the last mentioned is the only one that retains the favour of an audience, though the others are rich in

melodies, which have been extracted from them and have found their way into popular song-books.[1]

More of a favourite than Kreutzer is the genial, charming Lortzing, born 1803, died 1851. His first opera was 'Ali Pacha,' written in Cologne in 1824. The first that was produced on the stage was 'Die beiden Schützen,' 1837. In the same year appeared 'Zar und Zimmermann,' which, since its first appearance in the Berlin Opera House, has become a stock piece throughout Germany. 'Caramo' followed in 1839, 'Hans Sachs' in 1840, 'Casanova' in 1841, 'Der Wildschütz' in 1842, which ranks as his best work after 'Zar und Zimmermann.' Then appeared 'Undine,' and in 1846 'Der Waffenschmied,' which has gained immense popularity. In 1847 he produced his opera 'Zum Grossadmiral,' and in 1848 'Rolandsknappen.'

The 'Czar and the Carpenter' is a delightful comic opera, founded on an incident in the life of Peter the Great. It is full of beauties,[2] and the dramatic movement is lively. It is just the piece for the Globe Theatre, which has recently produced so successfully Planquette's 'Les Cloches de Corneville.' The 'Armourer of Ulm' opens with a very spirited chorus of smiths to the clinking of their hammers on the anvils, and closes with one of the most pathetically beautiful bass songs ever written, on the old man's recollections of his childhood. Lortzing, like Marschner, well merits to be better known in England.

Other composers clung to the traditions of Mozart. Peter von Winter (1754–1825) strove to combine the

[1] In 1877 the *Nachtlager von Granada* was performed on the Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden boards.

[2] 'Sieh doch nicht so finster drein' and chorus; the air 'Lebe wohl, mein flandrisch Mädchen' and chorus; the air 'Lieblich röthen sich die Wangen,' and the noble tenor song of the Czar in the last act, 'Sonst spielt' ich mit Scepter.'

dignity of Gluck with the beauty of Mozart. His 'Interrupted Sacrifice' is still played. It was performed thrice at Cassel in 1877. Weigl (1764–1848) has left 'The Swiss Family,' not without merit. It was also performed at Cassel in the same year. Zumsteg's (1760–1802) 'Geisterinsel' is also not altogether forgotten. Mendelssohn's genius lay in quite another direction than the stage. His only opera, 'Lorlei,' is unfinished, but what there is of it makes us regret that it was not completed. The 'Antigone' can only be regarded as an attempt to rival Gluck in the same field. Mendelssohn's music is without passion, refined, pure; a pale flower blowing under a Northern sky, not a red rose of the South, glowing and fragrant. Mendelssohn discovered a new field for music beside the church and the theatre—the chamber. He composed for the pianò. He thought of the circle of amateurs in their homes, and dedicated his works to them there.

While Germany has been developing her special type of opera, France has not been idle. French genius has been rapidly conquering a place in the estimation of musicians not second to Italy. Méhul (born 1763, died 1817), by his 'Joseph in Egypt,' has merited a place beside Gluck.

Boieldieu (born 1775, died 1834) was a disciple of Cherubini. He learned of Mozart the skill to form light, elegant melodies, and correctness in elaboration. He won the popular ear at once with his operetta, 'Jean de Paris.' His 'La Dame Blanche,' however, was his masterpiece. His works are characterised by patient care, rich invention, and delicacy of touch, such as is not met with in Geman work. Boieldieu is as popular in Germany as in France.

Auber (born 1784, died 1871) gave the comic opera

its definite form and colour. Meyerbeer, a Jew, has the merit of perfecting the union between music and the drama.

Halévy (1799–1862) followed in the steps of Meyerbeer. His 'La Juive' is a work of great power and beauty. Then Gounod, also in the traces of Meyerbeer.

These last three have given to the world the sensational opera, essentially a French production, by all means to be regarded as the opera at its perfection. It is not the perfection of music, but it is the simultaneous working up of the interest by all the means in the artist's power—scenic, dramatic, musical. It is the perfect welding together of dramatic power with musical expression, the fusion completed by all the appliances of scenic effect.

The opera is a composite work. Poetry, music, and dramatic action are the three factors of the product. In the early operas the dramatic interest was weak and unelaborated, and of poetry there was none. The 'Zauberflöte' is an instance. It is hardly possible to find a more absurd libretto. Indeed, probably no one who has heard the opera a score of times understands the plot, or cares to understand it. The music is everything, the drama nothing. In the Italian operas the music and the drama very often have nothing in common. It is so with Donizetti. 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' and especially 'Lucrezia Borgia,' are tragedies of the direst colour. Yet the music is that of the ball-room; there is no sympathy between it and the drama. The contrast shocks the sense of congruity.

The poetry of the drama is not necessarily the poetry of language, but of beautiful ideas expressed in action. The music obscures the words, but intensifies the poetry of action. A more exquisite example of dramatic pathos,

poetic conception, and musical expression fused into one is not to be found than the shadow-dance in 'Dinorah.' Meyerbeer and Halévy were fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Scribe, an accomplished playwright, who perfectly understood his art and was a man of no ordinary genius. But Meyerbeer must have possessed, to a degree unequalled before or since, the sense of harmony of parts, for no operas show such a perfect balancing of music, poetry, and drama, all at their best, as those of Meyerbeer. He possesses Italian melodiousness, German skill of instrumentation, and French dramatic instinct.

There is a wonderful completeness, again, in that marvellous finale of 'La Juive' by Halévy, where the Cardinal recognises his daughter at the moment when she is, by his sentence, being plunged into the cauldron of boiling oil. There is a maddening power in that terrible scene, a working up of human sympathy, a goading to excitement of every faculty. The music lashes and stings into a nervous fever, with a fury completely at one with the spirit of the drama.

In the drama, the situation is the focus of the scene. Early playwrights no more understood this, than pre-Raphaelite painters understood the laws of perspective and of chiaroscuro. It is this which is wanting in Shakspeare's plays. With his unrivalled powers and knowledge of nature, he is not a perfect dramatist, for each scene in his plays, with all its splendid drawing, is without what the painter terms 'a point of sight'—a point to which all lines converge, and about which detail gathers finish. Shakspeare is better in the boudoir than on the stage, for this reason. A true drama only lives behind the footlights.

In the sensational opera, the French composers stand quite unrivalled. But when the most perfect taste does not

control it, the opera becomes overcharged with colour, and the music does not wear like that of Mozart, Weber, and Wagner. The music is as out of place in the cabinet as is the drama in the library. These operas are written for the stage, and for the stage only. The music is theatrical, and would be as incongruous in a family party as a rococo, gilt commode in a cottage. The French opera is like the paintings of Gustave Doré, and the romances of Victor Hugo.

But the opera is not merely composed of the three elements of drama, poetry, and music, each taken as an element indivisible into component parts—but of drama, poetry, and music, vocal and instrumental. The music is composite, the orchestra and the singers have each a distinct though allied sphere.

Here lies a danger to the composer. He is tempted to make the orchestral part a mere accompaniment to the voice, in which case he is not giving each instrument its due, or, in his admiration for the powers of the orchestra, he unduly extends its function, and treats the human voice as but one among the instruments at his command.

The Italian composers have all fallen on the first rock.

The Germans are fatally drawn towards the other.

Meyerbeer happily steered his way between them. The orchestra in Germany has been like the parliament in England and France, it has gained the supremacy, the power is in its hands; at best, the voice reigns as a constitutional monarch, but in Wagner only as a president with a brief tenure of office. The melody—the rule—has passed from the voice to the orchestra: it flickers in this instrument, then in that, is diffused, concentrated nowhere, least of all in the organ of the singer.

But France has not only the credit of having given to the sensational opera its most perfect expression: it has

achieved, also, great success, in its special favourite, the opéra comique. This sort of opera began, as I have already said, in a play with occasional solo songs and duets in it. It had its Viennese relation, the Singspiel. In England we also had our opera. In England it never attained a high place. Lindley, in one of his letters, tells us how Sheridan's opera of 'The Duenna' was composed. Sheridan picked up tunes where he could, brought them to his father-in-law, set to words of his composition, and got him to put an accompaniment to them, and compose an overture. 'The Beggar's Opera' was no more a work of musical art than 'The Duenna.' There were hosts of these compositions performed last century in London and Bath; and none were worth preservation.

In 'Perseus and Andromeda' there is a chorus of Greek sailors:—

> Oh why should we quarrel for Riches,
> Or any such glittering Toy?
> A light heart and a Thin pair of Breeches
> Goes through the world, brave Boy.

And the music does not rise above the poetry or the metre, nor is it more appropriate to the classic theme of the opera than the 'Thin pair of breeches' to a sailor of old Hellas.

But in France the comic opera throve, and produced charming fruit. Cherubini, in his 'Les Deux Journées,' and Auber in his 'Fra Diavolo,' showed what excellent work could be done in this field. Boieldieu has left us in 'Jean de Paris'—with its sweet little troubadour aria, and the still riper 'La Dame Blanche,' models of this sort of opera, refined, graceful, delicate—pictures by Meissonier. Soupé's 'Fatinitza'[1] is rougher and more boisterous, but

[1] Soupé is, I believe, a Viennese, but his production belongs to the French school.

it abounds in pleasant music. Bruhl's 'La Croix d'Or' is pleasant, and Planquette's 'Les Cloches de Corneville' has already established itself as a favourite with the English public. Serious works of art they are not, they do not pretend to be that, but they are fresh, joyous, and overflow with sweet melody. In the last-named opera, the chorus to the 'Chanson des Aïeux' in the second act is as beautiful and effective as any production of this genial school.

The school has its pupils in Germany. 'Martha,' by Flotow, is already domesticated on our boards. Lortzing has written comic operas, but always with a grave, and somewhat sad German heart. Poor Goetz died of want, just when his first opera, 'Taming the Shrew,' was accepted, or he might have done great things.

Behind this class of opera trails an ugly shadow, the burlesque opera of the *blasé* world under the second Empire, that had no noble ideals, that believed not in faith and virtue, and scoffed at rectitude and truth. Germany must blush that two German names, Offenbach[1] and Strauss,[2] mark the point of lowest degradation which the opera can reach; France, that she has educated, or encouraged them. The opera-bouffe of these writers is the slime of art at its ebb, the rank growth of the dissolute society under the despotism of Napoleon. It is music in its dotage, drivelling, and babbling obscenities. If there is laughter in it, there is also a leer.

It is when the genius of music seemed to have left Germany, and to be inspiring France, that a man arose to make another epoch in musical composition, and again

[1] Offenbach is a Jew, born at Cologne in 1822.

[2] The Strauss family are of Hungarian origin. The father is dead. Johann Strauss, composer of the 'Fledermaus,' lives in Vienna. This offensive opéra-bouffe is essentially French in feeling.

to give Germany the honour of being the scene of that epoch-making production.

Richard Wagner's early life was one of trouble and exile, brought on himself. The man who can lift his hand in rebellion against the prince to whose charity he owed his education, cannot expect much sympathy in his banishment. He was, for a while, director of a theatre at Königsberg, and there he planned a five-act opera from König's romance of 'Die hohe Braut,' and sent it to Scribe, asking him to furnish the libretto. Scribe, however, did not deign to answer the unknown and ambitious young German. In the autumn of 1837, when musical director of the theatre at Riga, he resolved on composing an opera on the subject of Rienzi the Tribune, following Meyerbeer as a master and guide. Under this influence, he sought situations, scenic effects, and effective ensembles. In the spring of 1839 two acts of 'Rienzi' were completed, and then he started for Paris. He embarked with his wife on board a sailing vessel which was to take him to London, *en route* for Paris. The voyage lasted four weeks. A furious storm drove the vessel up the Norwegian coast, and it was then that he conceived the idea of his opera 'Der fliegende Holländer.'

Wagner remained a short time in London, and then continued his journey to Paris. During a stay in Boulogne, he made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, to whom he showed his 'Rienzi.'[1] At Paris, he entered into an agreement with the manager of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, for the production of an opera, 'The Novice of Palermo,' but the manager failed, and the hopes of the composer were crushed. On Meyerbeer's return to Paris, Wagner was introduced to the directors of the Grand Opéra. By

[1] A patchy, undigested work, but with splendid gleams of genius, and a prophecy of better things.

November 1841 he had finished 'Rienzi,' and began 'The Flying Dutchman.' Whilst still at Paris, Wagner received the gratifying intelligence that 'Rienzi' had been accepted at Dresden, and 'The Flying Dutchman' at Berlin. In the spring of 1842 he prepared to leave Paris, the scene of many months of conflict and disappointment. 'Rienzi' was produced for the first time at Dresden, on October 19, 1842. It was a great success. Richard Wagner became the hero of the day, and he was at once appointed Master of the Orchestra to the Court of Saxony, in the room of Weber.

'The Flying Dutchman' was performed for the first time on January 2, 1843, at Dresden; it was afterwards given at Cassel and Berlin; at Cassel, through the efforts of Spohr, the only German Kapellmeister who recognised and appreciated the genius of Wagner.

In France, it is not to be expected that the great German will meet with appreciation: political prejudice will bias artistic feeling; but more than that, the genius of French operatic music is so completely different from that of 'the music of the future,' that it cannot understand it. One pitiable instance is enough. Bizet studied Wagner and was inspired by his genius. But Paris would not endure anything that smacked of German art, and he was forced to descend to the level of public taste and scribble 'Carmen.' Wagner has learned of Meyerbeer, but has not followed him. That he should please English taste is hardly to be looked for. Musical taste in England is too uneducated to care for anything that requires scientific knowledge and insight for appreciation. But least of all, will Wagner content the Italians. Their ideal is a melody that can be whistled, or ground on a barrel-organ. Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, sweet as their songs are, lovely as the paintings of Raphael, never got beyond that; music,

which by no possibility can be made adaptable to that instrument, is not music at all, but a jabber of discords and unmelodious phrases. Not an Italian appeared at Baireuth at Wagner's ovation in 1876.

Wagner attaches to Weber, his musical ancestor. His ideal is the foundation of a German national drama, which shall be on German soil to the German people what the Greek tragedy was to the Hellenes on Greek soil. Like Lortzing, he writes his own texts, feeling that the same mind ought to express in music as in words its own thoughts; that the setting of other men's words is but a translation into another tongue, and a translation never fully expresses the poetry of the original. Wagner starts with the assumption that he is a poet and dramatist, as well as a musician. A dramatist he no doubt is, his plots and characters are good, but a poet he is not. There is not a line that he has composed which rises above mediocrity. His great achievement is in the production of melodies of unearthly beauty, of an order distinct from those of any other composer, but chiefly in the extraordinary development he has given to the orchestra, especially to the stringed instruments. His music is not merely epoch-making, it is a new revelation. Wagner has never written anything that could, by any possibility, have been produced by another master.[1] Each of his creations bears the stamp of his peculiar genius on it. His first opera, 'Rienzi,' 1841, and his last, the 'Ring of the Nibelungen,' are consistent with one another. He has not changed his style, his genius is not many-sided and flexible, it is One; his power and command over the instruments grows: 'Lohengrin' is the flower of the mind that budded in 'Der fliegende Holländer.' This latter opera was written in 1841, but, as already said, was not produced till 1843;

[1] Except in the immature 'Rienzi.'

'Tannhäuser' was the child of 1845; 'Lohengrin' of 1846; 'Tristan' appeared at Munich in 1865; then came the 'Meistersänger' and the 'Ring der Nibelungen.' He is now engaged on another, 'Parzival,' of which the text, but not the music, has been published.

Wagner is the Shakspeare, the Turner of music. His beauties do not lie on the surface; one of his operas will not take by storm when first heard: it must be heard again and again, and then again and again, and, each time heard, some new idea, some new beauty, some marvellous perfection, will be the reward. His music must be digested to be enjoyed. He never flatters the ear, he uses it as the passage to the soul. He has his craze, but also his inspirations; his theories, which entangle his genius, but his genius bursts through them. He is his own, and his worst enemy. Puffed up with inordinate vanity, he believes it his mission to reform the musical drama on some fantastic theory which is not worth discussion, but which may be Hegelian. A German is nothing if he be not a philosopher, and Wagner has invented a philosophy of the opera; he will kill his genius to build it up and lime it with its blood.

How is it that England lags behind in the march of musical culture, that she contributes nothing to the treasure of good music that is accumulating every year? That the nation is incapable of musical invention I will not believe. The madrigals of the Elizabethan era command the admiration of continental musicians in the present. No musical creativeness in a nation which has produced a Purcell, an Arne, and delightful Bishop! In this age one Oratorio of distinguished merit has been produced by an Englishman, 'The Jerusalem' of Pierson, but the cold recognition his talents received drove him to Germany. The reason, I believe, why England has been barren of composers worth naming, is that there has been no English

opera. Balfe we did not appreciate as he deserved, and laughed down a real genius. In Germany every town of 25,000 inhabitants has an opera, and the opera is the true nursery of music. The Church is that no longer. Everywhere Church music in England is made congregational, but congregational music never can be music of high art. In France and Germany both the Church and the Theatre encourage scientific music. Neither fosters it in England. The hymn is the sacred nursery lullaby, nothing more: any servant-girl can sing it without knowing her notes. Operas we have none out of London, and there only an Italian house. It is impossible for musical art to spring up when there is no field in which it can display itself. Every little town of the size of Exeter, Salisbury, Colchester, Northampton, would in Germany have a good opera, and every opera-house arouses enthusiasm for music in a wide circle round it, stimulates its culture, awakes genius.

Why should we have the operas in Italian—German operas translated into Italian, to be sung to English ears? We are as foolish in this matter as the petty princes of Germany a hundred years ago.

All honour and thanks to Herr Carl Rosa for having been the first to give, in 1876 and 1877, at the Lyceum, operas in English, and at cheap prices, to audiences which cannot afford to attend the Italian Opera at Covent Garden. And Mr. Mapleson deserves the thanks of all lovers of the opera for having given the public the benefit of hearing good music at a cheap rate, in Her Majesty's, in 1878–9. These are good beginnings.[1]

[1] I would enter here my protest against *large* opera-houses. The melodiousness, the tone of a voice is lost in the vast spaces of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Her Majesty's. The difference of effect between *The Flying Dutchman* at the Lyceum and at the Italian Opera

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At the 'Globe' also an appreciative audience in pit and gallery drink in the sweet airs of 'Les Cloches de Corneville.' Let us hope that the time is not far distant when there will be half-a-dozen opera-houses in London, and one in each of our great towns. Then, I do not doubt it, English musical genius will awake and sing; and we shall contribute to our neighbours, instead of merely borrowing. A hundred years ago English architecture was utterly bad. English architects then sat down patiently before masterpieces of antiquity, copied them, measured them, and reproduced them. At length they became capable of doing something better than copy, and I venture to assert that the English architect now towers in his profession above the architects of France and Germany, as the Abbey of Westminster does above little St. Margaret's. English painters were nowhere fifty years ago. They have gone to Nature, studied her in all her moods, with resolute perseverance, and the English school is not now to be put to the blush by anything produced by Paris, Munich, Düsseldorf, or Berlin. Excellence is the fruit of patient study in every art. Unfortunately in music no masterpieces are set before our people which they can study; and till we have popular operas performed year by year, and everywhere, it is hopeless to look out for the dawn of musical genius among us. A man will not become an architect who lives in, and never leaves, Gower Street, and our English public are at present prisoners in a musical Gower Street.

was most noticeable in 1876. The chorus loses its thrilling effect in a huge house. The solo singers should never have to strain to be heard; the quality of tone is at once depreciated. The dramatic effect is also weakened. The canvas is too large for one or two figures.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE KULTURKAMPF.

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?
Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.
Merry Wives of Windsor, act iii. sc. 1.

THE old German Empire was built on a confederation of princes and powers. It held together very loosely. The Emperor could never rely on the princes for support, and the princes were ever jealous of the authority of the Kaiser. Charles the Great, foreseeing the danger to the Empire from the rivalries of the secular princes, elevated some of the bishoprics into principalities under episcopal sovereigns, trusting that these spiritual Electors would stand by the Imperial throne, and maintain its prerogatives against the secular Kurfürsten. He looked to them as the peace- and order-loving elements in the constitution. But he left out of his calculation the fact that these prelates owed a double allegiance, and that the Emperor of Germany, as head of the Holy Roman Empire and King of Italy, was liable to be regarded with suspicion and jealousy by the Roman Pontiff, the spiritual head of these bishops.

Throughout the Middle Ages the See of Rome pursued the readily intelligible policy of undermining the Empire, of sowing in its fields the tares of strife. It was the Papacy which sat under the table of the Electors and cast the apple of discord into their midst; it was the Papacy which hampered the development of a great idea, and

made of the Empire a house divided against itself. It did so solely because the Emperor of Germany wore the crown of Italy, and was chief patrician of Rome.

The ideal of the Papacy was the establishment of the throne of Peter as head over a temporal realm of Italy, and the fulfilment of this ideal was made impossible by the might of Germany. In France the great princes were crushed, and the King became supreme. In Germany, the Empire broke up, and the princes established their independence. In France the centripetal force prevailed, in Germany the force that was centrifugal. In France, the feudal nobles succumbed without the Pope lifting a finger to save them; but then, none of the bishops were princes, and the King of France was not King of Italy.

Every German who has studied the history of his country knows that the failure in the accomplishment of the ideal of Charlemagne was due to two causes: a loose confederation of the States composing the Empire, and the interference of the Holy See.

When the Imperial crown of Germany was offered to William of Prussia, at Versailles, and it became possible again to labour at the accomplishment of that ideal which had broken down finally in the Thirty Years' war, the Chancellor doubtless supposed that the two causes which had prevented that accomplishment before existed still, and must be met and overcome.

But, with regard to the first, Prussia has little grounds for fear. Holding the Imperial crown, she is vastly more powerful than any of the States separately which form the union, and with the States which she can absolutely command can crush at any moment an attempt to resist too summary incorporation.[1] Like Hermione—'She is spread of late into a goodly bulk.'

[1] Population (1875):—Prussia, 25,772,562; Bavaria, 5,022,904;

The Episcopal Electorates of Cologne, Münster, and Trèves have passed to her. Part of Poland has become her spoil. She exacted Silesia of Austria as the price of recognition of the right of Maria Theresa to the throne of the Hapsburgs. Grand Duchies have been absorbed in quick succession. Schleswig-Holstein has been appropriated, Hesse-Cassel secured, Nassau incorporated. Brunswick and Hanover have gone to make her 'round apace,' and now there is not a State in Germany which does not exist on sufferance. Hesse was allowed in '66 to linger on because of its relationship to Russia. Baden has bought a prolongation of life by marrying a Prussian princess. The Queen of Würtemberg was an Olga of Russia, and the King has no son. Prussia has, however, planted one foot in Swabia, in Hohenzollern, and she is not likely to be satisfied till she can put down the other there also.

Since 1871, the policy of centralisation has been steadily pursued. Universal military service, which had previously prevailed only in Prussia, has been extended to the whole Empire, and the armies of the States are being systematically unified. 'The entire military force of the Empire,' says Art 63 of the Imperial Constitution, 'shall form one single army, standing in war and peace under the command of the Emperor. The regiments shall be numbered consecutively throughout the whole German army. The uniform shall be conformed in cut and colour to that of the Royal Prussian army; but the Sovereigns of the several contingents shall be allowed to add extra distinctions, as cockades and the like.'

Baden regiments are commanded by Prussian officers and may be moved where the Emperor chooses, into Lothringen, or Westphalia, or Schleswig. And though

Saxony, 2,760,342; Würtemberg, 1,881,505; Baden, 1,506,531; Hesse, 882,349; Elsass-Lothringen, 1,529,408.

Würtemberg soldiers remain in the kingdom, they are placed under the command of a Prussian general. All fortresses are Imperial, and the commanders of them are appointed by the Emperor.

The old coinage of Baden, Bavaria, Würtemberg, &c., is suppressed; kreuzers and guldens, to the joy of travellers, have made way for Pfennige and Marken, stamped with 'Deutsches Reich;' and the Imperial Eagle, bearing the Prussian escutcheon, has supplanted the arms of the States on every coin.[1]

Everywhere, except in Bavaria, the post-office has passed into the hands of the Empire, which has also laid hold of the telegraphs, and appropriated the customs. Before long the railways will probably have been delivered up to the Empire, and on the carriages the black eagle will be painted over the blue and white Bavarian chequer and the gold and red arms of Baden.

Thus the whole postal, telegraphic, railroad, parcels-delivery, and customs administration, will be filled with employés of the Empire, looking to Berlin, not to Munich, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, Dresden, and Darmstadt. At Berlin will be gathered every thread of power, and the whole of Germany will be involved in a net held by the firm hand of the Imperial Chancellor. On October 1, 1879, Baden and the Bavarian Pfalz will abandon the Code Napoléon; Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg, their national codes, the growth of centuries, and will accept the new Imperial Digest.

Before 1866, Southern Germany inclined to an alliance with Austria rather than with Prussia. It was not forgotten that Prussia had played a selfish game in the great

[1] In the South, on the change of coinage, it was desired to have the French decimal system, with the frank of the same value as in Italy, France, Switzerland, and Belgium. But Berlin ruled otherwise.

wars with Napoleon, and that Austria had ventured all and lost vastly for the common good. Prussia was known to have the appetite of the boa, but then her administration commanded respect, whilst that of Austria was inchoate. If Prussia was poor, she was not impecunious; she could pay in silver, where Austria offered only silver-paper. There was no help to be gotten out of an Empire which issued notes for eighteenpence. Montecuculi said that for war three things are needed: first, money; secondly, money; and thirdly, money. Austria had not these requisites, and a piece of tissue-paper that dissolves to pulp in a shower is a poor substitute for hard cash.[1] What redemption can come from an Empire that even in 1878 issued lottery tickets for the support of its army? If eyes turned to Austria, it was only with sentiment: it was with as little thought of union as has the student who casts tender glances at the dowerless Kellnerinn—

> Lieben, lieben will ich dich,
> Aber heirathen *nicht*.

A large part of South Baden belonged, before 1802, to Austria. The people in the Southern Schwarzwald speak affectionately of the past union, and grumble over their present political marriage, but it is the sentiment of the widow who flings the virtues of the late lamented in the face of her second husband, without the expectation, perhaps the wish to resuscitate the first.

The twins born back to back never made much progress in the world, for each objected to walk backwards. Austria consists of three personalities: the thoughtful German, the plodding Slav, and the blustering Magyar, not linked as the graces, but like Samson's foxes. The

[1] 'Don't wade through the river with your fortune in your pocket,' is a Tyrolese proverb.

forces of the Empire are exhausted internally in keeping the tails together. With Sadowa finally disappeared the 'Gross Deutschland-Partei,' which clung to the dream of an Austrian union. If there be dislike in the South to Prussia, it is because the Prussian has made himself offensive to the gentler and more courteous Southerner. In 1878, on March 22, the birthday of the Emperor, a military banquet was given at Munich in honour of the Kaiser, to which were invited all Prussian officers then in Munich, and his health was enthusiastically drunk by Bavarians and Prussians alike. When, next, the health of the King of Bavaria was proposed, the Prussian junior officers remained seated, and refused the toast; when asked the reason, they replied by their spokesman, that the mental or bodily welfare of the Sovereign was a matter of supreme indifference to them. In a club to which I belonged in a South German city, the Prussian officers of the native garrison were admitted by the kindly citizens, proposed and elected without prejudice. Once in, they monopolised the best room and best tables, and by their loudly expressed insulting speeches about the little State, its Sovereign, and religion, drove the old members from the room into another. These are mere specimens of conduct pretty general, and which naturally embitters people against Prussia. They decline to love those who comport themselves not as conquerors only, but as bullies.

But this antipathy to the Prussian—which is after all only the dislike a person might have to the invasion of his boudoir by a very boisterous and unmannerly Newfoundland dog—does not extend to the Empire. The re-establishment of the German Empire was hailed alike by Protestants and Catholics, priests and laymen; and I believe the Chancellor was entirely mistaken in supposing that the Roman Catholic Church would prove a danger to

the young Empire. He has made one or two great mistakes in his life. He is blundering now into a repressive warfare against Social-Democracy. His Kulturkampf was a greater error. Since 1871 I have been every year to Germany, and have talked with every sort of person, and have become more and more convinced that this was the case. A Roman priest said to me, 'In 1871 we were all mad with joy; Catholics, Protestants, Jews, —it was all the same; we rushed into each other's arms, and swore *Bruderschaft;* we thought the millennium had come.'

And there was reason why the Catholics in Baden at all events should hail Prussian supremacy. In 1806, by the Peace of Pressburg, the Margrave of Baden acquired all the lands of Austria between the Rhine and Danube to the Lake of Constance—lands thoroughly Catholic. At once every monastery was sequestrated, and turned into a barrack, or a brewery. In Protestant Germany there are many Stifte, old convents used for noble ladies, who live there comfortably as canonesses under an abbess. The religious character of these institutions is of course gone, but they remain as almshouses for the nobles, and the post of abbess has often been given to a discarded mistress of a prince. Thus the Countess of Königsmark was made abbess of Quedlimburg. In the Black Forest was an almshouse for peasants' daughters, at Lindenberg, in which Catholic old maids might end their days together, not taking monastic vows, but living together near a chapel, and with gardens and meadows belonging to the institution. So persistently has the Baden Government worried the Catholics who have come to the Grand Duchy, that even this very harmless institution was suppressed in 1869; and now it remains untenanted and falling into ruin. At the very same time, as if to add insult to injury,

a Protestant 'Stift' was founded for noble Evangelical ladies, nine miles off, at Freiburg, in a city where, before 1806, there had not been a Protestant. Indeed, since 1806 the Catholic Church in Baden has been harassed in every way possible by the Government, though the proportion in every 100 persons in Baden is 64·5 Catholics to 33·6 Protestants. In 1852, when the late Grand Duke died, the Archbishop of Freiburg was ordered to have high Requiem Mass for his soul in the Cathedral. He declined, on the grounds that this was not possible, as the Grand Duke was a Protestant, and the Catholic Church only allowed masses for the souls of its members: but he offered to hold a solemn service of mourning, and to preach a panegyrical sermon on the sad occasion. This was the origin of a series of petty persecutions to which the Roman Church in Baden was subjected till 1871. When the Archbishop died, in 1868, and the chapter sent in eight names to the Grand Duke for him to choose among them, he tore up the list, and bade the chapter elect again. A second list met with the same fate, and since then the see has been without bishop recognised by the State, *i.e.* for ten years. It may well be imagined that Baden Catholics could feel no very warm enthusiasm for their Government, which had incessantly worried them since they had been handed over to an insignificant Margrave blown into a Grand Duke by Napoleon I.

The Badenser Catholics drew a long breath in 1871, and hoped that in a mighty Empire they might receive more generous treatment than in a petty principality. In Würtemberg the Catholics are in a minority. Before 1806 they were under Austria or Catholic 'immediate' princes; but Napoleon, to reward the Duke of Würtemberg for treason to the cause of Germany, forcibly annexed

them to his Duchy, and gave the Duke a royal crown. Out of 100 persons 30·4 are Catholic, and 68·7 are Evangelical. The Catholic Church is not allowed much liberty. It is part of the Roman system to use monasteries and convents for the advance of religion; and in Würtemberg, by law of 1862, religious orders and congregations are only allowed to settle or be formed subject to the risk of expulsion at a few days' notice. As a matter of fact, there are in Würtemberg only 232 sisters of mercy, tolerated, not recognised, by the Government, and 144 sisters of other orders.

Bavaria does not comprise people of one blood like Würtemberg. It embraces Bavarians proper (the Bojars, a Slav people originally), Franconians of Würzburg, Bamberg, and Aschaffenburg given it in 1806, and Swabians, formerly under the rule of little princes, on the east of the Iller. The proportion among 100 persons in Bavaria is 71·2 Catholics to 27·6 Protestants. Bavaria is a contented little kingdom, and there was no religious reason for opposition to the Empire. The King was more dreaded than the Emperor. He coquetted with the Alt-Katholics, supported Döllinger, and when Pius IX. died, showed his animus by forbidding the bells of the churches in his realm being tolled to call the Catholics to pray for their departed Pontiff.

In Prussia the Roman Church enjoyed complete liberty. She looked on America and Prussia as her happy hunting fields. The conciliatory spirit manifested by the Government had the most happy results in completely securing the loyalty of Westphalia, the Rhenish provinces, and Silesia. Indeed, South Germans looked with some suspicion on the Catholics of the North, and it was a common saying among them that these latter were 'Prussians first, Germans next, and then Catholics.'

All at once a bolt fell out of the blue sky. On July 4, 1872, the Emperor William signed at Ems a law expelling the Jesuits and their affiliated orders from the German Empire.

On May 20, 1873, it was announced by the Chancellor that the Redemptorists, Lazarists, the Congregation of Priests of the Holy Ghost, and the Society of the Sacred Heart, were included in this condemnation.

On February 6, 1875, a law was signed which withdrew registration of births and burials from the clergy, and placed it in the hands of officers of the State, and also made civil marriage compulsory.

On February 26, 1876, an addition was made to the penal code of the Empire drawn up in 1871, which made the clergy amenable to punishment for uttering any expression in public, or for printing anything, which imperils the public peace.

These are the only ecclesiastical laws affecting the *Empire*, but a whole string of laws has been enacted, first in Baden, and then in Prussia, applicable to both these States—in Baden in 1869, two years later in Prussia. 'Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.'

On July 8, 1871, the ministry of the Catholic religion in the Kingdom of Prussia was suppressed, and one ministry of religion was constituted for Catholics and Protestants.

On March 15, 1873, the office of Chaplain-General in the army for Catholics was done away with. Other acts were passed to give petty annoyance; but those of May 1873 were more serious.

The law of May 11 requires that no priest shall enter on a cure of souls who has not passed through examination in a German gymnasium, spent three years in a German university, and passed an examination in three

faculties, of which theology shall not be one. It forbids candidates for orders residing in a college together whilst studying in the university.[1] It forbids the opening of new schools, and the taking of fresh pupils into the old schools for candidates for the ministry. It requires the Ordinary to announce to the State the nomination to a cure of souls, and provides that, in the event of a bishop appointing a priest who has not his Government certificate, he shall be fined from 600 to 3,000 marks (30*l.* to 150*l.*)

There are other provisions, but these are the most important. On December 6, 1873, a law was passed requiring the bishops, before recognition by the State, to take an oath of obedience to these laws.

On May 21, 1874, additional provisions were added, making it penal for a priest to exercise any religious function, unless he has his ticket of qualification from the State, and authorising the parish or State to appoint a priest to a vacant cure of souls, without the consent of the bishop, should he nominate contrary to the law.

By law of February 18, 1876, the religious instruction given to Catholic children in schools is subjected to the supervision and approval of the State. Other laws affecting the Catholic Church have been passed, but they are of less immediate interest and importance.

The western porch of the cathedral of Strassburg is enclosed within two gables, one within the other. The inner gable is surmounted by a statue of the Emperor, and on the stages or crockets are figures of bears and lions. Outside this gable, spiring airily aloft, is another, surmounted by the figure of Our Lord, and the stages of

[1] Protestants are allowed to live in the Johanneum at Berlin, and the college of the same name at Breslau, and the Evangelical College at Leipzig.

this gable are occupied by angels with expanded wings. The inner structure represents the Imperial power resting on and sustained by brute force. The outer is the symbol of the spiritual power reposing on free intelligences and unfettered wills. It would have been well had the Imperial Chancellor taken a look at this frontal before passing the May laws, and attempting to crush a spiritual empire within one military and bureaucratic.

Why was the Kulturkampf undertaken? This is a question often asked, and answered in different ways. That Ultramontanism is a danger to the Empire is the usual explanation; but proof is not producible. The evidence is not forthcoming for very good reasons. Ultramontanism can scarcely be said to exist in Germany. And Ultramontanism, even if it did exist, need not be in opposition to the Empire.

Ultramontanism, as it is understood in France and Belgium, has never taken root in Germany. It was represented by the Jesuits, and when they were got rid of, Catholicism remained as a religion, but not as a political factor. In Prussia the Catholic population was thoroughly loyal. The Poles were in a state of chronic discontent, but they knew that they were better off under Prussia than their brethren under the Czar. There was no danger to be apprehended from them. Westphalian Catholics, and those on the Rhine and Mosel, in Osnabrück and Hildesheim, were well content to be no longer under episcopal Electors, and felt no gravitation towards France. They never lived under a reigning family, and had no dynastic loyalty, like the Würtembergers and Bavarians and Saxons. A sluggish sense of respect for the Hohenzollerns was warming into loyalty to a house and with a little nursing might grow into enthusiasm. The real seat of disaffection and danger is Bavaria and

Würtemberg, and these States are unaffected by the May laws.

Ultramontanism is an exotic, and will not take ready root in German ground. German Catholics are too sober and sensible to follow the excesses of a school which has mastered the Church in France. The bishops exhibited their feebleness at the Vatican Council, but not their subserviency to the Jesuits. And the Catholic clergy are German at heart, and moderate in their opinions. None are more ready to testify to this, as also to the purity of their lives, and their devotion to their calling, than the Evangelical pastors who are their next-door neighbours. 'In village life,' says the proverb, 'every man sees into his neighbour's mouth;' and, it may be added, into his neighbour's heart as well.

Last Emperor's birthday was kept in a little South German village by there assembling, in the village inn, three Roman priests, two Protestant pastors, an English clergyman, the count whose castle was in the village, the notary, the apothecary, and some bauers. The health of the Emperor was drunk by all amidst patriotic speeches, and the evening passed amidst clouds of tobacco-smoke and the flowing of fresh beer, with the utmost cordiality. Every Sunday and festival sees these worthies—the Englishman excepted—hobnobbing together. Catholic priest and Protestant pastor, Conservative Graf and Liberal apothecary, argue and laugh and dispute and shake hands year in year out. Is this a nursery of Ultramontanism? In France the priests are debarred by their bishops from joining in social gatherings, lest they lose the narrowness laboriously contracted in the seminaries, and widen into good-fellowship with all men by association. Englishmen have lost all prejudice against Moslems and Hindoos by mixing with them, and German Protestant pastors and

Catholic priests are hail-brother-well-met! because they smoke and drink together at least once a week.

Ultramontanism does exist in Germany, but it is entirely the fruit, the creation, of a meddling and muddling policy on the part of the Governments.

The external organisation of the Roman Church in Germany was destroyed in 1803. The Catholic Church till then had been an established Church, with its bishops, abbots, canons, and clergy holding land, and enjoying rights and exercising a vote in the affairs of their country and the Empire. In 1803 the bishoprics, abbacies, chapters, were all secularised. The archbishopric of Mainz, which had been an independent principality since the time of Charlemagne, fell to Hesse-Darmstadt. Fulda, which had been ruled by an abbot-bishop since 751, was given to the Calvinist house of Nassau. Würzburg fell to Bavaria, so did Bamberg. In 1814 Cologne became Prussian, so also Trèves. It is needless to mention others. The result was that the Roman prelates and clergy were detached from the soil; they had lost interest of a practical kind in their country. The Protestant rulers over newly acquired Catholic populations consulted together in 1818 about a constitution for the Catholic Church in Germany. But in the interim between 1803 and 1818 irreparable mischief had been done. A Protestant church may be disestablished with tolerable impunity. It will become narrow and sectarian, but not anti-national, because it has no second centre round which to concentrate. But it is not so with the Catholic Church. The only means of making it national is to give it a footing on the soil, on which it can stand and make opposition to the Papacy. By cutting away this foothold the Roman clergy were precipitated into the arms of Rome, compelled to be Ultramontane. In 1817 Bavaria had concluded a concordat with the Pope

which accorded extensive rights to the King,—the appointment to the bishoprics. Prussia and Hanover also negotiated directly with the Pope. From the close of the Thirty Years' war the German Catholic Church had manifested a markedly national and liberal tendency, and had maintained a persistent opposition to the encroachments of the Curia; but now, by the Protestant and Catholic governments negotiating directly with the Pope, instead of, as heretofore, treating with the bishops and clergy of Germany, as a National Catholic Church, they constituted him absolute over the German Church, and put the clergy unreservedly into his hands. Curialism gained ground. No provision had been made by the Governments for the diocesan rule being in accordance with canon law. The bishops were converted by the force of circumstances into creatures of Rome, and the clergy into creatures of the bishops. The Curia took care to make the bishop entirely dependent on its favour, and he in turn ruled his clergy as a body of serfs. Can any one believe that the bishops and parochial clergy hailed this change? That it was acceptable to them to be transformed from a state of established independence into curates totally dependent on the Curia at Rome?

If in Germany Ultramontanism exists, the State has only itself to thank for it. The German Church used to hold its synods and councils. It does nothing of the sort now. The clergy have no more a voice in the management of the diocese than servants have in the arrangements of a household. If they displease the bishops, they can be crushed. If a bishop offend the Curia, he may have his privileges withdrawn, so that he remains but a bishop in name. A system of faculties has been contrived which are granted to a bishop who stands well with the Curia; but should he be out of favour they are withdrawn, and

his authority, power, and influence in his diocese are paralysed. He is a bishop unable to execute his episcopal functions among his flock, and a bishop 'in partibus' is sent by the Pope into the diocese to discredit him with his people, and minister to them in his room. It was by threatening the withdrawal of these rights, that some of the bishops most opposed to the dogma of Papal infallibility were forced to yield. Yet, in spite of all that has been done by the State to squeeze the clergy into Ultramontanism, I do not believe that more than one out of ten is an Ultramontane of the Belgian and French type; I believe that till Prince Bismarck passed the May laws, the vast body of the clergy were well affected to the Imperial Government. If four out of ten are Ultramontanes now, it is because the Chancellor has made them so. In the Middle Ages an outcry was raised against the Jews for poisoning the wells, and they were hounded down and burnt alive. Yet it was the Christians as much as they who poisoned the wells with their sewage. If in Strassburg, Ulm, and Mainz the Christian citizens did that wherewith Sennacherib threatened the Jews, and suffered for it, they were wrong in laying the blame on the Hebrews, instead of looking at their own drains. Prince Bismarck and his followers are making the same mistake. It is the German Government which by its short-sighted and blundering policy has poisoned the wells, and not the unhappy Catholics whom they are persecuting. Till recently, the clergy have never been politicians in Germany, any more than the bauers. All they have asked for has been to be let alone.

It was well to banish the Jesuits—a body of men without fatherland, national sympathies, and moral scruples, careful only for the welfare of the Society of Jesus, and the restoration of the Temporal Power.

When the Empire of Germany was offered to William of Prussia, Cardinal Ledochowsky, as the mouthpiece of the Jesuits, went to the new Emperor, and asked him if he would assist in the restoration of the Temporal Power. When the Jesuits learned that Germany would not lend itself to this, they were prepared to help on any combination which might give back to the Pope his temporal crown, German unity being sacrificed, if need be, to obtain it. It may be a matter of curiosity to some to know why Jesuitism should be so eager on this point. The reason is simple enough. Unless the Pope rules in Rome as a sovereign, Jesuits exist in Rome and about his ear only on sufferance. At any moment the Italian Parliament might pass an act expelling them from the country; and then, unless they could drag the Pope off with them, their hold on the reins of the Catholic Church would be lost. Odin had his two ravens, Hugin and Mugin, inspiring him, by whispering dreams into his ear. The Jesuits are the Hugin and Mugin of the Supreme Pontiff. If the Chancellor had confined himself to the expulsion of the spawn of Loyola, only a handful of women, Poles, and converts would have bewailed them. Priests and bishops, whilst ostentatiously protesting, would have rubbed their hands in secret. The Jesuits are the spies of the Roman Curia, and no man likes to have all his moments watched by keepers or detectives. Every man has felt the unpleasant sensation produced by an eye fixed on him for a protracted period, and however kindly disposed the observer may profess himself to be, his room is preferred to his company.

Unfortunately, the ecclesiastical legislation of May 1873 has played the game into the hands of the Jesuits, as we shall presently see.

The Kulturkampf has by some been represented as a

war for education and culture against ignorance and superstition. It may be so, but that was not the object for which it was declared. If we look at the educational statistics of Germany, we do not find that the Catholics fall short of the Protestants in education.[1] If the Government were anxious that the clergy should attain a high standard of culture, it was an odd way of exhibiting this anxiety by banishing the religious orders, which contain the most highly cultivated and intellectually acute members of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and those who laboured at and devoted their lives to education. In Bavaria, it was only in 1817 that the orders were allowed to occupy their monasteries and convents, and by 1874 the number of religious houses they possessed was 620 (96 of monks and friars, 524 of nuns and sisters of mercy). Between 1870 and 1874 as many as 66 new convents had been established. Of all the houses only 2 per cent. belonged to contemplative orders. As many as 209 were institutes for nursing the sick, with 1,322 members; and there were 18 societies with 331 schools, and 4,006 members—*i.e.* 64·9 per cent. of all religious—engaged in education. In 1873 the Dames Anglaises numbered 1,167 members, and 70 qualified lay teachers engaged in education. They had 72 schools, with 2,800 boarders and 13,790 day

[1] For instance, among recruits for the army in 1877, out of 100 recruits for

Pomerania (Prot.) . . .	1·54	could not read nor write.
Westphalia (Cath.) . . .	1·05	,,
Schleswig-Holstein (Prot.) . .	0·25	,,
Rheinland (Cath.) . . .	0·74	,,
Prussian Kingd. (majority Prot.) .	3.19	,,
Bavaria (majority Cath.) . .	1·79	,,
Baden (majority Cath.) . .	0·22	,,
Reuss (Prot.)	1·42	,,
Saxony (Prot.)	0·23	,,
Würtemberg (mixed) . . .	0·02	,,

scholars, also 2,040 children in orphanages; in all 18,530 children. In all Germany there were, in 1873, as far as can be estimated, 19,434 monks, nuns, friars and sisters of mercy.

	Men	Women
In Prussia (1873) . . .	1,037	8,011
Bavaria (1873) . . .	1,074	5,054
Saxony (1875) . . .	none	92
Würtemberg (1873) . .	„	376
Baden (1873) . . .	„	349
Hesse (1874)	39	314
Elsass-Loth. (1873) . .	418	2,650
Total .	2,568	16,846

Of these, the vast majority were devoted to education, or nursing the sick. Those nursing the sick are allowed provisionally to remain, but all teaching orders have, in Prussia, Baden, and to some extent in Bavaria, been disbanded and forced to leave the country.

I shall presently give the story of one society thus suppressed, and the reader will see how the law has been, in many cases, carried out.

The real purpose of the Kulturkampf has been, I conceive, centralisation. It has not been waged against the Roman Church only, for the same process has been followed with the Protestant Churches. It was intolerable in a strong centralising Government to have a Calvinist and a Lutheran Church side by side, and both to call themselves Protestant. It interfered with systematic and neat account-keeping of public expenditure for religious purposes. Consequently, in 1839 the King of Prussia suppressed Calvinism and Lutheranism, and established a new Evangelical Church on their ruins, with constitution and liturgy chiefly of his own drawing up. The Protestant Churches of Baden, Nassau, Hesse, and the Bavarian Palatinate have also been fused and organised on the

Prussian pattern. In Schleswig-Holstein and in Hanover existed pure Lutherans, but they, for uniformity's sake, have been also recently unified and melted into the Landeskirche of Prussia.

A military government cannot tolerate any sort of double allegiance in its subjects. Education and religion, medicine and jurisprudence, telegraphs and post-office, must be under the jurisdiction of the State. The Prussian mind, trained under a military system, cannot understand freedom as it is understood in England, least of all the idea of a free Church. In a military empire every man is a soldier, and everything concerning him is subjected to military supervision. The State looks after his mind, his bowels, and his soul; it must accredit the doctors or trainers for all three. The State so far bends to circumstances as to allow men to be Poles, Prussians, or Saxons by blood, and to be Catholics, Protestants, or Jews by profession, just as it acknowledges three arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. As every male infant is an embryo soldier, and every female babe a prospective mother of soldiers, they must be registered by State functionaries, educated by State functionaries, married by State functionaries, and shovelled out of the world by State functionaries. No man is a free agent, for every man is a soldier. He must be drilled by State corporals on week-days, and preached to by State chaplains on Sundays. The State takes charge of his digestion and conscience. He is forbidden green gooseberries at Whitsuntide, and fresh spiritual diet at any time.[1]

[1] If a Protestant officer—say a lieutenant—should enter a Catholic church during service, and his superior officer were to hear of it, he would be reprimanded; and if he repeated the offence, punished. And so if a private or officer who is registered in the roll as a Catholic, attends Protestant worship, he subjects himself to reprimand and punishment. He is not sticking to the regulations.

From the point of view of a military despotism, the May laws are reasonable and necessary. As Germany is a great camp, the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, must be military chaplains amenable to the general in command. Military organisation, military discipline, and military obedience are exacted and expected in every department. A soldier cannot escape a duty because it disagrees with his liver, nor can a parson shirk doing what the State imposes because it disturbs his conscience. I have no doubt whatever that this is the real explanation of the Kulturkampf, and that all other explanations are excuses and inventions. Prince Bismarck no doubt hates the Pope, not because he cares a straw about religious principles and doctrines, but because the Pope is a power interfering with Imperial absolutism and military dictatorship. The Catholics are welcome to their tinsel and bones and masses, just as the Bavarian contingent is allowed blue facings, and the Brunswickers black, but the Pope and bishops must exercise no more real authority over priests and people than the King of Hanover or the Duke of Brunswick. The Chancellor, when he began the crusade, had probably no idea of the opposition he would meet with, and when the opposition manifested itself, it irritated him, and made him more dogged in pursuing his scheme. The State had met with little or no opposition in unifying the Protestant Churches, and making the mutually antipathetic Calvinism and Lutheranism merge their differences at the bidding of the Crown, and Prince Bismarck supposed he would meet with as little resistance from the Catholics. German Protestantism is so radically Erastian that the German mind is incapable of understanding the existence of a conscience which distinguishes between the things that be of God and of Cæsar. The theory of the Church as a spiritual body and not as a mere

establishment has always lived in the Anglican Communion. Indeed this theory has taken such a strong hold of the English religious mind that it has forced bodies of Christians to leave the Established Church, rather than allow their consciences to be directed by a purely secular authority such as the Crown or Parliament. Dissenting communities have organised themselves as spiritual corporations absolutely independent of the State. But in Germany, religion has been a matter of mere State police. The people believe or disbelieve at the bidding of their princes. They have not been consulted as to their views or wishes, but have been given what worship and creed their rulers have affected, and as their rulers have changed their shibboleths, so have the people been required to screw their mouths. Lutheranism has never formed one Church, with uniformity of liturgy and ceremonial. In Nürnberg its churches are undistinguishable from Catholic churches, and are adorned with statues of the 'Virgo immaculata,' relics, shrines, crucifixes, tapers, and burning lamps;[1] in Norway and Iceland, with vestments, and wafers, and mass; in Würtemberg and Baden, the churches are bare as a music-hall. German religion, Catholic and Protestant, has been determined for the people by political circumstances. A village is Catholic if its feudal lord was of the ancient faith at the conclusion of the Thirty Years' war. If he accepted the tenets of Luther, his people were required to hold by the Confession of Augsburg; if he held by Calvin, to swear by the Institutes; and those who refused were expelled their homes. Consequently, scattered all over Germany, we find Catholic and Protestant villages side by side, with no mingling of confessions in

[1] In St. Sebaldus, the perpetual lamp is still kept burning before the tabernacle, which, however, is empty; and the sixteen altars are spread with clean linen for daily mass, which is never said.

them; and the idea is so impressed on the people that a change of faith is a political impossibility, that such an event as a conversion from one form to another is almost unknown. The peasants of Schöndorf are Catholic to-day to a man, because, in the fourteenth century, the village was bought by a Bishop of Bamberg. The bauers of Bettberg are Lutheran, because in the twelfth century, by a marriage, their forefathers passed as serfs to the Margrave of Baden. The inhabitants of Blaubach are Calvinists, because the Count of Starkemburg embraced the reform of Geneva. As the lord of the land believed or disbelieved, so all his vassals were forced to believe or disbelieve also.

Very probably the Chancellor reckoned, when he began the Kulturkampf, on the Old Catholic movement becoming more general than it has. There is no doubt but that, on the promulgation of the decree of Papal infallibility, there was a great agitation of spirits among German Roman Catholics. The surrender by the bishops awoke universal disappointment, and the Alt-Katholic movement for a moment threatened the Church with a serious disruption. But the moment passed. The German mind abhors schism. Germany has suffered too much from being broken up into petty States to view petty sects with complacency. Consequently Methodism, Anabaptism, and other forms of Dissent have made no way in Germany.

If the bishops had risen to the occasion, protested their inability to receive the decree of the Council, and left the Pope to take what further proceedings he chose, they would have carried all Catholic Germany with them. Their submission unsettled for a moment the consciences of educated Catholics, and some readily joined the new sect that absurdly called itself by an old name. Prince

Bismarck probably knew that the parish priests were almost to a man anti-infallibilists, and disliked the political Catholicism of the sons of Loyola. But he did not know with what horror a Catholic regards separation from the centre of unity.

The schism of Ronge, entitled the 'German Catholic Church,' which rose as a rocket in 1845, came down as a stick before 1850; and the experiment was not worth repeating. Few priests joined the movement, and those who did were either men of learning who exercised no influence over the common people, or men of strong passions who wanted wives; and the vulgar speedily took the measure of their sincerity. Among the laity, Old Catholicism has made recruits from those Catholics who wanted to marry Protestants, and who could not do so in the Roman Church, which set her face against mixed marriages;[1] or from those who want to shake off their religious responsibilities, but do not care for the chill of Evangelical Protestantism. But the largest number of converts to Old Catholicism were made from the class of *Beamten*—Government officials. Herr von Mallinckrodt said in the House of Deputies (January 30, 1872):—'You all know that in Prussia Catholics have not far to go to discover that offices of importance in every department are not given in fair division to them. Show me among the Ministry a single person who is not Evangelical. Look further among the under-secretaries, among the councillors—you must light a lantern to find one. Go into the provinces, seek among the chief judges, among the second judges of the law courts: you will not find one. Go further among the functionaries of Government, among the Landräthe, go to the universities, to the gymnasiums,

[1] Unless a written agreement be drawn up that *all* the children shall be brought up Catholics.

count how many among the officials there are Catholic, and then compare the proportion with that of the Catholic population!' That this is by no means overstated I can bear testimony from having lived in a town which before 1807 had not, probably, a Protestant living in it. The troops garrisoning it are commanded almost entirely by Protestant officers. On the Emperor's birthday a brilliant array of staff-officers and generals attended the Evangelical Church, at the head of a handful of soldiers, whilst the great bulk of the troops were at the minster under a few lieutenants. The chief judge and his assistants are Protestants, the schools are given Protestant masters, and the university professors of the same confession.

Professor von Schulte says, in an article in the 'Contemporary' for July, 1878, 'Protestant officials in all influential posts became the rule. Provincial and governmental chiefs, head magistrates, &c., were all Protestants. The Rhenish provinces had not one, Westphalia only one Catholic president; from 1815 to the present time scarcely half-a-dozen Catholic Ministers have been chosen; the number of councillors in the Government, the superior courts, &c., has never been anything like in proportion to the adherents of the two creeds among the population. The appointment of Protestant officials in Catholic districts, in courts of justice, &c., was, up to 1840, almost carried out as a system; an immense majority of officials of all grades were Protestants. It was carried so far that a vast number of Protestant gendarmes, apparitors, and other sub-officials, who have to be chosen from disabled soldiers, were brought from the Eastern provinces to Westphalia. . . . The circumstance that, in many cases, going over to Protestantism opened the way to a career, and *vice versâ*, produced a great effect.' A friend of mine, the member of an old noble Catholic family, was

brought up by his father as a Protestant because he destined him for the Prussian army, and was well persuaded that if his son was a Catholic he would stick among the lieutenants.

The 'Beamten' have not been slow to perceive that there was no advancement for Catholics, and the Alt-Katholic schism offered them a convenient loop-hole for putting themselves on a better footing with the Government, and opening out to themselves prospects of advancement. They were not disposed to abandon their faith, but they were not willing to let their creed stand as a barrier to their worldly prospects. But they have not gained much by becoming Alt-Katholics. The schism has proved itself a dismal failure. It is regarded with dislike by Romanists and with contempt by Protestants. Many 'Beamten,' finding Old Catholicism does not help them on in office, have grown lukewarm in their profession of it, and have their children instructed by Roman Catholic teachers, and only await a favourable opportunity for slipping back into the Church of their fathers.

It would have been well if some of our Anglican Bishops, Deans, and Canons who have shaken hands with Old Catholics, had studied them a little at home before taking them to their hearts with such effusion. Now that Leo XIII. shows a readiness to adopt a conciliatory policy, the position of the Alt-Katholics is becoming unreasonable. The only parish in Bavaria which followed the movement in 1872 returned to the unity of the Catholic Church in 1877.

In the spring of 1878 I spent some weeks at Klein-Laufenburg, in Baden, divided by the Rhine from Gross-Laufenburg in Aarau, but connected with it by a bridge. In the Swiss town is a large and stately church; in the

Baden suburb a little chapel capable of holding 150 persons. Gross-Laufenburg was given to Switzerland in 1803. It had previously belonged to Austria. The inhabitants are all Catholics. But the Aarau government, like that of Berne and Solothurn, is pleased to suppose that Old Catholicism is the legitimate successor of the Church before the Vatican Council, consequently it has displaced all the Roman Catholic priests and filled their cures with Alt-Katholics. I went to church on Sunday and was puzzled—not knowing the circumstances—to find the congregation numbered twenty, and was made up of the gendarmes, post-office, custom-house, and other Government officials. The service was conducted precisely as in a Roman church, and the Pfarrer preached a most admirable sermon. Next Sunday curiosity took me to the chapel at Klein-Laufenburg. It was a rainy day. The whole town was flowing over the bridge in a thick current to the little chapel. It was crowded, and the churchyard and road were filled with worshippers under umbrellas, kneeling in the mud. In winter, I was told, the inhabitants of the town are willing to stand in the snow and bitter frost to hear mass outside the Baden chapel rather than attend their parish church, where precisely the same service, identical in every minute detail, is conducted by a priest out of communion with Rome, but enjoying the sanction and support of the State.

If ever a religious community bore on its brow the evidence of being death-struck, it is that of Old Catholicism. I have attended the services often, and have been struck by the deadness which hung about them. Catholic children, when brought to attend Alt-Katholic churches, rapidly lose their old habits of reverence and devotion, and the rod of the schoolmaster has to take the place of interior piety to maintain them within the bounds of

propriety. Their elders, who as Roman Catholics never missed attending mass on Sundays and festivals, fall into listless indifference and go to church occasionally, after a while not at all. But it is chiefly on children that the deteriorating effect is noticeable. And this is not to be wondered at. Old Catholicism is simply a controversial religion. The sermons I have heard have been anti-Papal, or self-vindicatory. It is an unwholesome atmosphere in which to rear the young. It is a vicious one for adults to inhale. It is not conducive to true religion to go to church to hear the Pope, or the Curia, or the bishop of the diocese, or the diocesan chapter, or the Catholic clergy pecked at. Charity and edification should be found in the temple, not spite and scurrility. In a large church where, during Lent, the Alt-Katholic pastor preached a series of sermons against the Archbishop to a crowded congregation, at Easter he had just three communicants. In number the Old Catholics are declining. In 1877 there were in Germany 53,640; in January 1878, only 51,864. In one year in Bavaria the numbers have fallen off to the number of 1,305, and since then the parish of Mering has abjured its Alt-Katholicism. The same declension is observable in the list of Old Catholic priests, which at the beginning of 1878 contained only fifty names, as against fifty-five in 1877, and of these one has since been dismissed for immorality. Dr. Tangermann and Dr. Friedrich, Professors Langen and Menzel, have also since resigned their connection with the movement. The number shows few recruits except from men who will do no credit to the Church. A Swiss friend was speaking to me one day a year or two ago about a theological student for the Catholic ministry, who got ordained before it was known that he had seduced a girl in his village and that a child was born. A few days after, my friend heard that this man had joined the

Old Catholic established Church and been given a parish by the Government of the Canton which had expelled the Roman clergy.

But to return from this digression.

The law of civil registration has not harassed the Catholics, and they were ready to submit to it without objection. But the law whereby the State takes the education entirely into its own hands has affected them more seriously.

The Christian Brothers, Xavierian Brothers, Ursulines, and other educational societies, had in their hands the instruction of most Catholic children in towns. These orders were abolished on May 31, 1875, along with every other religious community in the Roman Church, except the Nursing Sisters of Mercy, who are allowed to linger on till the State is supplied with its official staff of hired nurses, when voluntary charity in the hospital will also be dispensed with.

The new Government schools are not without religion. On the contrary religious teaching is compulsory; the Jewish rabbi, the Protestant minister, and the Catholic priest, have access to them, and give instruction on doctrine and morals in the class-rooms. But they do so only as State professors of theology, holding their testimonial of efficiency and licence to teach from Government. They are as much State functionaries as the masters of gymnastics and geometry. And by order of the Minister of Religion, dated February 16, 1876, the instruction of Catholics in their religion has been subjected to strict supervision; the object being to provide that the pupils be not taught that there is any division in their allegiance. To their 'spiritual pastors and masters' they are only to owe obedience if these are furnished with Imperial licence to rule over them in matters of conscience.

That the Government has acted well in taking into its own hands the education of its sons, admits not of a doubt. It were well indeed for England if the Government would sweep away the wretched 'Academies for Young Gentlemen' and 'Collegiate Institutes,' in which the sons of the middle classes receive their training, and were to establish middle schools as well as parochial schools for poor children. The German Gymnasia are admirable: an excellent education is given at a ridiculously low cost; and the teaching in the Lyceums is far better and much cheaper than in many of our grammar-schools. Some of the establishments conducted by the religious orders were no doubt admirable, but others were inferior, and all were under no supervision. In Hungary, horses are taught to step high by having spectacles put on their noses magnifying pebbles into rocks and straws into tree-boles. The objectionable feature of these schools was, that the great object of the teachers was to put moral spectacles on their pupils, and make them prance through life.

But the law that has aroused greatest opposition is that which affects the education of the clergy, as it is so contrived as effectually to cut off the supply.

According to the decree of the Council of Trent, boys destined for the ministry of the Church are taken from home and trained together in a 'Little Seminary.' When they have passed through this school, they migrate to the 'Greater Seminary,' where they live together in college, and attend the theological faculty in an university, or, if there be no university in the place, study with their own professors.

The Seminary system is a bad one. The candidates are secluded from association with all save their comrades: they are not exposed to contact with the current of modern thought, and never enter thoroughly into the national life.

Many years ago an exhibition of 'industrious fleas' attracted sight-seers in the Strand. The industrious fleas went through many surprising performances in a dull mechanical manner. But the most remarkable feature about them was that they never jumped. It was explained that they were trained under thimbles. Whenever they bounded, they banged their heads against the walls of the thimble, and incurred headaches. After a week or two they abandoned jumping and were ready to toil in treadmills and drive coaches as their master ordered for the rest of their natural lives, without dreaming of taking a header and making their escape.

The seminaries have been the thimbles under which the industrious fleas of Holy Church have been reared, and made creatures of routine, under which all mental elasticity is lost. Auerbach in his 'Ivo der Hierli,' gave a sketch of the narrowing, independence-killing course of education in the seminary; but it might be objected that Auerbach as a Jew drew on his imagination, and could not know of the course by experience. But several Catholic writers have protested against it.[1] A Catholic priest thus sums up the results of the seminary system:—'Even the economic arrangement of the institution leads to bad results. No privacy. One room for common play, one for common work. In the dormitories no stove—nowhere a corner where a man may be alone and work for himself, or rest himself. Manliness, which the youth is putting on, and which gives dignity to morality and piety, self-respect and reverence for the priestly vocation, all are wanting. Bigotry, cant, hypocrisy, servility, are the

[1] *Die Katholische Geistlichkeit im neunzehnten Jahrhundert.* Frankfort a. M. 1817. *Ueber zeitgemässe Bildung und Bildungsanstalten Katholischer Geistlichen.* Hamm, 1824. *Die Katholische Kirche, besonders in Schlesien* . . . . Von einem Katholischen Geistlichen. Altemb. 1827, &c.

natural fruit of such an institution, and the nobler spirits note with sorrow how that coarse and stupid comrades push ahead of them by an affectation of piety and grovelling servility. When the alumniate is over, the seminarist goes forth heartless and mindless, to be the comforter and teacher and friend of humanity.'[1] This is no doubt not applicable to all seminaries. It is the description of one in Breslau. But all labour under the same inherent defect, they cramp instead of enlarging the mind. To rectify this,—to give to the German Catholic clergy wider sympathies, more range of knowledge, and a more thorough experimental knowledge of human nature, the law of 1873 was passed. But Baden had attacked the seminary system before Prussia. In 1868 the Baden Government ordered that all boys in the Little Seminary should attend the public schools, and that the candidates for the priesthood of riper years in the Greater Seminary or 'Convikt' should pass examination in three faculties in addition to theology, and spend three years in the university. It went further. It disqualified every priest from holding a cure of souls, who had been ordained since 1863, unless he submitted to examination by a State commission; and required every priest holding a charge to be re-examined by commissioners in his 'ologies' two or three years after ordination, and if he had not kept up his secular studies, to be dismissed from his pastoral cure. This last provision has, however, been withdrawn, and the Prussian law adopted, which requires examination in three secular subjects before ordination.

The instructions given July 26, 1873, by Dr. Falk, 'Minister of Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medical Affairs,' on the manner of carrying out the law of May 11,

[1] The last-quoted book, p. 34–5.

requires that the three subjects shall be Philosophy, History, and German Literature. They provide :—

'A. *Philosophy* :—That the candidate shall have a satisfactory knowledge of the various systems of philosophy, and be so far acquainted with the history of Philosophy as to be able to give an intelligible account of the characteristics of the epoch-making systems, and of their relation to one another. He shall also have a close acquaintance with psychology and logic, and with those systems of scientific education which have influenced instruction and culture during the last two centuries.

'B. *History* :—That the candidate shall be possessed of a clear outline of the development of the history of the world, and be acquainted with the history of the last three centuries, especially with that of Germany, both in the broader and narrower sense of that word. It shall be seen especially that the candidate have a clear conception of the ruling and motive ideas in these periods, which affected both politics and civilisation. The future vocation of the candidate requires that he shall know ecclesiastical history, and that he shall be able to show what influence Religion and the Church exercised on civil life and national culture.

'C. *German Literature* :—In this department it must be ascertained that the candidate is acquainted with the inner developing forces and historic moments which conduced to arrest or advance German literature. The andidate shall be proved by examination to be not unacquainted with any important contributor to German national literature, especially during the last two centuries, and must be able to give an account of the drift of the most important classic works.'

That this law tells hardly on the Church can be denied by no unprejudiced person. It is, moreover, scarcely fair,

and therefore has the aspect of persecution. For this examination is imposed *only* on candidates for the ministry. It is not required of law and medical students. These latter are free to devote the three years of their university life to the study of their special subjects. But the Government requires the candidates for the priesthood to take up these subjects in addition to theology. The consequence is, that a theological student finds his time completely taken up with them, and his divinity studies have to be laid aside.

It is hard on the Church in another way. The education of a priest is now wholly taken out of the hands of the Church from his fifth to his twenty-fourth year. At the age of five, the boy destined for the ministry goes into the public school, and is drafted thence into the Lyceum, a Government grammar-school. He remains there till he is twenty, under tutors and professors appointed by the State; the teaching, where possible, made anti-Catholic.[1] Before leaving school he has to undergo examination before a Government commission; if he passes, he receives his ticket of discharge, or *absolutorium*. Then he is liable to military service. If he has issued from examination in the first class, he is entitled to serve one year instead of three. He becomes an *Einjähriger*. But he may postpone his military service till he has gone through his university course, and this is generally done. When the three years in the university are over, he goes into the army, and is drilled for a twelvemonth. As an *Einjähriger* he receives no pay and has to find his own uniform and board and lodge at his own cost. When the

[1] As in the teaching of history. I have by me a pamphlet of 112 pages (*Baden in den Jahren* 1852–77) of a decided anti-Catholic tendency: this was given away gratis to all the scholars in at least one Government school in which nine out of ten pupils were Catholics.

year is over, the Church insists on his spending one year in a seminary, in converse with his own heart, and in theological studies. It was quite impossible for him to attend to these whilst at the university. Consequently, a candidate for the priesthood is made a burden to his parents for five-and-twenty years.

And the expense of training for the Church is increased fourfold by the compulsory closing of the Little Seminary and the 'Convikt,' which were boarding-schools and colleges for students. The Church is now forbidden to provide cheap lodging-houses for poor boys and men preparing for her ministry. A bauer in the country was formerly able to send his son to the town for education, as the cost was not great, when a couple of hundred boys lived together; and he did not shrink from doing so, knowing that his boy was under supervision, and in the charge of responsible persons. But he cannot do so now, as the seminary is closed. His son, were he sent to the Latin school, must be put in private lodgings, and be under no supervision out of school hours. I have been given the prospectus of a boarding-school of a Rev. Dr.—— who, before latitudinarianism was fashionable in the Protestant Church, was imprisoned and then expelled his cure for denying the Trinity and the Incarnation. He has now a large establishment for boarders, who attend the public schools, and live with him, and he takes care to educate them in his rationalism. This is allowed, but Catholics are not allowed to have boarding-schools for their boys. What is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. It was 'excellent-right' for the Government to insist on boys, candidates for the ministry, attending the State schools; but to forbid the Church to open a 'pension' for them out of school hours, in which they may be bedded and boarded at a cheap rate, is an injustice.

The 'Convikt' was a college in which the theological students lodged and took their meals together, and where they met in chapel for common devotion. It was the only attempt made in Germany to follow the English college system. But the 'Convikts' have been closed, wardens and pupils turned into the street, and the empty corridors, halls, and bed-rooms left to the spider and the bat. The State will not allow the young man studying for the ministry to be under any moral and religious influences and restraints during his university career. He must lodge at a milliner's or a glove-shop, and dine at a tavern. This not only dissipates his religious impressions, but makes his university life expensive. As the Roman Catholic clergy are recruited almost wholly from the class of small farmers, the law of May 11 has cut off the supply at its source. The little bauer cannot bear the protracted expense. The great bauer will hardly deem the poor pittance of some 25*l.* to 30*l.* per annum offered to a priest a sufficient return for the great outlay of the education of a son for the Church.

The Church, moreover, may well complain that she is not allowed by the touch of her little finger to direct the studies and control the education of the young whom she desires to see minister at her altars. They are only handed over to her grudgingly at the age of four-and-twenty, but then they are men worth having, educated and approved. The seminary system encouraged the bringing up of youths for the priesthood, who had no vocation for it, but who were forced into orders by their fathers. Only the very courageous could defy the wrath of their fathers, like Auerbach's 'Ivo,' when they were sure they were on a wrong path. One whose education had cost much money felt bound to adopt the profession, in the preparation for which, and disqualification for any

other, this money had been spent. Consequently the Roman Church has suffered from the influx of men to whom their calling has been a burden, and who have executed their ministry without heart. This cannot occur now. All her priests will be self-devoted. Whether the results will be such as the State anticipates is, however, questionable. A candidate who goes through school, university, and army, retaining his purpose, must be a zealot. Now those who entered the ministry because destined for it by their parents have never proved to be bigots. They make tolerant, liberal-minded parish priests. But those who have devoted themselves, and gone through the ordeal imposed by the State, will be firebrands. The years between fifteen and twenty-four are, as every one knows who has to do with youths, seasons of exaltations of the imaginative faculties. They are the years of romance, of idealism. It is the period when God or woman occupies the throne of the heart, the period when, perhaps, the soul sees God as He is, and woman as she might be, but too often is not. A religious enthusiast, trained under a military system, which is ever hampering his pursuit of the object of his life, will nurture a hatred of the obstructive power. At the same time he will take the impress of the system, and will carry into the Church the idea of absolutism as the only possible form of government. Trained under military dictatorship, he will view with contempt the round-about methods of constitutionalism. He has it urged on him all his life that allegiance must be undivided, and when he becomes a priest, he will feel that he has passed into another army, and he will transfer his allegiance entire to his new superior the Pope. He has been taught that God and Cæsar, the Church and the Empire, cannot be served at once, and he will regard them as hostile principles and powers. He will view him-

self as pledged by his ordination to his new master, to wage unflagging warfare with the secular power which is anti-ecclesiastical and anti-Christian.

Again, the State examinations are conducted by Government commissioners, who may be, and generally are, Protestants, more or less broad, and certainly anti-Catholic, for the purpose of assuring the State that the candidate does not harbour reactionary political, philosophic, and religious views. He is catechised on burning questions, and chief attention is directed to the Reformation and the two subsequent centuries. A Catholic regards the movements of minds and principles in these three hundred years from altogether another point of view than that occupied by a Protestant. The State is determined to force every candidate to occupy this latter point, or it will cast him off, and refuse him a place in the pastorate of the Catholic Church. The inevitable result will be, that the candidate under examination will answer only as he is required, and will reserve his own opinions for expression elsewhere, and at another time. What other fruit can this system produce, save lying and dissimulation?

If the Government system be carried into effect, it will fill the Catholic Church in Germany with a priesthood as jesuitically minded as the sons of Loyola. It is rarely that a Jesuit has been trained in the seminaries ordered by the Council of Trent. The Jesuit is recruited from the ranks of the army, and from men of high but not broad culture, who are psychologically incapable of entering into the movement of modern ideas. They are men whose brains have but one hemisphere, though that hemisphere may be a large one. They are born conservatives and bigots, as some men are born colour-blind or without musical ear.

The law of May 11 would not have killed, it would

only have maimed the Catholic priesthood, and the German bishops and clergy would have submitted under protest.[1] But imperative orders came from Rome that a determined resistance was to be offered. Priests were not to submit to examination. Bishops were not to ordain certificated candidates.

The Jesuits were the authors of this injunction. The Jesuits never forgive an enemy, or fail to resent an injury. They had been expelled Germany, and their expulsion must be avenged. The temporal power will never be restored with the consent of the Empire. For the restoration of the temporal power, which will give them firm foothold on the steps of the Apostolic throne, they will dare and do anything. Their only hope, and that a forlorn one, is in France, in a future royalist or imperial France. They will leave no stone unturned to break down the Republic, and they will spare no effort to break up the Empire. Till the French Republic is supplanted by a despotism, Rome will never be wrested from Italy and restored to the Papacy. And till German unity has fallen to pieces, France will be unable to move the restitution of the temporal power.

But the Society of Jesus was powerless in Germany—how powerless none knew better than themselves—till the unfortunate law of May 11 gave them the lever. By its means, with an ingenuity that cannot but be admired, but also with an unscrupulousness that can only arouse abhorrence, they have been enabled in their banishment to do a thousand times more than they could have effected by their presence.

The German bauer is rough and hard—but, like the

[1] In one archbishopric the majority of the curia voted for submission. There were, if the writer be correctly informed, only three dissentient voices.

cocoa-nut, he has his soft points. Sigefried was made all horny in dragon's blood save where a linden leaf fell between his shoulders. A pretty hard and horny composition encases the bauer, but he is vulnerable in three spots: his pocket, his heart, and his soul. These are his three soft spots, like 'the monkey's face' in the cocoa-nut. Unfortunately the Empire has run a gimlet into all three. The cost of the army has increased every year. Between the outlay in 1872 and 1878–79 is a difference of 86,000,000 marks, or 36 per cent. The outlay for the navy has risen from 11,000,000 to 86,000,000; so that the cost to the country of its armament has risen 100,000,000 marks, or 40 per cent. In addition to these 353,000,000, are pensions amounting to 50,000,000, and 76,000,000 for barracks and fortifications. In total, the War and Marine Departments require 479,000,000 marks for 1878–79. This means enormously increased cost of living and taxation. The bauer with his small farm cannot stand this. The result has been a great increase of poverty: farms sold, and peasant yeomen reduced to penury. The proposed Government monopoly of tobacco will make his one solace in his troubles an expense to him which he cannot indulge in freely. Universal military service has broken up his family. When he needs his sons to work for him on the farm, they are taken away from him, and he has to hire labour, and support his son in the barrack at the same time.

The young man cannot marry, for he cannot earn a livelihood till he has done with his three years' military service. Increased taxation and universal conscription have told on the statistics of marriage. In 1872, when the population was 41,000,000, the marriages were 423,900; in 1876, when the population was 42,000,000, they had sunk to 366,912. Military service, as a rule, obliges every man to put off marrying three years; as a

youth only begins to work for his livelihood at 23 instead of at 20, as formerly. There can be no question that the great increase of cost of living and taxation, and compulsory military service, have been severely felt in South Germany, and have made Prussia unpopular.

The May laws have been utilised by the Jesuits for bringing the iron of Prussian despotism into the very soul of the bauer. It is the law of May 11 that has emptied the episcopal thrones of Germany, and left many parishes void of pastors. A people groaning under increased burdens, with a budget like the horse-leech that cries ever, 'Give, give!' with their families broken up, their business interrupted, their savings wasted by compulsory military service, are hardly likely to endure patiently the closing of their churches, and themselves condemned to marry and die without the ministrations of religion.

Let us see what the condition is, to which the Roman Church has been brought in Germany.

When a parish priest dies, the bishop seeks to replace him; but the State will not allow one uncertificated to be instituted, and the Court of Rome forbids priests qualifying themselves by examination before the State. If the bishop appoints to the spiritual oversight of a vacant parish, as he sometimes does, the Government proceed against him, and he is fined or imprisoned; till at last, to escape perpetual imprisonment, he leaves Germany, and rules his diocese by letter from Rome, Holland, or Austria. He is then declared deposed, and the revenues of the see are placed by Government in the hands of a steward (*Verwalter*), to secure their not being forwarded to the exile.

If a bishop dies, no successor can be appointed, for no bishop would be elected by the Chapter, who would take the oath exacted by the State, and which requires promise

of submission to the laws to which he is forbidden by Rome to bow.

Thus death or banishment has emptied all the archbishoprics and bishoprics of Prussia, except Culm, Hildesheim, Osnabrück, and Ermeland.

The Archbishoprics of Köln, Trier, and Gnesen-Posen are vacated by deposition after imprisonment and fine.

So the Prince-Bishopric of Breslau, and the Bishoprics of Münster and Paderborn.

The Archbishopric of Freiburg in Baden is left vacant by death; so also Mainz in Hesse, and Fulda.

In Bavaria, Würzburg, Speier, and München-Freising are vacated by death.

When a bishop dies the diocese is governed from Rome, that is, by the Jesuits, through certain accredited agents —in one archdiocese by a renegade Jew and a converted Protestant. The Roman Curia has no pleasure in seeing dioceses like Rottenburg and Passau at peace under their bishops. Whilst the bishop is in his throne, the Curia is kept out, at least from direct rule.

When a diocese is vacated by deposition, the Chapter are required to nominate a successor. This they refuse to do, as they do not regard the State as competent to deprive a bishop of his pastoral charge, though they do not deny that it may withdraw from him pecuniary grants.

When a diocese is vacated by death in Prussia the law of December 6, 1873, bars the way to its being filled. In Baden the Archdiocese of Freiburg has been for ten years without a pastor. The Chapter was required to elect a successor on the death of Archbishop Vicari in 1868. According to precedent a list of eight names was sent to the Grand Duke. He scored out seven, and sent back orders to the Curia of Freiburg to draw up another

list of candidates more acceptable to the Government. Rome interfered and forbade the Chapter doing this; and since then the diocese has been without a chief pastor, managed by Rome through its agents in the local curia.

Full particulars of the spiritual destitution are not accessible, but the condition of several dioceses is known, and can be given as typical of the rest.

Dr. Brinkmann, Bishop of Münster, in Westphalia, was deposed by decree of the High Court of Ecclesiastical Affairs (*Obergerichtshof für kirchliche Angelegenheiten*) in Berlin on March 8, 1876, and lives in exile, along with his Vicar-General, Dr. Giese, who has fled the country to escape imprisonment. The episcopal palace is now occupied by the Government Verwalter, a Protestant, named Gedike. As the suffragan bishop is dead, since 1875 there have been neither confirmations nor ordinations in Münster. The Chapter has lost by death its provost, dean, and a vicar choral. By January 1, 1878, seventy parishes, that is, more than 21 per cent. of the whole in the diocese, had lost their pastors. In thirteen of these there is no priest at all, and the sacrament has been removed from the churches, and the perpetual lamp extinguished. In these priestless parish churches, at the hour of mass the congregation assembles, the altar candles are lighted, the bell rings, and two servers in surplices kneel before the altar in silence, and the whole congregation spend an hour in reciting German eucharistic prayers.

Occasionally a *Gesperrter*, i.e. a priest unlicensed by the State, says a private mass in the sacristy, with locked doors, whilst the congregation attend in the church. A Gesperrter, were he to say mass or exercise any ministerial function in a church, or in a room to which the doors were not locked, would be liable to fine or imprisonment.

Besides seventy parishes, there were also in 1878 three

rectories and forty-nine curacies vacant. Moreover, the churches of the Jesuits, Capuchins, and the chapels of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, of the Visitation, the Poor Clares, &c., have been closed, and these served formerly the purpose of parish churches. Thus, including clergy of religious orders, 195 having cure of souls have vacated their cures by death or banishment. In the Archdiocese of Freiburg there fortunately remains a suffragan (*Weihbischof*). For having instituted to vacant incumbencies he has been several times had up before the court and fined. On refusing to pay the fine his lodgings have been entered by the gendarmes, and his poor little personal effects sold in the street before his door by public auction, till the sum of the fine was realised. It may well be imagined that such a proceeding is calculated to exasperate Catholic feeling against the Government. In this archdiocese, between November 1, 1876, and October 31, 1877, thirty-seven priests died, in the previous year thirty-two died; thus in two years sixty-nine vacancies have occurred; many churches are without pastors, and old incumbents are without curates.

In the Archdiocese of Gnesen-Posen eighty-five priests have died between the beginning of the Kulturkampf and the end of 1877. On the Lower Rhine thirty-three parishes were, in 1878, without pastors; in the diocese of Paderborn sixty-eight were priestless. In the diocese of Breslau (Prussian portion), of 753 parishes eighty-eight were without pastors; of these sixty-three are without any priest at all—twenty-five are served by chaplains. Ten are, moreover, filled by the State with Pfarrers who have received no episcopal commission, and whose ministrations are refused by the parishioners.[1] There are 37,059 souls

[1] In 1877 in Gross-Strelitz, the Staatspfarrer Mücke was called to minister to three only of 140 Catholics who died. In Gross-Rudnos, among 200 births, the Staatspfarrer was required to baptize only seven:

in these ten parishes. The number without pastors, in January, 1878, was 215,807. In the diocese of Hildesheim sixteen parishes were at the same date without pastors. In the diocese of Trier there were 180 incumbencies unfilled at the beginning of 1878. In another twelvemonth the number of vacant parishes and desolate churches must have greatly increased.

A few examples from the newspapers of December 1877 and January 1878 will show how the May laws are being enforced on individuals.

The priest Melap, of Strälen, visiting his parents at Cleves, ventured to say mass one morning in the church. He was arrested by the gendarmes, and as he could not produce his ticket to show that he had passed the State examination, he was taken before the magistrates and sentenced, on December 11, to pay fifty marks or undergo five days' imprisonment.

On December 20 the priest Hax, of Udenbreth, was fined twenty marks for performing some religious functions in the parish of Mürringen, void of pastor.

At Gorloczyn, in West Prussia, the curate Zielak was lodging with his brother last Corpus Christi day. On that festival he ventured to join the procession in surplice and stole, and read the Gospel at one of the stations. He neither said mass nor preached, but for simply reading in public a few verses of St. John's Gospel, without having been qualified to do so by the State, he was arrested, and on December 14 was fined fifteen marks.

December 14 the priest Block, of Schwetz, was fined 200 marks or two weeks' imprisonment for having per-

of these three were illegitimate children. Of 160 who died he was required to bury only two. He blessed one marriage, and was not called in to administer the last sacraments in a single case. His congregation numbers from fifteen to twenty.

formed religious services in the parish of Dittrichswalde, which is without priest.

In the same month the chaplain Löhers was sentenced to eight days' imprisonment or payment of fifteen marks for having conducted a procession to Werl on October 7, he being without his ticket.

In August last the police arrested the priest Czechowski, of Gryzyn, who is not State-appointed to the chaplaincy of the hospital at Kosten, having been told that he had visited the patients and ministered to them. But having no evidence on which to convict him, they proceeded to arrest the Sisters of Mercy who nurse the sick in the hospital. The sisters refused to give the required evidence, whereupon they were imprisoned. Two were kept in confinement nearly two months, the others ten weeks, and were released on December 14. Then the police took up Dr. Bojanowski, the physician attending the hospital, and on December 17 arrested his wife. On December 27 Frau Bojanowski, for refusing to give evidence, was fined 100 marks. On January 5, 1878, as Dr. Bojanowski refused to pay the fine, the police entered his house and sold his goods by auction, till the sum required was raised. A merchant bought the articles and at once restored them to the doctor. The same day Frau Bojanowski was again brought before court to be put on her oath to give evidence which might convict the priest. She again refused, and was fined again 100 marks, and on January 18 was threatened with a third fine of 150 marks.

At Hemm a man desired to marry his sister-in-law. The pair went to Dean Tesborn and stated their wish. Such a marriage can only take place by dispensation, as the relationship is within the forbidden degrees. The dean said they were to come again at the end of a fortnight, and when they did return he informed them that

the difficulty was overcome, and he married them. Thereupon the police pounced on the bride and bridegroom and brought them before the court, to obtain from them evidence that the dean was in communication with Rome. If they could obtain this evidence, Dean Tesborn would be subjected to fine or imprisonment.

January 20.—The priest Nawrocki was convicted of having exercised pastoral charge of the parish of Gosciefzyn without licence from the State. He was sentenced to pay 1,620 marks or 162 days' imprisonment.

The story of the Marpingen vision is pretty well known. It is a German version of Lourdes—a case of delusion rather than of deception. The news of the Virgin having appeared to children naturally attracted crowds to the wood where the vision was supposed to have been seen. The State interfered, soldiers were placed round the wood, and access to it was forbidden. At the close of December a number of the inhabitants of Marpingen were arrested, brought before the magistrates, and fined various sums for having lodged and fed pilgrims visiting the scene of the supposed vision!

Instances of this sort might be multiplied.

In Germany the Stadtrath—the city corporation—has far more power than in an English town.

Auerbach, in his 'Befehlerles,' laments that a German functionary seems possessed with the idea that he is appointed by Government to overawe and bully the weak.

A town council is composed generally of very prejudiced men without the smallest conception of liberty, as it is understood in England, and with the largest ideas of their own importance. They issue proclamations ordering the killing of cockchafers in May and the cooping in of pigeons from March to June. They have the chimneys swept in every house, and the cesspools emptied at times

that suit their agents, not the householders' convenience. Every dog and horse is had up before the proper authorities, examined and doomed or let live, without appeal. In political matters they nail their weathercocks in the direction whence the wind blows in higher quarters. What is done by Parliament is aped by the town council. Stadträthe are incapable of perceiving how far they ought to go in a certain direction and where they should stop. Consequently, in seeking to carry out the intentions of the Government, they very often embarrass it by exaggerated severity or ludicrous pettiness. In the way in which they have carried on the Kulturkampf they have done their best to bring it to a *reductio ad absurdum*.

Let us take a single instance.

When the Government dissolved the religious communities and charged itself with the education of the people, it acted with a certain amount of inconsistency.

No private school for boys is allowed to exist except for very young boys of the upper classes, whose parents object to sending them to the Volksschule, where they may bring away with them more in their heads than A B C. But with girls it is otherwise. Government does allow private schools, both day and boarding, for them, if the teachers have duly qualified themselves by receiving a Government certificate of competence. The State did *not* undertake the charge of female education; it simply abolished the religious schools conducted by orders in the Roman Church. The sisters were expelled their houses, their lands taken from them, and they were forbidden to wear an ecclesiastical habit. But they are still, in theory, allowed to teach, and open private schools—only these must be in hired houses, and the sisters may not live together in community. At Bruchsal, in January 1878, the Ursulines were turned out of their house by the

Stadtrath, their school broken up, and the members of the community were forbidden not only to reopen a private school in a hired house, but even to give lessons in music and French, so as to earn a livelihood. As they are obliged by the law to dress fashionably, they ought, in common fairness, to be allowed the privilege accorded to any dancing-mistress. At Constance the sisters have not yet been turned out of their Kloster; but they dare not admit new members into their community.

But the story of the Ursulines of Freiburg is the best example of the extremities to which the Dogberries of a German town council will proceed.

The Ursuline Society is one of the lightest in discipline. The sisters do not take life-vows, but only vows of obedience to the superior for three years. So hostile to the Catholic Church has the Baden Government been, that for the last eighteen years the Ursulines have not ventured to renew their vows. The Ursulines of Freiburg possessed a large convent with garden, vineyards, and meadows. For the last 200 years they have kept a school for poor girls, which has been attended by a thousand children annually, whose parents paid for their education four marks, or a shilling a quarter. This sum, however, was paid over to the town council, which returned a part of it only to the sisterhood. This little sum did not suffice for the maintenance of the school, consequently the sisters established, about fifty years ago, a boarding-school for girls of a better class, and with them taught also day scholars of the same class. It was the proceeds of this school which supported the large and almost free one.

On July 1, 1877, the town took possession of the convent and appropriated the school buildings and all the fittings of the school, desks, blackboards, books, &c., as well as the furniture of the convent—beds, tables, wash-

hand basins; also all the landed property of the sisterhood. The town surveyor roughly estimated this latter *alone* at 11,500*l.* It need scarcely be said that it was worth more. The convent and school-buildings were not valued. As compensation for this spoliation twenty of the sisters have been given pensions varying from 7*l.* 10*s.* to 20*l.* Two only receive 20*l.* The average is 10*l.* The superior has been accorded 30*l.* The town offered to allow the sisters to remain in the convent on condition that they should act as salaried schoolmistresses of the town, subject to dismissal at the will of the Stadtrath, and that they should receive among them such additional teachers as the town council chose to appoint; but as no guarantee would be given that these should not be Protestants or Jewesses, or of no religion, it was impossible for the Ursulines to accept conditions which would have broken up their community life. They declined, and were expelled their buildings, and were allowed to take with them only such articles as they could prove were the private property of each sister, brought with her into the convent, or for which she could produce a bill to show that it had been bought by her in her own name since she had been in the house. So grasping did the Stadtrath prove, that, after the superior had gone into private lodgings, and the sisters were dispersed to Austria, Switzerland, and France, a demand was made by the council for three articles which it charged her with fraudulently appropriating. These articles were an oil-painting she had found in the garret of the convent rolled up and much defaced, and which she had restored at her own expense; also a little pectoral cross given to her predecessor by the mother of the present Grand Duke, with a written request that she and her successors would always wear it; and, thirdly, a pair of drawing-room candlesticks, presented to the late superior

on her birthday by some of the pupils of the upper school. The superior appealed to the Grand Duke, who coldly replied, that if the town chose again to insist on claiming these articles, he could not interfere. And there the matter remains at present.

The town council have also sent in a bill to the superior for all the expenses of the cultivation of the land, vineyards, gardens, &c., from May 7, 1877,[1] to the end of September, when the sisterhood cleared out of the buildings. That is to say, they are to pay for the cultivation of the land and vines, the crops of which were enjoyed by the town. This the superior has refused to pay, and the question is still undecided.

No sooner was the society expelled, than the superior, who retained two or three sisters with her, made formal demand for permission to continue her private day-school. Private girls'-schools are permitted, and there are several in Freiburg. But that of the Ursulines was regarded as the best by far, and Protestant pastors and Jews sent their daughters to it, in full confidence that their religious convictions would not be tampered with. Insult was added to injury. No notice was taken of the application.

For six months the pupils came, but the superior did not dare to form them into classes, lest she should make herself amenable to the laws, which forbid the opening of schools without licence. It was only when she had made personal application to the Grand Duke that a tardy permission was accorded her.

The suppression of the Ursuline school for poor children was not effected without monster demonstrations of indignation, and appeals against it were numerously

[1] The convent was suppressed on April 17, and from May 7 began the payment of the pension.

signed, but treated as waste-paper by town council and government alike.[1]

These acts of bigoted injustice unfortunately distract attention from the real grounds of the quarrel. The Catholics smart under present wrongs, and do not consider why it is that they are made to smart. If a flight is to be got out of a kite, it is not by jerking at its tail, but by pulling at it from a distance. If German Catholic opinion is worked into fury against the Empire, it will be by the Jesuits working the thread from afar.

It is said that Prince Bismarck is now desirous of conciliating the Catholics, to gain their support against the National Liberals. For this end mutual concessions will be made. Ultramontanism, as a political factor, is a creation of the Chancellor. He has made the existence of Catholics under the Empire intolerable to them, and they have combined to oppose his favourite measures. But Roman Catholics have no strong or radical prejudice against the Empire. They have suffered more in petty States than in great kingdoms, and under Grand Dukes far worse things than under Emperors. In spite of every attempt to excite the people made by the Jesuits, they have sat composedly expecting a change. They have felt that a great injustice has been done them, and that this will be recognised and redressed in the end. I was speaking to an old sacristan at Trèves when the bishop was in exile, and one of the parish priests in prison. 'It will pass,' he said. 'Once the Mosel ran with Christian blood to Mehring, and afterwards Constantine gave his palace for a cathedral. Governments are like women; they don't know their own minds, and change humour daily. Massacre did not kill the Church fifteen hundred years ago, and nagging won't hurt her now.'

[1] The school, which cost the town nothing up to July 1877, cost the town 30,000 marks for the half-year ending Dec. 31, 1877.

There has been much that has been right in principle in the Kulturkampf, but the way in which it has been carried out has been a great wrong.

It was right that the education of the country should have been taken under the supervision and control of the State. It was right that those destined for the priesthood should be given something more liberal than the seminary system.

It was right that the Jesuits should have been expelled bag and baggage.

But it was wrong that these measures should have been carried out with violence, petty persecution, and injustice. Injustice is wrong, even in a right cause.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROTESTANTISM.

More light and light!—more dark and dark our woes.

Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 5.

A LATE Esquire Bedell of Cambridge, who, for thirty years, had executed his office of convoying the Vice-Chancellor to St. Mary's Church to hear the University sermon, was wont to say, 'For more than a quarter of a century I have heard every variety of doctrine preached in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday and Saint's day throughout the year, and, thank God! I am a Christian still.'

Till the year 1540, the Rhenish Palatinate was Catholic, but, under the Elector Otto Heinrich, it was forced to become Lutheran. Otto Heinrich died without issue, and the Electorate passed to the Simmern-Zweibrücken house. Frederick (III.) was as hot a Calvinist as his predecessor had been a Lutheran, and in 1565 the churches of the Pfalz were swept of their altars and crucifixes and images. The Lutheran pastors were ejected and exiled, and fiery-hot Predestinarianism was poured into the ears of the bewildered peasantry, who had not yet digested Justification. A remorseless persecution of those who held by the Augsburg Confession was carried out. But in 1579, Frederick was no more, and the Pfalz was again Lutheranised: the

Calvinist preachers were banished, and the Evangelical returned.

In 1585 the Palatinate was again purged of Lutheranism, and reformed after the pattern of Geneva. In the Thirty Years' war it fell into the hands of the Imperialists and was Catholicised again. Then, again, it reverted to the Elector and was re-Calvinised. Reckoning the changes of religion effected by the varying fortunes of the war, the Palatinate passed through *ten* changes in less than a century. Verily, the bauers must have thanked God that they remained Christian still. Much the same sort of thing occurred in other parts of the Empire. When the prince changed his faith, he made his people change also. Idstein was converted summarily to Lutheranism by Count John of Nassau. After the defeat of the Swedes at Nördlingen, it was given to the Elector of Mainz, and became Catholic. After the Peace of Westphalia it reverted to the Count, and was reconverted to Protestantism.

Wolfgang of Anhalt bought Köthen in 1546; he at once turned the priests out of the churches, purified them, and made the population Lutheran. Next year, after the battle of Mühlberg, Köthen fell to Count Sigismund of Lodron, and went back to Catholicism. In 1552, at the Convention of Passau, it was restored to Wolfgang, who at once converted his people back to Lutheranism. He died childless fourteen years after, in 1566, and his successor, Johann Ernst, forcibly made Köthen Calvinist in 1570.[1] In 1556 Count Bernhardt von der Lippe conquered the county of Rittberg, expelled the Count from his land, and brought all the people to Calvinism. The

[1] The exercise of the Lutheran and Catholic religions was strictly forbidden. It was not till 1698 that Prince Emanuel Lebrecht allowed a Lutheran church to be built in Köthen.

granddaughter of the banished Count recovered the lands, to which she was heiress, in 1601, and restored them to the Catholic Church. These examples might be multiplied.

Perhaps the latest instance[1] occurs in the house of Schönburg. This broke into two branches at the beginning of this century—that of Hinterglauchau and that of Wechselburg, and by arrangement Glauchau fell alternately to one house and then to the other. The Count at the head of one branch was a pietist, the other Count a rationalist. Consequently the pastors appointed by one were warm believers in the Incarnation and in free justification, and the next batch laughed both doctrines to scorn and preached natural religion.

Protestants and Catholics alike after the Reformation had no idea of toleration. The Lutheran Elector Augustus of Saxony haled all the pastors who had preached Calvinism, and others suspected of Crypto-Calvinism, before him (1574), and made them abjure their errors and swear never again to ventilate them. They all did so except six, and these were imprisoned and put on the rack. Privy Councillor Krakau was so cruelly tortured at intervals calculated to recover him from one torment to endure another, that he killed himself in prison to escape his implacable persecutors. Peucer, the Elector's private physician, the son-in-law of Melanchthon, was kept imprisoned for twelve years in a filthy hole, without books and writing materials. Church-Councillor Stössel died in consequence of his tortures. Only one other of the six escaped alive. After execution, the Elector had a coin struck to commemorate his victory over Crypto-Calvinism, on which he is represented in armour holding a balance.

[1] Except the forcible union of the Lutherans and Calvinists in Prussia to be noticed presently.

In one scale sits the infant Saviour, in the other the Devil and four Calvinists.[1]

Professor Flacius carried Luther's doctrine of original sin to such exaggeration that he declared that man consisted of sin, sin only, and nothing but sin; that every thought, word, and act of his was damnable. The Elector Augustus did not go these lengths. He banished the land all those who held with Flacius, and then had cannons cast to commemorate this triumph of orthodoxy (1571). On them were grotesque figures of Dr. Flacius in his pastoral habit, with the Devil behind him casting a chain round his body. On the shoulders of the doctor was represented another Devil with a pair of bellows, puffing into the ear of Flacius. Before the Professor stood Fame, blowing a trumpet, and holding a mitre. Under the caricature were cast the inscriptions: 'Flacians and Zealots are the forerunners of Satan,' and 'Pride is the deluding spirit of the Flacians.'

When people find that their consciences are managed for them either by priests or princes, they are liable to fall into religious apathy. Religion is not calculated to live where there is no freedom. Consequently, as the belief and worship of the German people were ruled for them, they became listless in their religion. After a brief outburst of excitement their consciences settled into complacent indifference.

The Thirty Years' war gave the whole nation a sickener of ecclesiastical controversy. Germans followed the religion prescribed for them by their princes in a dull routine manner, without caring to inquire whether it were true or false.

[1] The Elector was so strong in his Lutheranism that he was wont to say, 'If I had a Calvinist vein in my body, I would bid the Devil tear it out by the root.'—Vehse, *Geschichte der Deut. Höfe*, xxix. 241.

When the Bible ceased to be a *sedes controversiæ* it ceased to be read; when sermons were no longer seasoned with polemical pepper and vinegar, they were no longer listened to. As long as the preacher taught what was to be pulled down and undone, he attracted attention: when he began to build up and mend, his people turned their backs on him. When the chorale was a novelty, congregations met in the churches to sing, but when the Volkslied succeeded with livelier strain, they went to the garden Wirthschaft instead. Pastors tired of haranguing empty benches, and gave up holding services. In the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg an inquiry was made, in 1854, into the condition of the Lutheran Church, and it was found that there had been no divine service held in the head churches (*Präpositur-Kirchen*) 228 times, because there had been no congregation.[1]

Mr. Dewar, English chaplain at Hamburg, says:[2] 'Religious indifference has pervaded the mass of the people. It is a fact which every traveller who has visited the shores of Germany has remarked, that there is no regard for the ordinances of religion. In Hamburg and its suburbs there are five parish churches and two smaller churches. The congregations attending all the services at all these never, I am told, amount to three thousand in number, so that the remainder of the enormous population, amounting to 150,000, pay no manner of worship to their God. So rapidly has the population increased that, whereas in the year 1826 the number of births was 4,000, in 1842 it amounted to 5,000; and yet in the latter year the number of communicants was 10,000 *less* than in the former. One parish with more than 40,000 inhabitants has but a single church; and there

[1] Vehse, *Gesch. d. Deutsch. Höfe*, xxxvii. p. 200.

[2] Dewar (Rev. E. H.), *German Protestantism*. Oxford, 1844.

has never been a complaint made, that there is a want of church accommodation. There has never been a wish expressed, that more room should be provided for those who might thereby be induced to assemble for public worship. And Hamburg in these matters does not furnish a low standard when compared with the rest of Germany. In Berlin, for instance, there is a parish which contains 54,000 inhabitants, and the annual number of communicants is 1,000 less than in the largest parish in Hamburg, while the population is one third greater.'

In statistics of church attendance and of communicants in Germany it will, curiously enough, be found that the number of the latter exceeds that of the former. The reason is, that a great number of persons proclaim their formal adhesion to the Established Church by communicating on the four occasions in the year when the Lord's Supper is administered, or at all events at one or two of them, and never set their foot within the church-door at any other time. This is the remains of the custom of qualifying for Government offices, &c., by exhibiting proofs of belonging to the State Church.[1] Dr. Schwabe gives more recent information of the state of religious affairs in Berlin. 'The ancient ties of the Protestant Church are broken,' he says.[2] 'Spirit and strength are lacking to replace them by new ones. At no period has the Church commanded less and given less satisfaction to man. Statistics show how far this alienation has proceeded. Of 630,000 Protestants, 11,900, viz. nearly two per cent., attend church on the Sundays, and amongst them 2,225 go to the Dom, merely for a musical treat.[3] Religious

[1] In Baden, among the Protestants in 1877, the per-centage of attendance at church was 26·6; of communicants was 55·1.

[2] Schwabe (H.), *Betrachtungen über die Volksseele.* Berlin, 1870.

[3] In the Dom at 10 A.M. the 'Berlin Choir' performs every Sunday Mendelssohn's Psalms, unaccompanied by instrumental music.

indifference appears no less conspicuously in the fact that out of 23,969 interments, 3,777, or nearly 15 per cent., only, are attended by religious service.' The churches provide accommodation for only 25,000 out of the 800,000 souls in Berlin, yet they are all but empty on Sundays.[1]

I was in Strassburg on two Sundays last year, and I went the round of the churches. In Strassburg there are 54,000 Catholics, and 26,000 Protestants. I went into St. Thomas, the Temple Neuf, St. Nicolas, St. John, 'Young' St. Peter's, and found that there was but a wretchedly thin congregation everywhere. At St. Thomas' were the soldiers and some well-dressed ladies; at the Temple Neuf the best congregation; at the others a mere handful—as many as might be expected in an English town church on a week-day evening service, when there is no sermon. On the other hand, the Cathedral, Old St. Peter's, and St. Louis, given up to the Catholics, were crammed. I found the same thing at Hadamar on the Lahn, where the nave of the Old Church is given to the Reformed, and the choir to the Catholics.

The late Mr. Samuel Laing, who as a Scottish Presbyterian may be trusted as viewing matters of this sort from an impartial standpoint, said in 1845: 'If the question is reduced to what really are its terms in Germany at present—Catholicism, with all its superstitions, errors, and idolatry—or no religion at all, that is to say, not avowed infidelity, but the most torpid apathy, indifference and neglect of all religion—it may be doubted if the latter condition of a people is preferable. The Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches in Germany and Switzerland are

[1] *Religious Thought in Germany*, reprinted from the *Times*, 1870, p. 27.

in reality extinct. The sense of religion, its influence on the habits, observances, and life of the people, is alive only in the Roman Catholic population.[1]

His description of a Genevan church on a Sunday may apply to those of Luther as well. 'I happened to be at Geneva one Sunday morning, as the bells were tolling for church. The very sounds which once called the powerful mind of a Calvin, a Knox, a Zwingli to religious exercises and meditations, were now summoning the descendants of their contemporaries to the same house of prayer. There are few Scotchmen whose hearts would not respond to such a call. I hastened to the ancient cathedral, the Church of St. Peter, to see the pulpit from which Calvin had preached, to sit possibly in the very seat from which Knox had listened, to hear the pure doctrines of Christianity from the preacher who now stands where the great champions of the Reformation stood. Geneva, the seat and centre of Calvinism, the fountain-head from which the pure and living waters of our Scottish Zion flow, the earthly source, the pattern, the Rome of our Presbyterian doctrine and practice, has fallen lower from her original doctrine and practice, than ever Rome fell. Rome has still superstition: Geneva has not even the semblance of religion. In the head church of the original seat of Calvinism, in a city of 25,000 souls, at the only service on the Sabbath day—there being no evening service—I sat down in a congregation of about 200 females and twenty-three males, mostly elderly men of a former generation, with scarcely a youth, or a boy, or working man among them. A meagre liturgy or printed form of prayer, a sermon, which, as far as religion was concerned, might have figured the evening before at a meeting of some

[1] Laing (S.), *Notes on the German Catholic Church.* London, 1845, p. 145.

geological society, as an ingenious essay on the Mosaic chronology, a couple of psalm tunes on the organ, and a waltz to go out with, were the church service. In the villages along the Protestant side of the lake of Geneva—spots especially intended, the traveller would say, to elevate the mind of man to his Creator by the glories of the surrounding scenery, the rattling of the billiard-balls, the rumbling of the skittle-trough, the shout, the laugh, the distant shots of the rifle-clubs, are heard above the psalm, the sermon, and the barren forms of State-prescribed prayer during the one brief service on Sundays, delivered to very scanty congregations—in fact to a few females and a dozen or so old men in very populous parishes, supplied with able and zealous ministers.'[1]

In 1876, among Protestants, church attendance on ordinary Sundays in Darmstadt was 8·3 per cent., in Giessen 15·7, in Mainz 10 per cent. Throughout Germany 14 out of one hundred persons attend church on Sunday; in the town of Darmstadt only 3·3 in a hundred, in the towns of Mainz (among the Protestants) 5·1, Giessen 5·7, Worms 6·3. In Darmstadt, out of a hundred marriages, 34·5 per cent, in Offenbach 48·6, in Worms 44, are celebrated before the registrar alone, without religious service; burial without religious service throughout Germany in 29·6 out of one hundred interments, in Darmstadt 60 per cent.[2] A curious paper, by Dr. A. Franz, in the 'Jahrbücher d. National-Oekonomie,' in 1865, shows how little energy the Protestants have shown in church-building.[3]

[1] Laing (S.), *Notes of a Traveller*, p. 324.

[2] In 1877, among Baden Protestants neglect of baptism and of religious marriage was in this proportion: Mannheim, 29·9; Heidelberg, 24·8; Pforzheim, 28·5.

[3] Statistics since the year 1870 have been disturbed by the May laws.

	Churches and Chapels				Clergy Ordained			
	1858		Increase, 1864		1858		Increase, 1864	
	Prot.	Cath.	Prot.	Cath.	Prot.	Cath.	Prot.	Cath.
Prussia . . .	656	509	8	12	705	531	8	23
Posen . . .	191	628	8	11	198	626	12	112
Brandenburg . .	2,231	41	—	7	1,306	46	31	5
Pommern . .	1,229	15	13	1	759	13	19	5
Schlesien . .	763	1,273	11	9	853	1,179	15	57
Sachsen . . .	2,413	150	1	7	1,670	143	—	21
Westphalia . .	316	525	13	19	391	1,159	19	45
Rheinland . .	524	2,084	20	140	538	2,469	20	174
Hohenzollern . .	1	92	2	27	2	98	1	—
	8,325	5,317	76	231	6,422	6,264	109	442

Thus, while the Protestants gained seventy-six churches, the Catholics had increased theirs by 231. In 1858 the Catholics had 1,245 souls to a church, and the Protestants 1,304, and yet the former showed an increase altogether extraordinary. The 5,046,056 Protestants of the States of Prussia, Brandenburg, Pomerania, and Saxony, who had one church to 860 souls, had in 1864 gained only fourteen churches. On the other hand, the 171,045 Catholics, who, in 1858 had one church to 830 souls, had in 1864 increased their number by thirteen. In 1858 the Catholics had 202 clergy, in 1864 they had 233. The Protestants, who had 3,735 pastors, or one to 1,352 souls, had increased by only fifty. In the whole State the number of Protestant pastors rose to 6,422, or one to 1,700 souls; but the number of Catholic priests rose to 6,264, or one to 1,057. The Protestants had an addition of 109, the Catholics of 442.

If there were religious interest among the Evangelicals, there would be a considerable number of Dissenters from the established Church, but this is not the case.

By the religious census of 1871, there are in—

	Catholics	Protestants	Dissenters	Dissenters in every 10,000
Prussia . . .	8,267,862	15,987,927	53,882	22
Bavaria . . .	3,464,364	1,342,592	5,453	11
Saxony (Kingdom) .	53,642	2,493,556	4,893	19
Würtemberg . .	553,542	1,248,860	3,857	21
Baden . . .	942,560	491,008	2,265	16
Hesse . . .	238,080	585,399	3,873	45
Mecklenburg and Oldenburg . . .	71,205	242,945	952	18
Saxon Provinces and Elsass-Loth. . .	14,867,463	25,579,709	82,155	20

The 'Statistik des Deutschen Reichs,' vol. ii., gives 0·20 as the proportion of Dissenters in the Empire, whereas 0·94 returned themselves as of no particular religion.

To my mind, nothing could proclaim more clearly the deadness of religious interest in a great people than this absence of Dissent. The State religion does not satisfy the souls of the people, but then their souls have lost all appetite for spiritual truths, so that they do not care to seek them outside the Church. I know a case of a German Methodist who came into a village of some 2,500 inhabitants, all Evangelicals. He hired a large room, lighted and heated it at his own expense, and preached there every Sunday evening for a winter. At first the bauers went out of curiosity. Then the enthusiasm of the man made them smirk, finally they yawned, and went away. At the end of six months the unfortunate preacher had to leave without having made a convert or received above a mark or two to meet the expenses of his meeting. As I have looked at the vacant, listless faces in the parish church, I have grieved that the enthusiast was unable to stir up in their dull souls some spark of spiritual life. In 1861, when I was in Iceland, I conversed with the Roman mis-

sionary who had been stationed at the capital ten years. In all that period he had made but a single convert; the reason he gave me surprised me then. 'These Lutherans,' he said, 'believe with the head, but not with the heart. They are so absolutely indifferent to all religious matters that it is impossible to awake in them even the spirit of inquiry.' The same condition exists in Germany as in Iceland. One revival they have had—Pietism—of which I shall speak presently, but it has fallen dead again.

Nothing can give more clear proof of the all-prevailing indifference than the ease with which the Prussian and other unions have been effected. When Prussia embraced lands in which Calvinism was professed, and the Electors introduced Calvinist communities into Lutheran provinces, it was considered inconvenient to have the budget encumbered with payments for the pastors of two Protestant sects. It was decided, therefore, to unite them. All at once, two Churches, which during three centuries had existed side by side in open rivalry, had zealously defended the truth of their respective confessions of faith, had suffered persecution and wrong in support of them, submitted without a murmur, not to the decision of a council of their assembled clergy, but to a royal ordinance.

The history of the union is sufficiently curious.

At the Reformation the Calvinists and Lutherans raged against each other with internecine fury. The Formulary of Concord, introduced in 1580, proved a veritable *concordia discors*. It sealed and perpetuated division. Fifty years later the Electors of Brandenburg, Saxony, and Hesse summoned a conference at Leipzig (1631), in which Lutheran theologians were to meet Calvinist divines, and, if possible, come to some agreement on fundamentals. But the points of difference were found more interesting and exciting than those of agreement. On those points

they were ready to denounce each other to everlasting flames as heretics. The Reformed (Calvinists) and Evangelicals (Lutherans) could not come to terms on—1. The doctrine of the union of natures in Christ. 2. The nature of the Communion. 3. And the doctrine of election. In ritual also the two confessions differed. The Calvinists had no altars; and everything that had distinguished a church from a lecture-hall had been swept away. They attended divine worship wearing their hats, did not kneel to pray, and stood to communicate. The Lutherans, on the other hand, used wafers, elevated the Host, wore chasubles, exorcised the Devil in Baptism, burned tapers, had crucifixes and images of saints, and imbibed the Sacramental wine through pipes. In Bavaria, where Lutheranism has not been compulsorily united with Calvinism by the State, the old condition of things remains in part. In a little village church (Muggendorf), which was Lutheran, I have seen an altar reredos set up last century, consisting of three niches, containing in the centre a statue of St. Lawrence, on either side St. Peter and St. Paul. On the altar were six candles; the inscriptions on the brass showed that they had been presented a hundred years ago. At the west end of the church was a huge representation of God the Father and a great dove, below, a life-size crucifix. I counted eight crucifixes in the church: of these several were processional.

One invariable token distinguishes everywhere the Protestant parish church from the Catholic, however like in accessories of worship they may be. The church path to the very door is rank with grass in the first case, trodden bare in the other.

At the close of the sixteenth century Lutheranism in Brandenburg was the dominant religion, because the Elector was Lutheran. But in 1613 the Elector, John

Sigismund, went over to Calvinism, and the cathedral at Berlin was purified, and the Communion was there administered according to the Reformed rite. From this time until the close of the seventeenth century there were two religious bodies in Brandenburg, the Reformed who followed the court, and the Lutherans who adhered to their traditional belief and ritual. The Electors and Kings of Prussia remained true to Calvinism, and used all their influence short of persecution to beat Lutheranism down. Pastors who preached against what they regarded as Calvinist heresy were deposed. Paul Gerhard, the great psalmist of the Lutheran Church, was banished the country for this reason. By degrees both communities became weary of controversy, because they had ceased to care for the doctrines and ceremonies which had separated them. In 1733 Frederick William I. by rescript ordered the Lutherans to discontinue the use of surplices, Mass vestments, altar cloths, eucharistic lights, the use of the wafer, chanting the service, private confession, &c.[1] The Lutheran ministers who refused to obey were suspended. Frederick the Great rescinded the order. The object of Frederick William was to diminish the points of difference in worship between the Evangelicals and Reformed, so as to make a future union possible.

In 1817, Frederick William II. thought the time ripe for a fusion of the two Churches. But before this certain preparatory steps had been taken. In pursuance of a royal minute of December 16, 1808, all the consistories of the Protestant churches throughout the kingdom were abolished, and a new 'department for public instruction and worship' was created in the Ministry of the Interior. By

[1] In Iceland, Lutheranism remains unaltered. There the only service is the 'Mass,' sung by the pastor in rich vestments, with burning tapers, to the old Gregorian melodies. The Mass, however, ends at the sermon, without consecration and communion.

this order all self-government was destroyed in the churches, and both Calvinist and Lutheran churches were established under the direction of the State. For ten years the King, as chief bishop, ruled absolutely over both. In 1815 consistories were indeed re-established, but only as Royal Boards for the administration of ecclesiastical business for all confessions, Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, and Jewish alike.

In the matter of doctrine there was little to divide the two Protestant bodies. Luther had laid down consubstantiation as an essential truth. Lutherans had come to be profoundly indifferent as to what was the nature of the bread and wine after the benediction of the pastor. Consubstantiation, transubstantiation, real presence, real absence, were all one to them—a dispute about words. The Sacrament itself was indifferent to them, much more doctrine concerning it. As for election and free justification—words on which Calvin and Luther had fought—nobody believed in either. Election was an absurdity, free justification the fertile mother of immorality. Let both be consigned with indulgences and relic-worship to oblivion as things unsavoury to Christian ethics.

The King determined to establish inter-communion, if not compulsory unity, and in September 1817, he ordered his court chaplain, Eylert, to issue a proclamation to the people that the King was resolved to unite the two confessions in one outward Evangelical Church, without dogmatic creeds and standards. Eylert was given two days for this; and then the royal order appeared, founding the union. The work begun in 1817 was completed by a Cabinet order in 1839, when the King of Prussia abolished the very name of the Protestant Church, amalgamated Lutheranism and Calvinism into a new establishment, called the Evangelical Church, without any precise

doctrine, and with a service and liturgy of his own composition. The old Churches relinquished without regret each their accustomed mode of worship, endeared to them, one might have supposed, by time, and hallowed by solemn recollections. More especially, they resigned that which had been to each the peculiar and most cherished rite, the mode of administering the Lord's Supper, and adopted a liturgy, prepared, not by the wisest and most honoured among their spiritual rulers, but by the King and his Cabinet Council. They resigned it, not because one or both were convinced of error, but because both were indifferent, and were easily induced to agree in accepting a nullity. Two or three country parishes, into which the spirit of indifference had not penetrated, alone resisted the royal will. Their ministers were imprisoned, troops were quartered upon them to force them into conformity, and above 600 peasants were compelled to abandon their little properties and fly from Protestant Germany, where each may exercise to the utmost the right of private judgment but not of public worship, and to seek in the wilds of America a new dwelling-place, where they might enjoy the privilege of holding the doctrines which Luther taught, and of participating in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as their fathers during three centuries had received it.

The Protestant churches of Baden, Nassau, Rhein-Hessen, and the Bavarian Palatinate have also been united, or reorganised, on the pattern of the Prussian Evangelical Church, and the only point of difference of any importance between them is that they look to their several reigning Dukes and Princes as their 'summi episcopi,' instead of to the Emperor.[1] But this is merely

[1] *E.g.* 'The United Evangelical-Protestant Church of the Grand Duchy of Baden . . . forms a portion of the Evangelical Church of Ger-

because Germany is in a transition political condition: the several sovereigns will sink ere long into bishops, and the Emperor will be supreme pope over the whole Evangelical Church. In Schleswig and in Holstein and in Hanover exist only Lutherans. For the sake of uniformity, they have recently had their Church suppressed, and its place assumed by the Evangelical Church framed by King William of Prussia.

By Prussian charter enacted in 1850, the Established Church has been made independent of the State, but not of the King; that is, it is given synods and a constitution: and the sovereign sits as king over the secular state, and as pope over the ecclesiastical state, absolute and infallible. The spiritual attribute thus claimed by the King is certainly in accordance with a principle acknowledged by Luther himself in his latter days,[1] when the necessity of providing a fit government for the unruly believers of his age made him confer the privilege of Church headship on the various Protestant sovereigns of Germany; and it is in agreement with German tradition during three centuries, which has made the prince sovereign over the creeds and worship, as well as the lives and properties of his subjects. 'Cujus regio ejus religio' was a serious maxim of government, and the people accepted their prayer- and hymn-books as well as their doctrines from their prince without a murmur; but for all that the principle is wrong: it kills religious liberty, and with the destruction of liberty religion itself dies. In Brunswick the Duke is in like manner supreme pope, with a consistory as his

many. . . . The Evangelical Grand Duke as bishop has the ecclesiastical government of it, in accordance with the Constitution'—(*Verfassung der Evangelischen Kirche des Grossherzogthums Baden*, p. 1, §. 1, 4.)

[1] 'Dass 2 und 5 gleich 7 sind,' he preached, 'das kannst du fassen mit der Vernunft; wenn aber die Obrigkeit sagt: 2 und 5 sind 8, so musst du's glauben wider dein Wissen und dein Fühlen.'

camarilla. In 1873 he issued an ecclesiastical order for his Church, with full instructions as to what it was to believe, teach, and how it was to worship. The title of this ordinance is, 'Church Constitution of the most Serene, Excellent and High-born Prince and Lord, the Lord Frederick Duke of Brunswick and Lüneburg, Postulate-Coadjutor of the Bishopric of Ratzeburg, Provost-Elect of the Archdiocese of Bremen, &c.—How teaching and ceremonies and other ecclesiastical matters and functions are to be discharged in both his Gracious Princely Majesty's principalities of Brunswick-Lüneburg, the Celle and Grubenhagen division, and the annexed counties and lordships.' (212 pp.) Hermannsburg, 1873.

We naturally ask, How is it that such religious indifference can have spread as to make the union possible and the people to acquiesce in a creedless church? The union was not effected in the spirit of Paul, but in that of Gallio.

No doubt the principle of 'cujus regio ejus religio' had its numbing effect, but this was not the main cause of deadness. What really occasioned this torpor was the discovery by both Lutherans and Calvinists, that their essential dogmas,—those which had created the fiercest controversy, those which their several leaders had regarded as 'articuli stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ'— were impracticable. The founders of their faiths had established theories: the generations that followed put them to practical tests, and they found them wanting.

Calvinism is a magnificent logical system. It explains the universe; God and man, heaven and hell, all have their places in it. The world is a problem in Euclid, in which every step follows inevitably on what precedes, and leads on to the inexorable conclusion. It is a system altogether intellectual, clear, sharp, like a prism of ice.

And as such it satisfied the minds of thinkers. But there its merits ended. It leaves the heart of man out of consideration. Love had no more place in the 'Institutes' than in the Second Book of Euclid. The Scotchman is *par excellence* a man of logic, and the affections play in him altogether a subordinate part; consequently, Calvinism has, and no doubt always will command his adhesion, and will content his religious instincts. But the German is a dreamer, not a logician, a man of tender affections, rather than of rigid definitions. The 'Reformed' bauer rocking his white-haired urchins on his knee, and hugging them to his heart, cannot believe in one being irrevocably called to be a vessel of grace, and the other to be a vessel of wrath. He has nothing of the Brutus in him. He cannot cover one with kisses, and thrust the other into the flames of his oven. And is the Heavenly Father less paternal than he? He watches his children work out their own fortunes, and cannot believe that their fate in eternity is fixed irrespective of their characters and efforts here. Calvinism proved too inhuman for the German to give to the doctrine of election adhesion for more than an hour. When the first gale of controversy blew away, he looked into his own heart, and saw there that God was something other than an arbitrary and unloving despot. Thereupon his faith in Calvinism as a system gave way altogether.

It was much the same with Lutheranism. Luther was not a clear thinker like his great rival: he was a man of warm affections and headstrong convictions. His system was the reverse of Calvin's. He made God all love and forgiveness, and restoration to favour was the easiest thing in the world. A man had but to believe, and he was at once in a state of grace, and his iniquities were blotted out. Even in his time, the proclamation of

free justification by faith only led to grave disorders, and frightened back into Catholicism many who wished the Reformation success.

One instance alone will serve to show the results of the introduction of Solifidianism. In Ditmarschen, Neocorus tells us, chastity and innocence were so remarkable that the little principality went by the name of the Land of Mary. In 1532 it was Lutheranised. Nine years after, in 1541, the Reformer, Nicolas Boje, complained that 'fornication, adultery, and usury were practised in a way unusual even among Jews and heathens, and had so gained the upper hand that it was impossible to supply any remedy by sermons.' Mohr, describing the Ditmarschen before the Reformation, says: 'The girl, free and joyous, in this free and joyous land, has no need to dread the plots of seducers. The fall of a maiden is a thing almost unheard of, and when it happens, throws the whole country into mourning.'[1] After the preaching of Solifidianism, in 1599, in one parish, that of Meldorf, there were twenty-six unmarried girls in the family way; in Barrelt twenty-two; in Lunden sixteen; and in 1618 there were in the little village of Wesslingburen alone forty illegitimate births.[2]

The common sense of Germans showed them that the doctrine which Luther had made the very ground-work of his church was mischievous to morals, and they deodorised and disinfected it as rapidly as possible by putting it underground. In the seventeenth century it was almost forgotten, nobody believed it, nobody ventured to rule his life on it as a working principle.

Lutherans and Calvinists alike were aware that they had been led a long way out of right paths by theologic

[1] Hanssen von Wolf: *Chronik d. Landes Dithmarsen*, p. 221.
[2] *Ibid.* 221.

Will-o'-the-wisps, and that they had floundered into quagmires. They were ready to extend to one another a helping hand to get out, and when on dry land their vow was not to follow or be led by dogmas any more. Dogmas were the lanthorn on the ass's head led along the highlands, luring vessels among rocks, to become the prey of wreckers. They would stand out to sea. Creeds were breakers over which controversy raged and roared, and on which true religion foundered. Confessions, formularies of concord, were crackers in which each article was an explosive pellet, scaring decent people who loved quiet, and setting in flames those whom they reached.

Thus all Protestant Germany agreed to form one united Evangelical Church without any definite belief. The house was most likely to stand, if no powder or petroleum was stored in its cellars. The primitive Church had rubbed on comfortably on the Apostles' Creed, how much more happily the Protestant Church on no creed at all. As creeds multiplied, so had discord. The more definitions were made, the more material was supplied for objectors. Japanese artists ridicule European draughtsmen, and call them object-scratchers, because they outline before they fill in. The Japanese never outline, they float in masses of colour, and the artist converts the blotch into a fish, a bird, a flower, or a mountain, as his fancy leads him. In religion, said the German, we have been hitherto object-scratchers, drawing outlines of dogma hard and distinct, and afterwards filling them in, sometimes with colour, often with Indian ink. This we have now to unlearn. We will remove our outlines, erase our scratches, leaving only vague blots of ink, or patches of colour, for any one to transform into such doctrine as agrees with his individual proclivities.

With the disappearance of all dogmatic barriers, it

was believed that the established Church would absorb all sects. It was with a feeling of unmingled surprise that the Government saw that it produced them. It hoped that all nonconformist bodies would melt into the Evangelical Church, for they would find nothing to object to in her teaching, for the simple reason that she taught nothing at all. He who joined the established Church would, like Ixion, embrace a cloud. It was not on the platform of definite belief that the union of the Churches was effected, but in the vacuity of common negation. Men may, unconsciously, and without effort, tumble into a hole, but they cannot climb a hill without exertion. It remains optional for any one to call doctrines from vasty vagueness, but when he calls they will not come, save as ghosts, the ghosts of a dead creed, on whose tomb is written no *Resurgam.*

No new doctrine was imported into the teaching of the Church; her dogmas were simply extracted from her, and laid aside, as cooks draw woodcock, and serve its entrails apart on toast. The old confessions and creeds, and articles, and catechisms, and formularies and rites, were allowed to remain in an antiquarian museum, to be looked on with interest, and lectured on, not to be resuscitated. Catholic Christianity rested on an inerrable Church, as the teacher of truth; Protestant Christianity reposed on an infallible Scripture; but the Dubitarian Christianity of the established Church declares that certainty on any religious topic is nowhere to be found, that truth lies at the bottom of the well—but the well is that of Zemzem, which has no bottom. The externals of religion are maintained intact, and intact they will remain as long as they are regarded as empty and meaningless. Inflated only with air, they serve their purpose, as the bladders on which natives float across the Euphrates.

The Reformation in Germany was first of all social, then political, and lastly, and accidentally only, religious. Moral it was not, it scarcely pretended to be. There is abundant evidence that wherever it prevailed the moral tone sank several degrees.[1] It was first of all social. In all the cities and large towns, the cathedral or minster was the seat of a close aristocratic corporation. The bishop or dean had rights in the town, which were in constant clash with the rights of the citizens. These rival powers, the first feudal, the second democratic, led to bloody broils in almost every century. The town council gradually fell into the power of the guilds, and in the fifteenth century the Rath seized the first excuse for getting rid of the rival authority. The princes were needy, impoverished by equal subdivision of property, and they cast hungry eyes on the large estates of the Church, and saw a means of enriching themselves, and recovering their power, by appropriating them. Zeal for religion was a plausible excuse for spoliation.

Olaus Magnus tells of a city in Norway that was buried by an avalanche, set in motion by a curlew hopping over snow on an impending mountain side. But it was not the curlew that destroyed the town, but the breath of spring that passed over the country and loosed the icy ties that held the glacier to the rocks. Luther, Melanchthon, Osiander, Brenz, Bucer, were but the curlews hopping over the mass and starting it. But they did not originate the Reformation. It was brought about by the breath of modern ideas thawing Mediævalism. An avalanche is a bad simile. The break-up of old ideas at the Reformation far more closely resembles the break-up of the Rhine ice in spring. The coherent and solid surface of belief is fissured, and then falls to pieces. In a moment nothing

[1] See the three tnick volumes of Dr. Döllinger: *Die Reformation.*

is seen but the swirl of floating dogmas, charging against one another, grinding against each other, losing their angles, and forming fresh ones, crashing into one another, disappearing with a plunge and coming up in splinters—but all imperceptibly, yet certainly, honeycombing, and melting away.

Three hundreds of years have gone by; and now if one looks across the current of thought, one sees nothing like this—now and then there reels by a sodden and slushy relic of ancient faith, ready to disappear. But of such the stream is almost clear—clear of crystalline belief—not clear of impalpable mud—of that there is superfluity. There is now philosophy in Germany, not religion. And the man who pretends to regard Christianity as anything more than a form of misbelief is regarded as a sinner against culture. Christianity was the pedagogue leading to the Real-Schule.

On Sunday, August 8, 1869, whilst the Pastor Heinrici was reciting the creed in the Berlin Cathedral Church, a loud voice cried, 'You lie!' and a shot followed, aimed at the pastor. The shot was fired by a young man, named Biland, who had been educated for the Evangelical ministry, but whose abhorrence of dogmatic belief had become so intense, that he had resolved, by shooting an orthodox clergyman, to attract attention from the public mind to the inadmissibility of the Apostles' Creed in the religious services of a Protestant church. 'I taught myself,' said Biland, 'that some striking deed was indispensable to rouse the public mind from its apathy, and chase away the mists of superstition. I therefore determined to seize the first favourable opportunity that offered for shooting a pastor, while uttering his accursed perjuries. I have done it. I cast the ball myself, and have done my best to render the shot fatal. I knew perfectly what I was

about, and am convinced that there are many able to appreciate the disinterestedness of my purpose, though they may not approve of the method chosen to compass it.'

The 'Times'' correspondent thereupon says: 'I am afraid the prisoner was right in supposing that many will appreciate his motive, though they will abhor the deed. The majority of educated men in Germany are estranged from the dogmatic teaching of the Christian creed, estranged from it to the extent of disbelieving the sincerity of many of the clergy. Only a small fraction of the nation attends divine service; of the educated, those met with in church on a Sunday are few and far between.'

The union, so far from galvanising religion into life, has shaken up its pillows on which it may sleep more comfortably. Here and there are pastors and congregations holding by the Apostles' Creed, and preaching and believing the Augsburg Confession, but they are scarce, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, and are objects of suspicion and dislike to their more enlightened neighbours. They are regarded as hypocrites or ignoramuses, enemies to culture and to light, to be put down, if possible, by force.

But the orthodox have the Emperor on whom to lean, against whom they may set their backs. In answer to a deputation of the Brandenburg Synod in 1869, he used the memorable words: 'What is to become of us, if we have no faith in the Saviour, the Son of God? If He is not the Son of God, his commands, as coming from a man only, must be subject to criticism. What is to become of us in such a case?'

It has, no doubt, been a source of great disappointment to the pious Emperor, that the Evangelical Church shows no signs of a religious revival. The union did not prick it into life, perhaps constitutionalism might succeed.

Accordingly a new attempt was made to awaken the interest of the people in the Church, by giving them a voice in her organisation and direction.

By decree of September 10, 1873, Prussian Protestantism has been accorded a constitution, with parish synods and diocesan synods, and provincial synods, and general synods—the latter by royal decree of January 20, 1876. Since 1873, there have been numerous laws made by the King for the better organisation of representative government in the national Protestant Church. Nothing can be more admirable than the constitution—on paper.[1] It was given in hope that it would interest the people in their Church and religion. It was an attempt to give the Lutheran-Calvinist amalgam a congregational character. But the attempt failed. The people were too indifferent to the Church and religion to avail themselves of the privileges given them. The only persons who used it were the Socialists, who rushed to the poll to put a democrat in the pulpit of the parish church, whence he might preach the gospel of socialism, or, where they have not the nomination of their pastor, to hamper him and thwart the purposes of the Sovereign in the government of the Church.

The united Evangelical Church of Germany has, as I have already pointed out, this peculiar and exceptional feature. It is creedless. No member in it is bound to any particular belief in God or Christ. No member knows what to believe, and nobody cares. A pastor in it can therefore teach pretty much what he likes.

The act of union set up no confession of faith as the symbol of the newly organised church; on the contrary, the royal proclamation asserted that 'God's word alone'

[1] *Die Gesetze u. Instruktionen über die Evangelische Kirchenverfassung in den acht älteren Provinzen der Monarchie.* Berlin, 1876.

should be the foundation of the new church, and the King expressly rejected any attempt at union 'from the point of view of the Lutheran or the Reformed Confession.' It is quite open to one congregation to adopt the Heidelberg Confession as its standard, and to its neighbour to adopt the two catechisms of Luther, for the general synod of 1846 decided that the right of 'vocation' which pertained to any patron or congregation included the right to demand from the 'called' pastor a statement of his belief. In the 'general synodal regulation' of 1876 the words 'the Evangelical confession' (of faith) occur, and in the discussion of this constitution in the synod of 1875, an attempt was made to put this sentence in the plural, as 'Evangelical confessions,' but it was registered, and the remark was made by a deputy, 'You speak of an Evangelical confession, but after all you know well that there is no such thing in existence as the Evangelical confession.' The union, moreover, was introduced, as I have shown, entirely and solely by royal authority; the King founded it by royal mandate. The Churches were in no way consulted, otherwise than by making the acceptance of the union optional—an option, the value of which may be estimated by the conduct of the Government towards those who would not conform. The present Evangelical Church is therefore a State creation, 'by order of the King.' It may be, it is well to have religious controversies composed, but this experiment did not compose them. Where the all-prevailing indifference exists, there there was no strife about doctrine to appease, but where it burns, there it is given redoubled vehemence, for rival doctrines are preached in the same church and pulpit, and the pastor at one service denounces the pastor at the next, and one church breaks into two or three congregations holding different views.

But the doctrines of election and free justification are indeed no longer the matters of controversy, nobody believes in either: the wrangling takes place over what, according to the royal minute, is the very basis of the new Church, 'the word of God,' which some insist on as a rock, and others as sand. One pastor declares all Scripture inspired, another shows how it is a collection of the literature of a people, embodying its dramas, romances, poetry, and historical works. One proposes belief in miracles, another explains the cures wrought by Christ by mesmerism, and the miracles as optical delusions. The Church reposes on no fundamental truths, but is built like the Pfahlbauten over a pond, from which every man may fish up what he likes, and into which he may pitch down what he disdains. It is a preparation for another church, which will have abandoned even the pretence of Christianity.

In the midst of the general apathy one looks with interest for the dawning of a new religious movement, that shall be constructive rather than destructive. It seems to me that German Protestantism must lead to, and find its permanent rest in either Deism or Pantheism. Deism, like Calvinism, is an intellectual religion, it provides the mind with a solution to the riddle of the universe. It is a religion grand and solemn, with its clear ethic code, without which religion is a theory of philosophers, not a law governing the world.

Pantheism, like Catholicism, is a heart religion. It appeals to the sense of the beautiful. What the sacraments are to Catholicism, that every flower and bird and butterfly are to the Pantheist. The Catholic sees God on every altar, and in every rite a ray of grace. The Pantheist is face to face with God in all nature, in every mountain and in every star. Deism commands man's adhesion through the head, Pantheism through the heart. These two are

the ultimate goals of all disintegrating faiths, they must become crystalline or gaseous.

The Evangelical Church reposes, as the King proclaimed, on nothing save the Scriptures. And it is precisely these Scriptures which have been everywhere undermined and blown up with dynamite.

The 'Times'' correspondent says, 'In the present intellectual atmosphere of the country, it is pretty certain that a boy of fifteen disbelieves the texts he has been compelled to learn at ten. There is a strong and growing impression that the Christian creed has become too obsolete for any one to take the trouble of warring against it. They regard some of the Reformed clergy as enthusiasts, others as hypocrites, and the rest as dunces; all equally destined to die out in a couple of generations.'[1] At the Cologne Conference of the Old Catholics, a letter from an aged Evangelical pastor was read, in which he blessed God for the movement, and prophesied that Old Catholicism would receive into it all Protestants who had faith and love for Jesus Christ. His prophecy has not been fulfilled. I doubt if a dozen Evangelicals have joined Old Catholicism. The majority of those who believe in the Incarnation have formed the sect of 'Old Lutherans.'

Let us now look at the most remarkable religious movement in Protestant Germany since the Reformation—a movement very similar to that in England instituted by Wesley, but along somewhat different lines. This was Pietism.

Throughout Evangelical Germany sleep had settled over Lutheranism and Calvinism alike. The people in the villages vegetated in their traditional religion; the students in the universities, the princes and the nobles disbelieved in all.

[1] *Religious Thought in Germany*, p. 28.

The man in the Gospel asked for bread and was given a stone. Lutheranism and Calvinism alike were not even asked for spiritual food; and if they gave stony lumps of cold dogma to men as bread, men tossed them aside with indifference; they had no appetites. Christian Thomasius (1655–1728), the first in the university of Leipzig boldly to write the prospectus of his lectures on the black-board in German instead of Latin—this Thomasius had the courage to tell his contemporaries that they had exchanged 'the wooden yoke of the Papacy for the iron yoke of Lutheranism.' Theology was a gymnastic ground, religion a battle-field; and only the learned went through their theological gymnastics, and furious cantroversialists mangled each other in religion. The Papacy of the Apostolic chair had been supplanted by the Papacy of the letter of the Bible. Nobody read the Scriptures for edification in Leipzig at the end of the seventeenth century, as we have seen elsewhere; not a Bible was to be procured in any of its booksellers' shops.

The leaders of reaction, of revival, were Spener (1635–1705) and Francke (1663–1727). They declared that religion was something of the heart and not of the head, to be cultivated by prayer not disputation, to be practised in charity, not exercised in controversy. A warm breath of spiritual awakening passed over the field of dry bones, and some of them came together and stood up, like Ezekiel's army—but not as in his vision—in a great host, but here and there. The religious revival was practical. Francke founded the Volksschule; he was the first man to arouse a consciousness in the nation that it was bound to provide for the education of the masses. Spener was a native of Strassburg, where he entered the pastorate in 1663. He went to Frankfurt, where he held prayer-meetings in his house, and afterwards in the church. This roused the

anger of the Pharisaic Lutherans, and he was obliged to justify himself in a printed letter. But as opposition increased, he was forced to leave, and was appointed first court-preacher in Saxony in 1686. He devoted himself to education, to sowing the seeds of religious principle in the tender hearts of children; he continued his meetings for prayer and Bible exposition at Leipzig. Some disorders were the result of his innovation: he was dismissed his cure, and in 1691 summoned to Berlin by the Elector.

Spener, however, was not the originator of Pietism, but the most noted reviver of it. Pietism is, in fact, a natural outcome of Lutheranism, it is a mystic form of religion seeking union with God in internal rapture, spiritual exaltation, and a realisation of justification. It is a form to which hysterical men and women are naturally prone, but it is also a necessary revulsion from the dead-letterism into which German Protestantism had lapsed. Boehm, the mystic Silesian shoemaker, had been a representative of the same phase of religionism, but his system had been pantheistic. Broschbandt and Müller had preached Pietism at Rostock in 1661. Johann Horbs of Traarbach followed in their traces, denounced external forms, and made religion to consist of the spontaneous effusion of the heart. Horbs was preacher at St. Nicholas, Hamburg. Francke was a convert of Spener's. He was born at Lübeck, and studied at Leipzig. In 1688 he came under Spener's influence, and in 1689 began to give Pietistic lectures at Leipzig. He was persecuted, and the orthodox Lutheran party attempted his expulsion, but Thomasius defended him. In 1690 he went to Erfurt to the Church of St. Augustine. His fervent piety and unction attracted great numbers of Catholics: he was denounced for this to the government as dangerous to the public peace, and

ordered to leave Erfurt within forty-eight hours. In 1692 he went to Halle, and was made there professor of theology and pastor of Glaucha. Finding his parishioners sunk in barbarism and ignorance, he opened a large school for poor children, and founded also an orphanage, and lastly a large boarding-school for children whose parents wished to place them under his religious instruction.

In the midst of the senseless etiquette and wasteful extravagance of the pre-Revolution period, the Pietists preached simplicity of life, and moderation in expenditure. Luxury and licentiousness—the essentials of a gentleman in the rococo period—were by them sternly rebuked. They had followers in the aristocratic classes as well as among the bürgers. The family of Reuss was specially devoted to Pietism, and it is one of the few German princely families whose history in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries has not been a *chronique scandaleuse*. Henry II. of Reuss (1696–1722) was regarded as the most God-fearing, upright, and Christian prince of a godless age. A countess of Reuss-Ebersdorf in 1722 became the wife of Zinzendorf. Moser says of the line of Reuss, 'Perhaps no countly house in Germany has for a long series of years produced such good, wise, excellent rulers; perhaps no other house rests on such firm, well-considered, and lasting bases of internal family-settlements; few houses have produced such a number of sons who have distinguished themselves in war or political life in or outside Germany; few German territories of like extent have reared more brave and learned men, among the subjects; there are few which have been such Canaans of happiness and content.'

But Pietism ran into extravagance. It forbad not only what was evil, but also what was innocent. Laughter, dancing, card-playing, the wearing of jewellery, poetry,

theatres, even the reading of 'worldly' newspapers fell under condemnation. Everything in life was sinful which was not disagreeable. It diverted itself into two streams, the mystic and the puritan: the former guided by the inner light of spiritual illumination, the latter nailing its religion to verbal inspiration, precisely analogous, not in doctrine, but in practice, to a harsh Calvinism, which could almost denounce the Almighty as godless for having created the rose and the peacock.

Pietism of mystic tendency culminated in Count Nicolas Ludwig von Zinzendorf (1700–1760) and Herrnhutenism. Whilst young, in the school at Halle, he founded the order of the 'Service of the Lord,' the duties of which consisted in 'renouncing the world, remaining members of Christ, and converting the heathen.' In the university of Wittenberg the ruling orthodoxy drove him further into the arms of Pietism, so that he—as a youth of eighteen—'invoked the Lord and Saviour to aid him in getting through his dancing-master's and riding-master's lessons with success, so as to be the sooner rid of these vanities.'

In 1722 he offered an asylum on his estate at Bertelsdorf in Lusatia to the Moravian Brothers, everywhere persecuted by the orthodox. A carpenter named Christian David was at their head, and the settlement assumed the name of Herrnhut, or the Lord's Protection. But the carpenter had to make way for the Count, who assumed the headship of the society. Thence he sent apostles into all parts of the world. The Count was not, however, satisfied with his inner 'awakening;' he desired also an external seal on his mission, and went through a theological examination before the ministry of the town of Stralsund. Then he had himself ordained preacher by the theological faculty at Tübingen, and entered the pulpit

dressed in black velvet, with a long black mantle, over which he wore the riband and star of his order. The apostleship had not yet swallowed up aristocratic pride. After that, in 1737, he got himself named bishop; and, not satisfied with this title, in 1743 assumed that of minister-plenipotentiary and steward-general of the society of Herrnhut. He then started on his travels in England, America, &c. His spiritual songs, which now stand in the hymn-book of the Herrnhuters, turn on the mystic union of the soul-bride and the heavenly bridegroom, not always without sensuous and equivocal expressions. Accusations of immoralities practised among these fanatics are probably groundless, though mystic exaltation has always a tendency to lapse into disorderly union of the sexes.

Zinzendorf's enthusiasm was not a solitary instance. Several princely and countly houses reckoned themselves as pietistic, and the Pietists knew how to impose respect on those who opposed them. In 1709 the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst issued an edict against them. Thereupon a preacher who was bitten with Pietism heard a voice from heaven ordering him to go to the Prince and testify against him. As this did not answer, Christ himself appeared to the preacher, curiously enough, dressed in the Republican colours, red, white, and blue, and with flaming hair, bade him again warn the Prince. The latter was so frightened that he died seven days after.

The Counts of Promnitz were among the 'illuminated.' Count Erdmann was very fond of protracted family prayers, to such an extent as to interfere with the domestic arrangements. His mother was very stout. 'My son,' said the Dowager Countess, 'I love you dearly, and will humour you in many things, but I am too fat to kneel with you two or three hours a day.'

Büsching, who 'had been converted to a condition of grace' when a boy, visited this family in 1751, and found that the greater part of the day was devoted to reading the Bible and pious talk. During unctuous conversation over meals the Countess's lapdog walked about the table and put its wet nose against the meats; and when a speaker was very earnest and lost in his subject, licked the gravy out of his plate. The devout Countess also had a pair of squirrels 'who dwelt in her bosom,' but were disturbing to pious converse, and did not savour of holiness. German female society was a ready ground for the springing up of religious enthusiasm, or rather extravagance. The dryness and colourlessness of Lutheran worship—which, indeed, can hardly be called worship—was calculated to drive women with souls amenable to religious influences to seek expression for their feelings elsewhere. To this must be added the *ennui* of château-life in spots not close to a court and theatres. Marriages were then often unhappy, for they were contracted without love, and married ladies, waxing too old to contract *liaisons*, yawned for something to disturb the monotony of their lives. Many ladies of the upper classes were condemned to be old maids lest the fortune of the family should be squandered. If they had not husbands and children to love, they would love any religious fanatic who presented himself, for woman must love something. From this it came about that Pietism had so many adherents in the upper classes. The illustrious houses of Solms, Stolberg, Isenburg, Wittgenstein, Leiningen, Reuss, Promnitz, and Dohna, were all stung with this tarantula. A swarm of apostles, ecstatics, sibyls, spread over the country. In the gatherings of the 'elect,' nothing was heard of but marvellous conversions, sealings, and revelations. The holy community of 'Mother Eve' in Schwarzenau was rudely interfered with by the police,

and discovered to hide under professions of ecstatic piety proceedings of revolting indecency.[1]

The 'saints of Wildisbach,' in 1823, crucified and killed an unfortunate young woman. Disclosures followed, convicting the community of gross immoralities as well.

In 1835 a Pietistic association, under the pastors Ebel and Diestal, had its interior arrangements disturbed by the Countess Finkenstein, who had been drawn into the society by her religious enthusiasm, declining to become the 'mother of the Saviour' by Ebel; a process which was tried on all female postulants.

The Puritanic party are violently assailed by Marlitt, in her novels, as hypocrites and kill-joys. Hypocrites they are not, but earnest people, who, finding that rationalism is invading the Church after having mastered society, cling with despair and some acrimony to the letter of Scripture, shut their eyes to the discoveries of modern hermeneutics, and make their one article of belief—the one on which salvation depends—belief in the verbal inspiration of Scripture. The battle they fight is a lost one; and, knowing this, they fight with the self-devotion and fury of the Punic women when Carthage was stormed by the Romans. Doctrines—the Incarnation, miracles, the Trinity, the resurrection, the final judgment, Heaven and Hell,—are only prized because they are scriptural, and they rank with the order of the Kings of Judah and the date of Sennacherib.[2] That 'precious word Mesopotamia,' and

[1] The depositions taken down and full particulars impossible of reproduction are given in Thomasius' *Vernünftige u. Christliche Gedanken*, iii. 208–624.

[2] They have a hard time of it both with sceptics and inquirers. The story is told of a Frankfurt pastor of the orthodox school, that a citizen button-holed him and began to discuss the truth of the Deluge with him. 'Do you mean to tell me, you believe the whole story of the Flood and the Ark?' he asked. 'Every word of it,' answered the Pfarrer stoutly. 'What! all about the clean beasts going in by sevens,

the Sermon on the Mount, are all equally good because they are all within the covers of Luther's Bible. The children are taught, not so much to believe in God, as to believe in the Bible, not to follow the spirit but to cling to the letter. I have heard, and wondered over, the instruction of children for confirmation in the Evangelical Church. Their memories are burdened with long passages of Scripture and with the most exact knowledge of its contents; they know which animals were clean and which were unclean, and of how many wives and concubines the household of Solomon was composed; they know all about the journeys of St. Paul, and the number of Selahs that occur in the Psalms; but of practical doctrinal or even moral teaching they get nothing. The Faroese have fifteen different names for as many varieties of fog, in which they live enveloped ten out of twelve months. The Evangelicals profess about as many doctrines, but they are all vaporous, undefined, undefinable. Any one may lose his way in each of the fifteen, no one can grasp anything in any one of them.

In Scotland children are so well instructed in the Assembly Catechism, that Calvinism, as a dogmatic system, throws its fibres into their inmost souls, and is never wholly eradicated. But that is a clear intellectual theory of God's dealings with the world. In after life it may be rejected, but it can never be forgotten. Every logical system sinks into the system and becomes part of it, for its good or bane. It is like mercury. Take calomel as a child, and it will be found in your liver when an old man. Augustine imbibed Manichæism as a youth, and it soured his breath when a Christian bishop. A dogmatic

and the unclean by twos?' 'I believe it all,' said the pastor. The Bürger paused—he was in the Juden-Strasse—looked round, and said, 'Eight Jews in the Ark, and only two fleas among them! The story carries an impossibility on the face of it.'

belief gives an indelible stamp to the mind like a course of Euclid. This is why a Catholic, who has broken from his creed during life, so generally returns to it on his death-bed—a thing unheard of among Protestants. A drowning man will catch at a balk, if he can, if not, at a straw, but never at a bubble. The German Protestants are given nothing of the kind, for the Evangelical Church has no definite belief. The children's heads are merely crammed full of Scripture, and no sooner do they begin life for themselves than their faith in the sun and moon standing still, and Baalam's ass speaking with human voice, gives way, and with these legends goes the whole Gospel story. If one link in the Biblical chain is broken, the whole falls in ruin. If one inch of the dyke of verbal inspiration gives way, in bursts the flood of unbelief, and submerges every Christian landmark. Whether a dogmatic creed or belief in the infallibility of a book furnish the best grounds of religion may be doubted, but what is certain is, that the former is the toughest, if only because least easily proved false. A man may believe in God, because he feels that the world is an enigma without that key, and it is impossible to demonstrate the non-existence of God. But if a man's faith be pinned to a document, and that document be proved to have flaws in it, away goes his faith. He may hold that there is a future state as he has been instructed in youth in his creed, and no amount of argument can disprove this article; but if he believes in it because it is foretold in a book, and that book blunders about the hare chewing its cud, he is very likely to say, a testimony which makes mistakes in matters of daily observation to-day, is not to be trusted when it makes promises for the future.

As long as a German peasant remains in his village, and sees no books or newspapers, he believes in his Bible.

He has no great love for it—it bored him as a school task —but he believes in it, as he does in the North Pole and the Equator. But directly he goes to a town, he finds that there the whole of the Biblical history in Old and New Testaments is by every one regarded as children's tales, on a level with 'Hop-o'-my-Thumb' and 'Cinderella.' A little rudimentary criticism disposes of some of the Biblical statements, and the bauer's faith is gone. Now that every young peasant is brought into a town for three years as a soldier, the belief of every one is more or less undermined. The next generation will have no Christian belief whatever.

But there is another motive cause of disintegration of the national belief, and that is within the Church. The great attraction exercised by the preachers at the Reformation consisted in the fact that they were destructive. There is no pleasure greater than smashing old idols. People crowded to church to hear each Sunday that another of the articles in which they had formerly believed was unscriptural and superstitious. When the excitement of doctrine-smashing was over, the laity grew listless. Preachers do not like haranguing empty benches, and it was only natural that some should revert to the old plan, and collect an audience by iconoclastic exhortations. Consequently there are a great number of pastors in the Evangelical Church who court popularity by preaching rationalism. I do not for a moment hint that they are insincere. They have read modern German Protestant theology, and enter the ministry with a burning desire to be reformers, to teach the people to cast the Bible to the bats and owls, as their forefathers cast relics and images. They find that they can draw a congregation by preaching against the leading dogmas of Christianity, miracles, and the inspiration of Scripture, and this en-

courages them to greater boldness and more advanced rationalism.

The situation is most curious. The Church is based on no forms of faith whatever, but only on Scripture, and it is precisely Scripture which the pastors of that Church are busily engaged every Sunday in exhibiting to the people to be a tissue of fable. The architects of Lagado built their churches from the roof-tree downwards. The ministers of the Evangelical Church are removing the one stone on which the whole superstructure rests, nothing doubting that it will remain suspended in air. I shall quote a few specimens of their proceedings.

On Trinity Sunday, 1877, the assistant preacher in the one great church given to the Evangelicals in a South German town, where the Protestants number nearly 3,000, began his sermon thus: 'Now-a-days, none but fools believe in a Trinity. Let us, therefore, not waste time over such an exploded doctrine, but consider the glories of nature.' The same preacher on another occasion gave an exposition of the manner in which Moses hoodwinked the children of Israel. This was his explanation of the miracle of the smitten rock. Moses went about alone in search of a spring of water, and he discovered one leaking out of a rock. He thereupon choked the orifice with clay, and summoning the people before it, thus addressed them: 'Hear, now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?' Then, by a dexterous twitch of his rod he removed the plug, and 'the water came forth abundantly.'

Now, in this church there is a dean, or head preacher, who is orthodox, insists on the doctrine of the Trinity, and on the inspiration of Scripture. He holds service at 9 A.M. and his coadjutor at 10.30 A.M. What he insists on in his sermon, his curate denies an hour later. This is an exemplification of what is called the 'Parallel System,'

which prevails in a great many places. The educated Germans will not go to church where the old-fashioned doctrines are preached, consequently two pastors are provided for a church, one orthodox, the other rationalist; one who baptizes with the Creed, and one without. The Liberal Protestants now for the most part dispense with baptism, but if they have their children baptized, they choose that it shall be without the recitation of the Apostles' Creed, in which they do not themselves believe, and in which they will not undertake to have their children brought up.

In 1859–61, in the Palatinate, the Rationalist party outnumbered the orthodox, and the hymnal and catechism were purified of distinctive doctrines. Thus, the catechism issued by authority in 1869 omits all mention of the Trinity, the Godhead of Jesus Christ, original sin, hell, the resurrection, &c.

In the synod of 1877 only one-third of the whole number of pastors was orthodox. Thirty-six of the Left endeavoured to have the Apostles' Creed altogether expunged from the service books. As an amendment it was proposed to retain the Creed in the books, but make the reading of it optional, and only three orthodox voted against this. The delegates of the Pfalz, who do not sit in the 'general synod,' drew up and sent in the following memorial, which had passed the provincial synods:—'1. We hold that it is opposed to the free thinking of the Protestant principles of our united Church that any member of it should be bound by any creed. Thus to tie a man's belief up is a violation of the Protestant right of free inquiry, examination of the grounds of religion, and internal conviction. 2. We hold, however, that there should be consent to some basis of teaching, and that this basis should be Holy Scripture and the allowed text-books.

3. We hold that every parish has a right to elect its pastor.'

A writer in the 'Pfälzer Zeitung' remarks: 'This is now our condition in the Evangelical Church. A pastor who chooses to regard the Apostles' Creed as a worn-out relic of the ages of superstition can put it on one side. Another, to whom the faith in the truths of revelation is all-in-all, may indeed profess it, but have it denied next minute by another minister in the same church. Both sides are served. It is remarkable how far temporisation has gone. And this is only a first step. Others will be taken in the same direction. Our pastors and laity alike will come to regard the verities of the Christian creed as curiosities stored in the service book, as in an antiquarian museum. It is a question now whether a baptism without the Creed can be valid. We shall not be surprised if for the future Catholics refuse to acknowledge it, and thus, almost the only link between us will be broken. Here in the Palatinate, as everywhere else in Germany, the doom of the Protestant Church is sealed. Positive Christianity will have no foothold in it, and must take refuge either in the Catholic Church, or among the Old Lutherans, or in Methodism, and the established Church in its negativism will fall into undisguised heathenism.'

By decision of December 14, 1877, parallel forms of Baptism and Confirmation are provided for the Church in the Palatinate, one with the Creed, the other without. At the same synod thirty-six voted for the abandonment of the Augsburg Confession, *i. e.* two-thirds of the whole synod, but this motion was laid aside. Now, as the 'Pfälzer Zeitung' says: 'Ein jeder Pfarrer predigt und lehrt wie ihm der Schnabel gewachsen ist.'

In Schleswig, lately, Pastor Diechmann, who is inspector of schools, instituted a reform of religious instruction of

children, by expunging from their Bible text-books [1] everything that savoured of the miraculous, and he boldly defended his reform by saying that 'Biblical miracles are unfit for reading in schools, because they are indefensible.' Pastor Paulsen of Kropp thereupon charged him with being an 'adulterator of Scripture,' for which he has been drawn before the Schleswig court of justice and fined 600 marks or 40 days' imprisonment. Thereupon the Consistory has impeached Diechmann for heresy. The 'Hamburg Correspondenz' for February 3, 1878, says, in a leading article, 'When we look more closely into what is going on in the established Church, the more convinced we are that the Church is falling headlong to ruin, and that we are, so to speak, sorrowful friends sitting round its deathbed, watching for the last breath. Here and there the Social Democrats have seized on the government of the churches, to use them for their destructive polemics. In other places, as in the town of Schleswig, formal declaration of secession from it is made by the upper classes in considerable numbers—a proof of estrangement on all sides. And lastly, and most sadly, the clergy are divided into two hostile camps.'

In Baden the orthodox party got the upper hand in 1857, and proceeded to reconstruct the service book, and give it a liturgical character. It met with violent opposition, and was used only by a few very determined pastors. Consequently the Grand Duke, as *summus episcopus*, by order in 1858 declared the simplest formulary in the book, among alternative offices, the so-called 'minimum,' to be alone valid, and promised the speedy abolition of the other forms. In 1867 some alteration in a Liberal direction was made in the book. But in the

[1] Children in German Protestant schools are not given the Bible to read and learn, but selected portions only, a much superior plan to ours.

meantime the clergy had become much more pronounced in their rationalism, and the orthodox had dwindled to a handful. Many pastors absolutely refused to read the Apostles' Creed. At last the discontent grew to a head, and the Evangelical Synod undertook the reconstruction of the book. This was approved by the Oberkirchenrath on March 9, and received the *imprimatur* of the Grand Duke on March 17, 1877. It still contains the Creed and the Doxology, but these are put within brackets as optional, to satisfy the consciences of those pastors who are orthodox, but as a Pfarrer told me, 'they are probably not read in half-a-dozen churches in the Grand Duchy.' The form is provisional. Probably in another ten years it will be supplanted by one from which Creed and Doxology have been absolutely cancelled.

The Sunday morning service in this Baden book is thus constructed:—

1. A hymn.
2. Votum. An invocation.
3. Entrance prayer.
4. Doxology (optional).
5. Collect.
6. Lesson from the Bible, to be chosen by the pastor.
7. Creed (optional).
8. Sermon.
9. Hymn (optional).
10. Chief prayer.
11. Lord's Prayer.
12. Hymn.
13. Blessing. 'The Lord bless you and keep you,' &c.

By making the lesson optional, the pastor may read only exhortatory passages from Scripture, and omit all that is miraculous. And the form of the blessing is unobjectionable, as there is in it no allusion to the Trinity.

As will be seen, there is nothing in the service like the English forms of worship. The only part taken by the people is in the hymns. The Communion service is equally simple. The communicants walk round the altar, and receive a piece of bread, standing, at one end, and a draught of wine, standing, at the other end, two pastors generally occupying the ends of the table, for the purpose. There is an amount of formality and absence of religiousness about this service which is somewhat startling to an English or Scottish man. At Strassburg, after communicating, a party of gentlemen and ladies walked straight out of the church, one Sunday when I was present, and amidst shouts of laughter began to scatter bonbons among the poor children in the St. Peter's Platz for these to scramble for. I do not say that such levity is general; but the fact that the number of communicants exceeds the average of church-goers on Sunday, shows that the Sacrament is treated as a formal parade rather than as a service of religious devotion.

On December 5, 1877, Professor Holsten, head of the Protestant faculty in the university of Heidelberg, in which are the Divinity students for the ministry of the Evangelical Church in Baden, preached at Pforzheim. He said that religion was subject to epochs, at intervals revelations were made to the world as the consciences of men were able to receive them. Mosaism was an epoch-making religion. Moses rejected idolatry, and gave to the Jews belief in one God. But his revelation was mixed up with much rubbish, which in time obscured its leading truth. Then came Jesus. He gathered up in his heart all the principal truths of Mosaism, rejected the trash, after having smelted all together in the crucible of his conscience, and gave to the world the gold of his Gospel. That in time became discoloured and antiquated. Then

came Luther. On April 18, 1521, when he proclaimed at Worms that no man might go against his conscience, he gave a new revelation to mankind. 'Now the Protestant conscience revolts against the idea that these revelations are final, and declares, on the contrary, that they were necessary stages in the emancipation of the mind.'

The 'Pforzheim Beobachter' asks whether every pastor is to be on the alert for a new Gospel. The old is only a makeshift. Dr. Schwalb, pastor of the Evangelical Church in Bremen, declared, 'Whoever regards the disciple who stole the body of Jesus as a thief, liar and deceiver, may do so.[1] I regard him as a noble Christian. I envy him what he did. Had he felt himself obliged to declare what he had done, he would have been a mean fellow. No, thank God, no, that he did not do, but rejoiced over the happy consequences of his holy fraud!'

At a meeting of the Protestant Union, Pastor Schenkel boldly declared, 'To-day the idea that the Bible is inspired by the Holy Ghost, and that each man must bow before its sentence—this idea is doomed to death by the scientific spirit of Protestantism.' And again: 'We are emancipated not merely from the letter, but from the interpretation of Holy Scripture; from all theological deductions from it we are absolutely free. We are freed from everything dogmatic found within its pages.' Dr. Bluntschli of Heidelberg said: 'The modern world has read too much to allow itself to be governed by any one book, even by the Bible.'

The Pastor Klapp, incumbent of Adorf in Waldeck, put himself forward as a candidate for the vacant pastorate of the Church of St. Catherine in Osnabrück. He openly denied Our Lord's divinity, resurrection, and the inspir-

[1] The explanation given by the Liberal Protestants of the Resurrection.

ation of the Scriptures, and was elected by 508 votes against fifty-one. The Consistory at Hanover, however, refused to appoint him.[1]

The case of Dr. Hosbach and the Church of St. James at Berlin was somewhat similar; only the majority have been less disposed to submit to have their election overridden. Hosbach was elected in 1876. In his probationary sermon he frankly declared his views: he rejected verbal inspiration and all that is miraculous in the Gospel story. The orthodox minority, horrified at this outspoken rationalism, left the church during the sermon. A few weeks after, a memorial signed by 900 out of the 30,000 parishioners, was laid before the Brandenburg Consistory, requesting it to refuse confirmation to Dr. Hosbach. The Consistory did so. Thereupon a vestry was summoned, and an overwhelming majority repeated its choice of Hosbach, and referred the case to the decision of the Supreme Consistory. It is only four years since another Berlin pastor, Dr. Sydow, was arraigned before the Brandenburg Consistory for heresy, and acquitted on the grounds that his heresy had been promulgated in the chair of the lecturer, not in the pulpit. Dr. Hermann, President of the Supreme Consistory, was promoted to his place, in order to carry out the Kulturkampf against recalcitrant pastors. As the only pastors who were troublesome were orthodox, his influence has been to extend rationalism in the Evangelical Church. He filled all vacancies in the Administrative Board with men of broad views. Dr. Hermann had to hear the appeal against the Brandenburg Consistory made by the favourers of Hosbach. His position was more delicate than before. The Emperor was alarmed at the advance of rationalism, at the boldness with which fundamental doctrines were denied in the pulpits of the

[1] See Klapp: *Ein Hannoverisches Glaubensgericht.* Hildesheim, 1875.

Church of which he was Sovereign Pontiff, and Hermann could no longer follow the bent of his desires. On February 1, 1878, accordingly, the appeal was rejected. Consequently, Hosbach does not obtain the pulpit of St. James; but, on the other hand, he remains unmolested as pastor of the Church of St. Andrew in Berlin.

A clergyman, whom I knew, was appointed by the Government, Protestant instructor to the boys in the gymnasium. An English gentleman in the town married to a German lady sent his son to the school, and he attended the divinity lectures of the Evangelical pastor. One day, after having given the pupils an elaborate description of the way in which the world was evolved out of nebulous matter, he turned to the English boy, and said, 'Now, Wilson, how came the world into being?' The boy who—like most English lads—cared little for learned questions, had paid no attention, and answered simply, 'God made it.' 'You blockhead! (*Dummkopf!*)' exclaimed the pastor, catching him a rap on the cheek, 'how long will you and your compatriots cling to these old wives' tales (*Mährchen*)?'

This pastor is now appointed to a fashionable watering-place.

The 'Leben Jesu' of Pastor Krüger-Velthusen is written in the spirit of the utmost rationalism. What he writes he preaches. He is a distinguished member of the Rhenish Evangelical clergy. He denies the Incarnation. Jesus is the natural son of Joseph. Miracles are frauds or delusions; the Resurrection an imposture. Professor Pfleiderer, of the Theological Faculty of Berlin, an educator of the clergy of the future, has repeatedly attacked the Creed. In the Prussian Union the Apostles' Creed is only retained because the Emperor will not give his consent to its abolition; but the mass of the population, and the

majority of pastors, desire its removal. Its retention hangs on the life of the Emperor.

In the Saxon Church in 1811 an oath was imposed on the clergy 'to teach pure evangelical doctrine as contained in Holy Scripture, and interpreted in the Augsburg Confession.' This was modified into a promise in 1862, and in 1871 further modified, so as to admit of being taken by pastors with the most advanced rationalistic views.

Pastor Bernet sadly writes:[1] 'What great advantage have we really derived from Luther's reformation? Does anything remain to us of the results of his vigorous exertions, beyond an empty form and a poor caricature? Where is the living faith which he set up in the place of an external righteousness of works? And where is the spirituality of worship, which, according to the mind and will of Christ, he demanded? One might almost imagine that our Church got rid of the forms, in order, at the same time, to divest itself of the spirit. In place of the spirit were given, at first, creeds and confessions of faith, which were originally exacted as a matter of necessity, but afterwards became stony tablets of the law. With them and their artificial exposition came over our Church a complete Pharisaism, which threatened to stifle the free breath of life. Then came Pietism, partly in various sects, which was a burden to the Church, and neither yielded her any assistance, nor obtained success for itself. After this began the period of Rationalism, and many lifted up their heads, as though their redemption drew nigh. For a time they dreamed of a happy, simple religion, in which they were to behold God with unveiled faces, and no longer under types and images. But the new edifice not only failed to afford the expected advantage of a better spiritual dwelling for man, but soon began itself to totter and fall to the

[1] *Das neue Heil u. das geschriebene Wort.* S. Gallen.

ground. The great mass of the people took only the negative side of Rationalism, the right of declaring themselves free from every belief which rests upon authority, without being willing to undertake also the (certainly unnatural) duty of making a religion for themselves. The new idols stood again, like the old, as empty shadows on the wall, and the people went a-whoring, as before, after their material gods. Religiousness perceptibly declined, the temples emptied, the prayers and hymns were felt to be insipid, the sermons trivial, the vigorous doctrine of the Reformers gave way to a string of timid apologies. Verily, religion was given us by God, and there came at one time a rational belief, and at another unbelieving reason; and our Reformers have touched and retouched the painting, until its true form has altogether disappeared, and it must be recreated by the spirit of God.'

Candidates for the ministry are failing.[1] In January last, for the whole Protestant Church in the Bavarian Palatinate, and in Baden, *i.e.* for 865,000 Protestants, there were only nineteen candidates at Heidelberg, in the previous summer but thirteen. For Baden alone, with 491,000 Protestants, there were in 1876 only six candidates for orders. In that year three pastors died, five retired from the ministry, four were superannuated; consequently there were twelve vacancies.

If elsewhere matters are not so bad, it is due, in great measure, to the fact that times are bad, and it is difficult for young men to get work in other professions. Pastor

[1] 'In consequence of the deficiency of candidates which has come about in some parts sooner, in others later, but especially in the last ten years, in ever increasing measure, many parishes are left without pastors.'—Graue: *Der Mangel an Theologen.* Berlin, 1876. Within a walk—an easy walk of my house, last winter, were two parishes devoid of incumbents, and I heard of many more,—going a-begging. But there were no applicants.

Zittel, Dean of Karlsruhe, noting the declension of attendance at church, asks whether an improvement of the services would attract congregations. But, he answers, anything liturgical would be clean contrary to the principles of Evangelicalism, and such an idea must be given up. Thinking that doctrinal hymns and those of the Litany description give offence and keep people from church—hymns such as Grant's 'Saviour, when in dust to Thee,' &c.—he proposes their omission; that the prayers should be abandoned, the creed abolished, and the sermon converted into a lecture. The Dean's only notion of recovering an audience is to go altogether with the rationalistic stream.[1] But, will the interest of an audience continue after all the books in the Bible and articles in the Creed have been demolished?

If the Evangelical Church were a moral power, we might forgive it for being without a belief; but this it is not. It exercises little if any moral influence over consciences, which are moulded by social custom and law, and not by ethical instruction given by the Church.

The union was a centralising measure. The object was to make the Church, like the post-office, telegraphs, and army, a department of the State, ruled by a special Minister of Public Worship as vicar-general under the Sovereign. This is so obvious, that the Social Democrats, to spite the Government, are agitating to leave the established Church in a mass. For proposing this measure, some of their speakers have been prosecuted as guilty of treason. On February 1, 1878, a large gathering of women was assembled in the Renz Hall in Berlin, for the purpose of registering their secession from the Evangelical Church. The account of this meeting I extract from a German paper of February 3:—

[1] Zittel: *Der Protestantische Gottesdienst.* Berlin, 1875.

'The hall was crammed long before the time announced —half-past eight. On the platform were Most and the Missionsdirektor Wangemann. Women of all ages were there, some in white nightcaps, and many fresh-cheeked young girls. The chair was taken by Frau Präsidentin Hahn. She introduced Most, who began: "Gentlemen!" (*a burst of shrill voices*—"Ladies! ladies!")—"I beg your pardon, ladies! I have so often had to address men, that for a moment I forgot that I was not called to speak before my usual audience." He then proceeded to say that the attendance of so many women showed the interest they took in the matter, and that they were not content to remain in the great political and religious movements of the day, as non-effectives (*lit.* as a fifth wheel). He was interrupted by cries of "Water! water!" for a lady of the audience had fainted, and the carrying of her out caused some commotion. Woman, he continued, when silence was re-established, has been enslaved for ages and consigned to the background. Even the Bible says that man was made the colossus of the earth, and woman was an afterthought fashioned out of a rib (*cries of "shame! shame!"*). Women and girls in the social crush are squeezed as lemons. Men elbow their way to the front, but women are trodden into the dirt of the street. What are the wages the working-man gets? Are they enough to support him, and keep him from beggary in his old age? (*Tremendous applause.*) And how then does it fare with women? Can they lay by for a rainy day? Now German men have organised a society for the reduction of the misery of mankind, for expelling the idlers and hucksters out of the Temple, and for enthroning freedom and fraternity in the earth. This society is Social Democracy. Let not women be frightened by the scaring name, but rather goad their husbands into Social Democracy. Herr Most went on to explain the

alphabet of Social Democracy, with a running accompaniment of attacks on capitalists, speculators, the Fortschritt party, the Liberals, the Catholic Union, and the Christian Socialists. The people, he said, must not let themselves be fed on adulterated milk, and that was what the Christian Socialists were offering them.[1] He and his party had hitherto let the pastors alone, and it was false to assert that he was invariably scoffing at Christianity. But when pastors entered into political meetings and tried to throw dust in the eyes of the people, and form a party to break up the united phalanx of Social Democracy, then it was time for them to be up and attack the pastors, and rend them to pieces, as they attempted to rend Social Democracy. (*Enthusiastic applause.*) It was now Pull Tiger pull Duff! As the pastors had sought to withdraw the people from Social Democracy, he demanded that the people as a body should secede from the established Church. To this he invited the women. He called on them openly to proclaim their separation from a Church in which they had ceased to believe (*applause*), and to declare: We will have our heaven upon earth, for that which is future we believe not in. Our gospel is Social Democracy, and Social Democracy is our creed. Here on earth will we enjoy ourselves. Let the idle bellies no longer devour what the active hands have earned. Here we will revel and not rot. (*Tremendous and prolonged cheers, then commotion caused by the fainting of several girls.*)

'Frau Schultze then rose and asked that the speeches might be intermitted to allow of the audience refreshing themselves with beer. This was rejected by a majority in a show of hands, and the proceedings continued. Beer was passed over the heads of the audience to those who

[1] A semi-Socialist society founded by some Berlin pastors, well intentioned, but not successful.

demanded it, whilst the speeches went on, till an altercation arose from some who had taken the beer declining to pay for it, when the proprietor of the buffet refused to pass any more in this manner.

'Frau Hahn[1] continued the proceedings. "Ladies!" she said, "I will tell you how it is that I am here in this assembly. I am the mother of five children. It is a long time since I shook myself clear of the Church. Why so? Because I was sick of my belief; what I am I have made myself!" (*Bravo!*) "I hold to the foundation, Do right and fear no man. I want no Bible, and no pastor, and no law!" (*Applause.*) "I am not a wife only, but also an aunt. My husband has two sisters, who live in a miserable den. One is advanced in life, and has two unbaptized children. The other is unmarried and sickly; she suffers from bad legs. As aunt, I went there and declared that I would help them to the best of my ability so long as the children remained unbaptized, but that if they were given this Sacrament, I would shake off my interest in them, and leave them to shift for themselves!" (*Bravo!*) "The other day I entered this den, and found there two men, one with his hair cropped, the other with his long. Halloo! said I, what do these fanatics (*Mucker*) want here?" (*Laughter.*) "And when they said something about baptism and the Church, I made bold to tell them a bit of my mind, and bade them pack out of the house, for it was a disgrace for them to be in it; and I threatened if they did not depart at once, to charge them before the police with having come there for improper purposes!" (*Thunders of applause.*) "Ladies, let us pluck up courage. What are we? We are the money-hoarders at home. We know what social questions mean. Let us buckle to it and drive our husbands into Social Democracy. We

[1] Hahn, I may observe, is generally a *Jewish* name.

need no church, we need no pastors, we—" (here followed a sentence so gross that the German papers did not report it). (*Applause.*) "If you want a belief, invent one for yourselves. If you want to pray, go into your closet. If you must have a pastor, ordain your own!" (*Stormy applause and protracted laughter.*)

'Frau Schlamsky then rose and said: "The other day a pastor came to me and spoke of my children and church-going. I said to him, we have no time for that sort of thing, and as for Christian charity, not a crust have I had from my pastor!" (*Loud approval.*)

'Fräulein Höfer next attempted the narration of her grievances, but began sobbing, and could not continue. This caused much merriment, which only increased the young woman's distress. Whereupon the presidentess called order, and requested the audience to show more sympathy with a suffering damsel who was labouring under a broken heart.

'Frau Lehmann[1] then told of a pastor who had given a Bible and an old shirt to a starving woman. And so the meeting went on.

'Director Wangemann made an oratorical panegyric on womankind in general. Herr Most again insisted on all right-minded women seceding from the Evangelical Church. Frau Naun seconded this proposal, and announced, amidst loud applause, that thenceforth she had done with parsons.

'It was long after midnight when the meeting broke up. From the hall all down the Naunyn-Strasse was a long tail of men shivering in the cold, waiting for their respective wives, daughters, and sweethearts.'

[1] Another Jewish name.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

Was bringt Ihr neues, Jery?—
Das Alte, Bätely.

GOETHE: *Jery u. Bätely.*

PERSONS with fixed incomes have, during the last ten or fifteen years, found a growing difficulty in making both ends meet. The price of everything has increased. Labour is dearer, coals at one time double in price, and up with coals goes the price of iron. It costs a third more to build a house than it did five years ago. It is always pleasant to have a whipping-boy. Those pinched in means, and those capitalists who cannot turn over their money and make it grow by geometric progression, must lay blame somewhere, and trades-unions are the common object of abuse and denunciation.

'The workmen,' says Adam Smith, 'desire to get as much, the masters to give as little, as possible. The former are disposed to combine in order to raise, the latter in order to lower, the wages of labour.' What is sauce for the goose, is sauce also for the gander. If it be lawful for employers to unite to keep the price of labour down, it is lawful also for the employed to unite to enforce what they consider a proper recognition of the value of their labour.

In Edward III.'s reign the Statute of Labourers was passed, which limited wages at a time when a diminution

of the working-classes by a pestilence made labour more valuable. 'Such laws,' says Mr. Mill, with noble indignation, 'exhibit the infernal spirit of the slave-master, when to retain the working-classes in avowed slavery has ceased to be practicable.' So late as 1725 the Manchester Justices in quarter-sessions drew up a tariff of wages, and ordained that workmen conspiring to obtain more should for the third offence stand in the pillory and lose an ear.

If there be but one mercer's shop in a country town, he may put his own price on his ribands, but if there be two or three, competition will bring the prices down. If there be but one gardener in a town, all the old ladies who want their flower-beds put to rights will compete with one another to get him, and he may command almost any wage. But if there be twenty, and only a dozen gardens to be trimmed, the competition for work is on the side of the men, and the old ladies hire the cheapest. If competition be too brisk, the mercers will sell below cost, and the gardeners work for what will not support their families: one will fail, the other starve. Before this takes place, in their mutual interests the mercers agree among themselves to take a moderate profit, and the gardeners to ask a reasonable wage, and not to undersell one another. What is fair and just for the tradesman, is fair and just for the labourer.

When the population is very numerous, there is a tendency, in the order of nature, for labour to become very cheap. It may become so cheap that men cannot support families on what they earn. They must therefore unite, and fix the price of their labour. They are perfectly justified in so doing. Trades-unions are a social necessity. They may have acted injuriously to the men's interests, and to the general prosperity of trade in the country, in some cases, but that was because they were experiments

in England, and young institutions must make blunders before they go right. A child strums discords before it strikes harmonies; stumbles and gets blows before it walks upright. What is regrettable in the matter of trades-unions is, not that they exist, but that they did not exist earlier; that we should be living in the age of their discords and tumbles, and not of their harmonies and uprightness.

The labour question is a very much more delicate one, and subject to more changing influences than it was a quarter of a century ago. In 1861, Professor Beesly recommended workmen to keep up the price of labour by keeping down the number of their children. He wrote: 'Although plenty of men are to be found in every rank of life, who recklessly produce families which they have no means of supporting, there are only two classes of whom it may be said, that such shameless selfishness is the rule rather than the exception—the agricultural paupers, and the clergy of the Established Church. Both these classes abdicate all responsibility, and are content to leave the prospects of their offspring to chance or charity. Among the skilled mechanics earning comfortable wages, there is, we believe, something more of prudence and self-respect; but it is hardly to be expected that improvement in this respect will become general, so long as public opinion looks leniently upon conduct as degrading as it is anti-social. At present, if an artisan limits his family within reasonable bounds, it is for reasons that concern only himself and those dependent on him. He objects to diminish his comforts, he thinks it his duty to give his children a fair start in life; he desires to exempt his wife from the miserable drudgery which a large and constantly increasing family entails. All these motives deserve the highest respect; but regard for the interests of his class

would be a still nobler principle of action.' So infanticide, or what is as bad, is to help to keep up the wages of the working-classes! The advice is as unnatural as it is immoral, and what is more, it will not answer its purpose. The price of labour is not now regulated by the number of candidates for work among the English artisans. Railways and steamboats have widened the circle whence the produce of labour is drawn. The gaps artificially made in our population, acting on Professor Beesly's advice, are filled with Germans and Italians.

It is a question which must be solved in the next ten or fifteen years, whether, in the presence of modern facilities of traffic and inter-communication, the present organisation of trades-unions can be made available. An international union may succeed, but then it may be doubted whether all the teeming thousands of thousands asking for work in the wide world can be compelled to enter it. Already in London, and Manchester, and Liverpool, Germans have dethroned English clerks from their stools, because they are content with lower wages. The iron for the new Law Courts came from Belgium. Half a century ago all Normandy was supplied with cotton and woollen goods from Manchester and Leeds. Now the fair landscape about Rouen and Elbœuf bristles with chimneys, and the water reeks with dye. A few years ago our cloths and serges found their way over South Germany. Now the valleys of the Bavarian and Austrian Alps, and of Switzerland, are crowded with mills. All spring, autumn, and summer, water-power from the mountains is available at no cost. Labour is cheap, for a stream of operatives pours over the Brenner and up the Finstermünz from overteeming Italy, asking work at any price. Consequently manufacturers there can undersell English goods, and have banished them from the market.

France has artificially kept down its natural growth of children. The men of Vorarlberg, Montafun, the Bregenzer Wald, &c., pour over France when the frosts yield, and do mason's work. But for that influx, the price of labour in the building-trade would be enormous—so enormous that there would be no building done.[1] An intimate friend had a fixed sum of money to lay out in adding a drawing-room and staircase to his house. It could not be done handsomely, and in keeping with the rest of the house, in England, for the sum he had at his disposal. He had a carved oak staircase, plaster ceiling, parqueterie floor, carved and panelled walls and chimney-piece, and sculptured stonework completed in Germany, and sent him to England. And the whole came to less than the sum he had estimated, just half the sum it would have cost in England.

Window and door frames come ready made in thousands from Norway. An English joiner will charge—say thirty shillings for a window-frame. A Norwegian frame costs twenty shillings. Consequently the Norwegian carpenter gets the job, and not the English tradesman. The Carpenters' Union is worsted by free trade, by foreign competition.

But I am not writing an article on the principles of trades-unions, but on the labour question as it stands in Germany. There also trades-unions exist, and capitalists have had difficulties with them, but not to the same extent as in England. They are not there modern creations, but legitimate children of mediæval organisations. The labour question is not one of to-day only, it is not, as is supposed, an introduction of the modern system of manufacture, the result of wholesale production.

[1] A stonecutter or mason in France in 1878 got five francs a day and his keep.

It existed before factory manufacture, when wholesale business was unknown, when each artisan worked in his house assisted by a few apprentices. It came to the surface again and again during the Middle Ages, with more or less dangerous symptoms, attended with more or less violence; for, in fact, it became a necessity from the moment that slavery ceased, and free labour entered the field, and that is more than a thousand years ago. It is a question intimately linked with the rise and fall of the prices of food, and the growth of requirements of life, as cause and effect. It is a question starting into the foreground the moment the artisan is allowed participation in the good things of life, and does not depend, as in slavery, on the will of his lord, and receive from him everything as an unmerited gift. As soon as the workman is free, he becomes a contracting party in an engagement, and his consent must be won before he will undertake a work. His time is his own, his hands are his own, his skill is his own, and he may fix upon them what price he chooses.

The three great questions of contention between master and man have been: 1. The right of the former to import foreign labour, and so keep down the price of native labour. 2. The number of hours which the artisan is to work. And 3. The wage he is to receive for his labour.

The first matter of dispute rarely came to the front in Germany; it was not a burning question, as in England and America. In Germany, it was customary for the *Gesell*, the ancestor of the workman of to-day, to travel all over the country, even over Europe, working wherever he could, and picking up everywhere experience.

It was different in England. Our apprentices did not leave the island; and maintained a jealous suspicion of foreigners. In 1517, on the eve of May day, the 'prentices of London rose in riot against the foreigners who had

settled in the City, and were carrying away, as they thought, the profits from English industry. On May day eve the Alderman of the ward arrested an apprentice who with others was playing at bucklers in Cheapside, as a whisper had gone through London that on May day all foreigners were to be massacred. This was the signal for an outbreak. 'Clubs! clubs!' was the cry. In an instant a mob of some 700 persons was in arms in Cheapside; and soon after, a body of 300 more turned the corner from St. Paul's Churchyard. The prisoner was rescued, Newgate was forced, and all who had been imprisoned for violence to foreigners released. The riot grew worse and worse; expresses were sent to the King: Sir Thomas More himself rode forth to try and pacify the mob; Cardinal Wolsey was in conference with the City authorities; the Lieutenant of the Tower was shooting off certain pieces of ordnance against the City, but doing no great hurt. Towards three o'clock of the morning the young rioters' strength began to fail, and many were taken prisoners. The King was furious. No half measures would satisfy him. Two hundred and seventy eight prisoners, some lads of thirteen or fourteen years old, were brought through the streets, tied with ropes, to trial; thirteen were adjudged to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; and for the execution of this sentence ten pairs of gallows were set up above the City. The 7th of May was to witness this prompt administration of the law; and one had already forfeited his life, when a reprieve from the King arrived.

In 1586 again, a conspiracy was formed by the apprentices of London for a general massacre of the foreigners, but a timely discovery of the plot handed over some of the ringleaders to the safe custody of Newgate, and saved the body at large from the disgrace of such an outrage. The number of foreigners at this time in London was con-

siderable. For when the numbers were taken in 1593, they were found to amount to 5,259.

Chinese labour has begun seriously to tell on the price of native labour in America. We might import any number of Italians for any sort of work, and the Tyrolean valleys would supply us with any number of masons.

As regards length of time for which the artisan worked, this was a matter touching him too closely not to be subject of dispute, when it was not settled by traditional usage. An unwritten law generally existed fixing the time when work began and when it broke off. The church bell sounded for both. To this day, in districts where the railway has not introduced new ideas, the bauer dares not plough and hoe his own plot of land before or after the customary hour. He injures no one by rising early and working late, but he breaks immemorial custom, and that is sacred, made sacred as a treaty of peace contracted between master and man, bauer and landlord, before the soil fell to him. Only twice in the year came a variation: in spring and in autumn. Then arose the question of work by candlelight. Should the apprentice go on working by lamplight, when the daylight failed, till the church bell sounded his release, or did the cessation of daylight emancipate him? That was a question hotly controverted.

This question was, however, settled at last by compromise between employer and employed. Before the autumn equinox the apprentice was not obliged to work by artificial light. If the clouds obscured the sun, or the mist was so dense that he could not see, then he was not forced to continue his work, however many lamps and candles were lighted in the shop. But it was different after the autumn equinox: then the church bell, and not daylight, released him.

To establish the compact as a custom, several usages

were introduced. On the eve of the autumn equinox, the 'Lichtganz,' a roast-goose, was served for supper, and as soon as the goose had been partaken of, the duty of work by candlelight began. In spring, the close of work by candlelight was marked by other customs. At Nürnberg, on the eve of the vernal equinox, an iron candelabrum containing twelve candles was carried in procession by the 'prentices to the Pegnitz and there extinguished. From that moment the workman was not bound to his task after dusk. Such customs served to stamp the arrangement as a rule which was not to be broken, and long after the quaint ceremonies were abandoned, the rule was rigidly held. But the strife about the duration of labour was not laid at rest altogether; it altered its face, and became one, not of hours, but of days. It had been settled during how many hours of the day the artisan was to work, but not on how many days in the week. He asked a day's holiday, Monday; he sought to shorten his period of work from six days to five, and in this form the contest continued to be waged till the present century, when it has reverted to the number of hours. I shall return to the 'Guten Montag' presently.

Other means were adopted for reconciling the conflicting interests of master and man. The former paid the same sum whether the man worked eight or nine hours a day, five or six days a week, and whether he worked with a will or idled. Piecework was therefore introduced. The master paid only for work done. Under the old system the idling of the man was a loss to the master, by piecework it was a loss to the idler. This very simple arrangement allowed of a diligent man earning more than a lazy one. It encouraged application and technical skill. Many trades reserved to themselves the privilege of paying by piecework. Others left it to

agreement between masters and men, which mode of payment was to be adopted. Uniformity existed as little, nay less, than in our own day, for piece payment was an impossibility in many branches of trade.

It is, therefore, the more remarkable, that trades which had hitherto preferred piecework, and in which it alone was customary, suddenly altered their practice, forbade it, and ordered the men to be paid by the hour or week. Trades which in the fourteenth century had required all masters to give out their work by piece, in the following century forbade it peremptorily; and the reason for this was, that it was found detrimental to the quality of the work. The artisans scamped their work; they sought to gain more wage by quantity produced than by excellence of quality. The important trade of fustian-weavers in Ulm had piecework till the beginning of the fifteenth century, then it was forbidden, because the merchants complained of the deterioration in the fustian, and threatened to withdraw their custom from Ulm. Curiously enough, piecework was complained of and refused by many labourers on the same grounds. They declared that it was injurious to the quality of the work, and gave advantages to the unscrupulous workman. As the quality declined, the price of the goods went down, and thus the honest artisan suffered for the dishonesty of the other.

In the fifteenth century, the tailors of Basel refused to continue piecework, because they said that system acted injuriously on the trade,—the bad artisan who ran his work together, and sent it out looking well, but falling to pieces on first wear, was better paid than the patient and conscientious man who fastened off all his threads, and locked his stitches. The tailors of Basel demanded that all should be paid a day's wage alike, whether they were experienced hands or new beginners.

Piecework, which at first sight seems such a ready solution to the difficulty, so just and natural, on experience has proved to be defective. It does not unite sufficiently the interests of the employer and employed for the production of good work. A closer union of interests has been sought of late in the system of *tantième* partnership or co-operation. Piecework and timework alike have their disadvantages. In timework, the master pays for the idleness of his men; in piecework, the work itself deteriorates, and the good artisan suffers for the scamping of the idler. Co-operative undertakings are free from these evils: the net gain which went into the employer's pocket is divided among the operatives. As the prices rise, so does the wage; one regulates the other. This, the ideal condition, is not so modern a system as is supposed. It was very general, though not quite in the modern form, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. The receipts of the week were thrown into a box, and this was unlocked on Sunday, and the contents divided according to a prearranged contract. The workman got the third, fourth, or fifth penny. Artisans engaging on this system were called 'Theilknechte,' or 'Büchsengesellen.' This sort of wage ceased at the end of the seventeenth century. In more recent times it has been again attempted, but under a modern form, by Schulze-Delitzsch. The modern 'Genossenschaften' are associations of artisans or small manufacturers, with the object of uniting their active ability and small capitals against the overwhelming power of the large employers. The old guilds of the German towns were able to enforce their decrees on all the members of the craft, and no craftsman could exist outside the guild. The modern 'Genossenschaften' are free associations of artisans. They were first started in Germany in 1860, and since that

date have grown and spread. The experiments have not, however, lasted sufficiently long, or been sufficiently numerous, for a judgment to be formed upon them. Theoretically no system can be fairer, or more calculated to promote activity, interest in their work, and contentment among the associates, but, as in the case of piecework, there may be a disturbing element in the calculation on which we have not reckoned, and which will only come to light when the experiment has been given a trial of at least a quarter of a century.

It is certain that the mediæval attempts at co-operation failed; and it is impossible not to conclude that in some manner not very clear to us, they missed their aim, and proved as open to objection as piecework. This was so, moreover, under circumstances far more favourable to success than the present.

In olden times there were no large manufactories with many hundred workmen in them, but a host of little masters, each of whom took a fixed number of apprentices. A few years ago it was much the same in the Yorkshire dales of the Western Hills. The rattle of the loom sounded from every house. Each householder had a few workmen under him. The large manufacturers built their factories, used steam, and beat the little weavers out of the field; those who had been masters were forced to become operatives in the great mill. In the Middle Ages, the 'Gesellen' were the workmen under the master, but they were not workmen doomed to be under subjection all their lives. After a few years they obtained the freedom of the city, and became masters themselves. Every master was therefore bound to train his apprentice to become eventually independent. For this purpose he was legally required to give him an insight into every particular of the business. The apprentice acquired from his master not

only technical skill and dexterity in the manufacture, but also the requisite knowledge of all that pertained to the business commercially. He was taught the cost of the raw material, to calculate the expense of working it up, and to reckon the net profits. He was sent to purchase the raw stuff, and attended his master at the marts at which the material was sold, after having gone through his hands. If the master failed to give his pupil this knowledge, to let him into all the mysteries of the trade, he was punished by his guild. Consequently, the apprentice knew exactly the economy of the business, he knew what wage it would afford, and whether the profits would allow of it being raised, or necessitated its being lowered. In those trades where such an insight could not be granted, which depended on the skill of the individual, and was less mechanical, in painting, or goldsmith's work, for instance, the system of *tantième* never prevailed.

Under such circumstances as described, no difficulties about wage were likely to arise. There could be no conflict of opinion between master and men. All knew what the net profits were, and what was the share due to the employer, and what fell to the employed. The only question which might be disputed, was whether the mechanic should have the third, the fourth, or the fifth penny; but this was usually determined by the cost of the raw material and of production. This system answered well enough under old simple commercial conditions; but when everything bought ceased to be paid for in ready money, and bills, and promissory notes, and outstanding accounts with accumulating interest upon them entered into the ledger, when perhaps for some weeks the box was without money to be divided, then the *tantième* ceased to be practised. It was impossible to carry it out. Manufactures were carried on on a larger scale, and it was not

practicable to submit the accounts to the operatives. Modern commerce made the ledger a riddle except to those who had been educated to interpret it. In extensive manufactures, with wide commercial ramifications and minute subdivision of labour, a vast number of those employed know, and can know, only their own special branch of the industry, and have neither the knowledge nor the capacity for judging of the cost and risk of a speculation. They cannot keep their hands at work on the spinning-jennies and at the same time on the pulse of trade. The disposal of the gross receipt, how much of it is to go to the mechanic, and how much into his own pocket, must be left to the employer.

The workmen have little knowledge of the meaning of capital, of the cost, and especially the risks, of trade. They underrate all these, mistrust the employer, and will not be persuaded that they receive a fair proportion of the profits.

Under the Mediæval system of retail manufacture, co-operation was simple enough, but with the modern system of wholesale manufacture its success is problematical. The condition is less favourable, and it may well be doubted whether co-operative production of manufactured goods is practicable. Success in business is like success in war, it depends on instantaneous perception of what is needed, and on rapid execution. In it, as Hamlet says, 'the readiness is all!' A great business can no more be carried on successfully by a parliament of all employed in it, than can a campaign by conducting it in accordance with the opinions and votes of the soldiers engaged. One must take the risks and reap the ruin or the glory.

As soon as the trades in the German towns had begun to associate themselves in guilds—and this took place in the twelfth century—they formed corporations of really wonderful organisation. The members were bound to-

gether with a firmness such as probably no other body, not even the Church, exhibited. Whoever would support himself from his trade must enter the association of his trade, and submit without appeal to all its laws. As there was no salvation out of the Church, there was no working at a trade out of a guild. The only escape was to take refuge on the lands of a noble. He had the privilege to harbour artisans who would not belong to their trade-union. In each union, every member who belonged to it, belonged with his wife, sons and daughters, servants, maids and apprentices. All were received into the union and all were forced to obey its laws. Whatever concerned a member, touched the body, affected the whole trade; joy or sorrow, a birth of a child, a marriage, a death, whether of master, servant or child, was a common matter of rejoicing or lamentation to the entire guild. Whoever transgressed a law of his union paid the penalty in money, and was excluded for a shorter or longer time from the trade; and during excommunication dared not work at it. This power of the trade was not exercised merely about trade concerns, but the whole life of the member was placed under supervision. Offences against morals were punished by it, just as were infringements of trade regulations. Indeed, the guilds were armed with power of fining, and confiscation, and imprisonment to an unlimited extent; only power over life, and of mutilation, was reserved to the Sovereign. This bond and discipline were common to all trades alike, even—though more rarely—to those specially filled with women, as the guilds of midwives and of sempstresses. The determination of rules and privileges fell to the masters alone, who met in their guild-halls, and legislated for their respective trades as republican despots.

But this account does not complete the idea of the

power of these unions. The tradesmen in one town were not isolated, they were in intercommunication with the trades-unions in other towns.

At certain times, on the so-called 'Handwerkstage,' the masters of the confederated cities assembled, or appeared by deputies in a certain town, and in parliament determined the laws which should have force in their guild in all the confederated towns. The trades were united in districts. Thus the guilds of all the towns of Swabia were united, so were those on the Upper, Middle, and Lower Rhine, in Lower Saxony, Silesia, &c. In 1457 and 1484 the tailors of the Upper Rhine and Frankfurt held a diet at Speier, in which delegates from the tailor guilds in twenty towns appeared. In the sixteenth century the bakers of Hildesheim, Brunswick, Alsfeld, Bokum, and other towns held a diet at Hildesheim, and, as an old chronicler says, 'ate up on that occasion all the calves in the place.'

The larger trades extended their union throughout Germany. At their diets, laws were passed which were to be in force for a fixed period, eight or ten years. These laws regulated everything concerning the trade, especially the manner in which the wage was to be paid, the proportion in which it should stand to the net receipt, and the treatment of the artisans and apprentices. All this was comprised in the word 'Gesellenrecht.' In the Middle Ages there were various 'rights:' the right by which nobles were judged; the 'Landesrecht,' which ruled the condition of the yeoman and peasant; the 'Bürgerrecht,' by which the citizens were governed; and the 'Gesellenrecht,' which was the code of the trades. A master who did not submit to this right, who, for instance, made his own private arrangements with his workmen, different from those sanctioned by the trade-union, was fined. If

he repeated the offence, he was dismissed the guild. A workman who would not accept the terms agreed to was obliged to leave his master, and no other master in the district dare give him work, at the risk of being himself expelled the union. The artisan was, however, protected in his rights equally with the master. No employer dared to deduct any portion from the wage allotted to his man.

It will be seen that the determination of the wage lay exclusively and altogether with the masters; or, to use a modern expression, capital was then far more able to oppress labour than at present. Whether the masters abused their power or not, and did in fact oppress the labourer, we do not know. Chronicles are silent thereon. This condition of affairs did not, however, last very long; for, already in the fourteenth century, the union of masters in every trade found itself face to face with an union of men, who sought to escape this subjection, and the relations became rapidly inverted.

The unions of men were founded originally with the knowledge and consent of the masters, and had, at first, a pious object; the members assisted one another in sickness, and attended one another to the grave. The union gave weekly support to the crippled artisan, and supported his widow and children. Membership became compulsory. The masters highly approved these associations, for they kept the members under moral supervision.

Before very long these unions became as powerful as those of the trade, and, like the latter, exercised despotic control over the members. They met and voted the customs of the trade—the 'Gesellengewohnheiten.' Whoever transgressed the custom was punished by a fine or by exclusion. An excluded artisan was forced to leave the trade: no other artisan would associate with him, even speak to him, till he had expiated his offence. The

master was obliged to dismiss him, as his other hands refused to work so long as he was given employment.

These associations did not confine themselves to the establishment of 'customs of the trade;' they extended their authority to matters which affected, not men only, but masters as well. In passing rules on the time of work, and on the mode of payment, they came into conflict with the whole 'Gesellenrecht.' Hitherto the masters alone had adjudicated on these matters. Now that the men had discovered their power, they wanted to become the sole adjudicators.

Already in the fourteenth century the 'Meisterschaft' and the 'Gesellenschaft' stood threateningly opposite each other; both elaborately organised; both able to enforce absolute control over their members; both struggling for the power to determine the duration of the time of work, and the manner of payment. The 'Meisterschaft' was able and prepared to punish every master, to exclude him from the guild, that is, to cut off his means of livelihood, if he transgressed its prescripts; and to refuse work to every man who would not submit to its regulations. The 'Gesellenschaft' was able and prepared to forbid its members to work for any master who did not yield to the demands of the association, and to starve every workman into submission who ventured into the shop of a master who had fallen under the ban of the guild of artisans.

A master who wished to come to terms with his man and give him more than was prescribed by the guild of masters, dared not do so; and the man who was ready to agree with his master and remain in his service might not do so. The strife was not between master and man, but between guild and guild.

The situation was precisely like the present, in which a combination of employers stands opposed to a combina-

tion of operatives in the building, iron and coal trades. But then the masters gave way: step by step the union of men advanced, till they had gained almost as absolute a command as had been previously enjoyed by the masters. But the advance was only step by step both in the matter of duration of time of work and rate of wage.

The half Monday was freely accorded the men by the masters at a very early period, to enable the workman to do what was necessary for himself without having to pay for getting it done, as mending his clothes, his furniture, hoeing his garden, &c. This was first accorded by the tailors, shoemakers, furriers, and weavers; thence it made its way into other trades, and became a *custom*. The demand for holiday was then extended to the second half of Monday. After much dissension the holiday question was thus settled for a while. When no festival came in the week—and this was rarely the case—then the master was bound to give a holiday on Monday, but, if a festival occurred, then the man was required to work on the Monday. Thus the working week was normally fixed at five days. But this did not long content the men. The Monday under all circumstances they must count on as their own. The masters fought hard against this. It was decided that if an operative took two days for his pleasure during the week, the master should dock him the wage for a day. The union of men opposed this in its usual way. The master who withheld the wage lost his workmen, and could get none till he yielded. By this means they carried their point. With only occasional exceptions the amount of days of work in the week was reduced to four. The Reformation came to the help of the masters, by reducing the number of festivals: the men kept their Mondays, but lost the Saints' days.

The battle of the *wage* took two forms. In most

trades it was the law that the workman or 'prentice should live with the master, and eat and drink at his table. He received his wage for the most part in *naturalia*, only the smaller portion in money. But in some trades the artisans were allowed to marry and set up separate households without becoming masters in the trade. Such was the case in the masons' trade, but this privilege extended to few others. The reason was simple. In weaving, shoemaking, farriery, every man could have a loom, a last, or an anvil. The work to be done was accomplished in small portions. But it was not so with building. On a church, or a town-hall, many scores of men were engaged, and they must be all under the direction of one master-mason. Weavers might do with one or two hands, masons must have at command at least a score, sometimes a hundred. It was in the masons' trade alone, or almost alone, that, in the Middle Ages, a business approached the proportions of modern times.

Workmen living with their masters were on a much more easy footing than those who paid for their own lodging and food. The fluctuations in the price of firing and victuals did not affect them, but the master. Hard times touched them only so far that the quantity or quality of the food given them was reduced. They had precisely as much pocket-money to spend on Sunday. Nevertheless, this portion of the wage gave occasion for as hot dispute as that which was paid in cash. The demands for an improved table were numerous. In this case the immediate opponent of the 'prentices was not the master, but the mistress; but this did not lighten the controversy. When the 'prentices and artisans felt themselves aggrieved and could obtain no redress, they rose in bodies, and either threatened or carried out an exodus. The quarrels about victuals raged so fiercely, that the Imperial

Government was obliged, on more than one occasion, to intervene, and interdict the artisans dictating the bill of fare to their masters and mistresses.

If the sum paid in wage did not content the men, they carried their point by means of a strike. It was not uncommon for tumults occasioned by a contest about wage to end in blows, and bloodshed, and the calling in of assistance by masters and men from their associates in the neighbouring cities.

The end of all disputes in words was a strike on the part of the men. They left their work, and marshalling their ranks, threatened to desert the town unless their demands were complied with. Sometimes they carried their threat into execution, and the looms and workshops were silent and empty. Then the masters sent after the men on strike, and the contest was ended by arbitration, or by the meeting of the masters of the guild and the heads of the workmen's union, who agreed to terms, and concluded a peace which they flattered themselves would be eternal. The past was forgiven and forgotten. The buzz of active labour was heard again, and over roast duck and a bowl of Rhenish wine, mutual goodwill was sworn. The master was generous, the grim visage of the mistress relaxed, and the 'prentices were unusually active at their work. The eternal peace thus sealed sometimes lasted as long as ten years, but generally not so long. The old quarrel broke out afresh and went through its usual round of strikes, secession, recall, conference, roast duck, and reconciliation.

This was the way in which the labour question resolved itself in Germany in the fourteenth century. The history of the German trades offers many opportunities for tracing the growing power of the men, and shows how they succeeded in organising themselves and enforcing their demands far quicker and more successfully in South Ger-

many than in the North, where the guilds of masters maintained longer their supremacy. In the North the guilds of employers were more united with one another in the several towns, and they were able to carry out, what was not attempted in the South, a lock-out of hands. On several occasions the masters in the towns of North Germany refused concession, shut up their workshops, and closed the city gates against the apprentices.

The reason why power left the hands of the masters, and fell into those of the operatives, was that the organisation of the former was relaxed; it lost its cohesion, and fell to tatters. The great political power enjoyed by the guilds had awakened the jealousy of the Government. The town council, composed of hereditary councillors, patricians, found that all control over the city was being wrested from their hands by the guilds. The 'Räthe' consequently used every endeavour to break up these unions. In the sixteenth century the trades were rarely able to hold diets, so opposed were the rulers to allowing cities to be the scenes of these gatherings, and none occurred in the seventeenth century. Each town forbade the trades in it entering into association with those in another town, and cut off, as far as possible, all commercial dealings with one another. Everywhere the right of free correspondence was forbidden. No letter might be received or despatched which had not first been submitted to the Board of the town council. Under such circumstances it was impossible for the guilds to maintain cohesion. The masters in each town were thrown a prey to their operatives: the latter could act as a compact body, the former must fight as units. It is true that the unions of men were subjected to the same restrictions; they might only communicate with one another in other cities through the Government, but the unmarried apprentice, forced by law to travel

from town to town to learn his trade, was able to evade the law; the married, settled master could not. The workmen's union sent no letters, but forwarded orders through travelling 'prentices. The law that obstructed the intercommunion of the employers, facilitated that of the employed. The masters might not by letter concert resistance: the men were forced to travel from town to town, and the operatives in every town were therefore put in daily interchange of communications with each other. The law gave them a flying post: as a necessary consequence, the union of operatives became doubly strong, its basis spread, it became national, whilst that of masters shrivelled within the walls of each town.

The break-up of the alliance of trade-guilds accomplished the same result in another way. When the trades were not associated, they began to compete in one town against those in another. As long as the alliance lasted, a man dismissed from work in one town could not find employment in another. But directly the tie was dissolved, nothing stood in the way of the discharged operative in one place taking work elsewhere. The demand for men was great, and the man out of place was taken into service without a question being asked as to his antecedents. Indeed, so great was the spirit of rivalry between the towns, that no sooner was a strike on foot in one city than agents of the next were despatched to seduce the men to it, in the hopes of utterly ruining the trade of the first, and drawing the business from it within the walls of the other.

Consequently the workmen had the game put into their hands. The masters were absolutely at their mercy. It was in their power to ruin one town and make another. Wherever they went they were sure of being received with open arms, and of having their demands granted them,

however unreasonable they might be. Their organisation was so complete that they could prevent any man from taking work with the masters who had fallen under their ban. And the masters were so helpless that they could not prevent unruly operatives whom they had dismissed from being snapped up by neighbouring employers. In the fifteenth century the trade of bottle-makers was one of the greatest and most prosperous in Nürnberg. A master of the guild sat in the town council. In that century a quarrel broke out between masters and men. The men in a body left the city, and carried their industry elsewhere. Of three hundred bottle factories only eight survived the strike. The master of the guild resigned his place in the council. The trade was extinguished. The master of the silversmiths took his place.

The Thirty Years' war, the War of Succession, and finally the European war of Napoleon, ruined German manufacture, the doubling the Cape of Good Hope ruined its trade with the East. Manufacture and commerce passed to England.

When Napoleon was consigned to St. Helena, and peace settled over the exhausted Continent, trade revived in Germany, but the conditions were altered. The guilds were decrepit, the unions of workmen extinct; manufactures, the organisation of trade, the foundations of commercial prosperity, had to be re-laid. Small employers were no more. Business to succeed must be carried on upon a large scale. Competition was now no longer between city and city, but between nation and nation. Intercourse was easy, combinations were feasible, but their success problematical. A new force had grown up, an international, stronger than the workmen's unions, confronting them when they struggled into life again—the police force. The gendarmes were no longer local

watchmen, appointed by the city magistrates, and with no jurisdiction beyond the walls, no link with the watchmen in the neighbouring city. The gendarmes were now everywhere, and everywhere the same, though in different uniform: the man under suspicion at Berlin, on escaping to Vienna, found himself there also under surveillance. If he was dismissed Breslau, he was shown out of the gates of Cologne. The police looked with no sympathetic eye on associations of workmen: they smelt political gunpowder everywhere. The unions lost their acquired character, and fell back on their original programme. They became benevolent clubs. Cohesion was gone. They met with lemons in their hands about the grave of an associate, and subscribed Pfennige for the widow, but they no longer ventured to oppose the masters. They were too eager to get work to haggle about the terms. The police did away with strikes, by forbidding compulsory association.

It is only since 1848 that workmen have recovered their right to unite to consider and enforce their requirements.

It will be instructive to compare the conditions under which these unions exist with those strictly analogous in former times.

The power of the workmen rested on association, which was *compulsory*, and was elaborately organised. No man could work at a trade who was not a member of the union. Consequently the union had absolute command over the entire body of operatives. The masters could not fill the vacant places from other fields. When the weavers in Augsburg struck, not a man who could toss a shuttle was available throughout Germany. The Fuggers might send to the shores of the Baltic, to Bohemia, to the confines of Holland, but could not rake thence a man to sit at their looms. Weaving was an art requiring

an apprenticeship, and no one could become an apprentice who was not also an union man. Consequently the Fuggers must come to terms with their workmen: there was no help for it. It is not so now. Machinery does the intricate work, and no further apprenticeship is needed than one of three hours, to learn how to control the mechanism. If the operatives strike, others can take their places; what men did, children can effect as well. I was in the train to Rouen one day, and had as a fellow-traveller an Englishman manufacturer. He told me that he had owned a mill near Wakefield, but had been so hampered with strikes when he had taken heavy contracts, that he had migrated with his machinery to Rouen, where he could execute his contracts at a cheaper ratè to himself. 'And,' he said, 'there are dozens of Yorkshire and Manchester manufacturers about me here in Normandy, who have migrated for the same reason. If labour becomes too dear here, we shall migrate elsewhere, to Italy or China.' This is a consideration affecting the success of unions in the present day, which did not exist in the Middle Ages. Capital can flit where it likes to find cheap labour. Competition is now so keen, profits are so small, on account of competition, that migration is made compulsory. It must go, or die.

At Bludenz in the Vorarlberg are extensive woollen and yarn mills. A few years ago the looms and jennies were attended by Tyrolese. But France offered a good market for builders, Switzerland for waitresses. The Tyrolese men and girls found they could obtain more money abroad, so struck for higher wage in the mills. They were perfectly justified in doing so. The manufacturers refused, and imported Italian girls and men, and now scarce a native works in these factories. Capital will either follow cheap labour, or will import it. The demands of the artisans were in former times more readily complied with

because the numbers of workmen were relatively small, and there was, therefore, no competition among themselves, for their number was fixed by law. No master might take more than one, or, at the utmost, two. No countryman could enter a trade without the consent of his lord, and this he was not likely to give with readiness, as thereby he lost a serf. Moreover, it was illegal for a master to employ on his trade a man who had not been regularly apprenticed to it; and female labour was also forbidden. Now-a-days there are no such restrictions. Any shifty man may turn his hand to any sort of work, and women and children will compete with men, and their cheaper labour will drive the men out of the field.

Formerly, protection, the exclusion of foreign productions, and the enormous cost of carriage, and difficulties of transport, secured the market of native manufactures against competition from foreign productions. The master who yielded to the demands of the workmen, and added a penny to the daily wage, tacked the sum on to the selling price of his goods: the consumer, not he, suffered. Protection then was so close, that heavy duties were levied on goods introduced from neighbouring cities. There was no free trade between Ulm and Augsburg, Nürnberg and Ratisbon, Cologne and Mainz. It is not so now. If protection is not wholly done away with, there is free trade between every town in Germany, and duties are not too heavy to wholly exclude foreign manufactures. Steam has introduced extraordinary facilities of transport, and now not merely can one nation of Europe compete with another, but one continent with another: Indian rice is driving that of South Carolina out of the market; Belgian furnaces have blown out those of South Wales; Mühlhausen cotton-spinners are bringing Manchester mills to a standstill; Lyons weavers have ruined the silk-looms of the

Calder; Persian carpets are killing Kidderminster; and Californian wheat beats down the price of home-grown corn. If I want books bound, I send them to Bruges; gloves, I write to Brussels; brass-work, I get it from Antwerp; some wine-glasses, they come from Bohemia; a stove, I order it at Aachen; a greenhouse, the frame comes to me from Drontheim; a dish of cherries, they are grown at Sinzig; fresh meat, my butcher is in New York.

In Mediæval times a strike was unattended by risk and cost. If the men did not carry their point, they were sure of getting work elsewhere. They had no occasion to lay by for expenses when out of employ. If a rise in wages was refused them, they flung their bundle over their backs, and wafting a kiss to the master's daughter, went elsewhere.

> Was klinget und singet die Strass' herauf?
> Ihr Jungfrau'n, machet die Fenster auf!
> Es ziehet der Bursch in die Weite,
> Sie geben ihm das Geleite.

As the modern housemaid likes to change her place continually to see more of the world, and the German student to shift his university every year, so the workman in the Middle Ages liked to ramble from town to town, and when he had carried on his flirtations in one place to a dangerous length, he escaped entanglements by going to another, and the easiest way to get off was to demand more wage, and go if it were refused. Wherever he went he was well received and helped on by his fellows. Their purses were ever open to the vagabond artisan, for with what measure they meted this year, they expected to have it measured to them the following year.

Here again the modern workman is at a disadvantage. The unmarried man has but himself to care for if out of work, but the artisan who has wife and children dependent on him must consider his family.

The union to which he belongs will allow him something during the period of strike, but not enough to keep him in comfort, and the object of strike is not now attainable as it was formerly. Every workman does not belong to the union; capital is not bound to one spot; competition is wide as the world. The old monopolies which favoured the artisan at the cost of the consumer are dead as Herod. Trades'-unions of operatives, as they have been for some time conducted, are an organisation unsuitable for modern times—a relic of mediævalism, practicable only where there is protection. An international society can alone meet capitalists and try conclusions with them, but then, is it possible for such a society to embrace the proletariates of the whole world? If it is organised throughout Europe and America, China and Japan will become the resort of manufacturers, the emporiums of trade. In the meantime much mischief may be done by using old engines against modern earthworks; they are likely to explode and injure those who employ them.

Trade is so delicate and subtle that it may be banished by a strike. A slight rise in price made to meet the demands of the artisans may ruin the home manufacture. Foreign goods can be sold cheaper, and English goods will be no longer asked for. Thereupon the whole home produce collapses.

And yet trades'-unions are an excellent institution, if not ignorantly or designingly misdirected. Nothing is better than that men should live a corporate life, that they should be made to feel that they are members of a body, that they should have an organised society through which to make their wants and ideas known, and, if necessary, enforce them. But then the masters will league also, and both will face one another as natural foes, maintaining

peace only as truce. In the Middle Ages there was a more excellent way among the so-called 'great industries.' In them there were no separate guilds of masters and unions of workmen, but one association embracing both, with a committee in which sat the masters and the delegates of the men. The affairs of the trade were discussed and regulated by the whole corporation, differences composed by common action. In these trades, disputes between masters and men rarely broke out into overt acts of hostility. In an organisation of this sort harmony is maintained, for the interests of the trade are understood by both parties: whereas in separate organisations, each sees only one side of every question.

On the land in Germany, labour is not likely to combine, for the land belongs to small holders, and few farmers can afford to maintain workmen. A farm tilled by paid labour ruins the farmer. It is usual for the employer to feed as well as pay his men. They expect something to eat and drink every two hours.

The average price of labour in Germany on the land is now, in marks:

	Winter	Summer	Average
In Prussia	1·30	0·83	1·07
Pomerania	1·82	1·10	1·46
Posen	1·39	8·20	1·10
Brandenburg	1·56	1·06	1·31
Silesia	0·94	0·71	·82
Saxony	1·46	1·12	1·29
Hanover	1·72	1·34	1·53
Schleswig-Holstein	2·00	1·32	1·66
Westphalia	1·72	1·38	1·55
Rheinland	1·78	1·38	1·58
Kingdom of Saxony	1·61	1·21	1·41
Bavaria	1·55	1·16	1·35
Würtemberg	1·86	1·38	1·62
Baden	1·84	1·47	1·65
Hesse-Darmstadt	1·49	1·22	1·35
Elsass-Lothringen	2·07	1·64	1·85

CHAPTER XVI.

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

Be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils.
MILTON: *Comus.*

THE attempts of Hödel and Nobiling have of late attracted extraordinary attention to German Social Democracy. The imagination of the public and the fears of Prince Bismarck have given to the movement an importance which it scarcely possesses. By a repetition of the mistake of the May laws, the German Chancellor hopes to suppress a power which he dislikes or dreads, but will instead give it consistency, and exasperate it to deeds of violence. Heine said:—

Franzosen und Russen gehört das Land,
Das Meer gehört den Britten:
Wir aber führen im Luftreich des Traums
Die Herrschaft unbestritten.

And this is true of German Social Democracy; it is dreamland, fantastic, melting away at the touch of practical life. Better let the dreamer toss in sleep and clutch at air than by putting him in a strait jacket and confining him in a black hole, convert him into a lunatic.

If we want to know the origin of Socialism historically, we must turn to the 'Corpus Juris Canonici.' It was the Catholic Church which first preached Communism. When she became wealthy she doubted about putting her doc-

trine into practice, but she taught it theoretically, and her monasteries were true communistic societies. Canon Law, the flower of mediæval science, on the perfecting of which Theology, Jurisprudence, and Philosophy laboured together during many centuries, lays down the principles of Communism as plainly as Marx and Lassalle. According to the Canonists, the ideal and original condition of things was and is community of goods. Everything—air, light, water, the earth—is common to all. God sent all his creatures into the world with equal rights to life, to all that conduces to life, to the enjoyment of life.[1] As every man has a right to breathe, so every man has a right to eat. As the air is without an owner, but common property, so the earth and its fruits.[2] St. Ambrose rejects the idea that God is the author of difference in men's lots, that He gives wealth to one and poverty to another. Inequality is interference with the law of God. Therefore, he says, let no man dare to call superfluities his own. Whatever is more than satisfies his needs is appropriated by him from the common good.[3] *Mine* and *thine* are human distinctions, creations of man's unrighteousness. The Fall caused the idea of property to spring into being. When the blight fell on the earth through man's disobedience, and people multiplied on its face, then the soil did not bring forth sufficient to satisfy all. Men were forced to labour at it to increase its productive power, and with labour came in rights of property. What man won by his sweat was his in a special manner. Thus came in acquired rights. Though in an evil world property must exist, yet in cases of necessity the powers that be are justified in

[1] *Decret. Gratian.* ii. c. 12. *Qu.* i. c. 2.

[2] See Erdmann: 'Ueber die National-Oekonomischen Grundsätze der Kanonistischen Lehre,' in Hildebrand, *Jahrbücher für Nat.-Oekon. u. Stat.* Band i.

[3] *Decret. Gratian,* i. D. 47, c. 8.

re-establishing community of property. 'Dulcissima rerum possessio communis est'[1]

It will be seen that the Communism of the Canonists differed from that of modern Socialism only by its religious basis. Theoretically, with the Canonists, poverty was the best state, that most pleasing to God. Wealth, if not sinful, is ensnaring to the soul. Erdmann rightly says that the extensive estates acquired by the religious orders in the Middle Ages were not a contradiction in practice to this doctrine, but rather an attempt to give it practical operation. In fact, the profuse charity of the Church was a carrying out of this system. What the monastic community could not consume was freely distributed among the poor. What was over and above that which every man needed was the 'debitum legale' of Aquinas. The rich were constrained to give to the poor, not by police regulations, but by appeals to their consciences. It was taught that it was quite as sinful to deny one's superfluity to a brother in need as to rob another of his goods.[2] The motive of all social activity was desire to obtain sufficient to support life, desire for the *usufruct.* The moment activity was directed beyond this, to acquisition of superfluity, then it became avarice, and was sinful. The desire to have more than would maintain life was *cupiditas*, sinful, and to be rooted out, not restrained.[3] All activity beyond what was needful for acquiring the necessaries of life is an evil. 'Negotium negat otium, quod malum est, neque quærit veram quietem, quæ est Deus.'[4] This was one purpose of the multiplication of festivals on which unnecessary work was forbidden,—to destroy cupidity, to prevent men from devoting all their

[1] *Gloss to Gratian*, i. D. 1, c. 7; D. 47, c. 8; ii. c. 12. *Qu.* i. c. 2.
[2] *Gratian*, i. D. 47, c. 8.
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Gratian*, i. D. 88, c. 12.

time to the acquisition of wealth. It may be said that many compulsory holidays destroy the energy in a people. They certainly make them more light-hearted. There can be no question that the sweeping away of holidays in France has destroyed the gaiety of the Gallic peasant. Avarice is the motive of his whole life, his ruling, all-pervading passion. The Bavarian or Tyrolese peasant is a far more joyous being.

Canon Law was eminently hostile to trade. No man might sell goods for more than what they cost him. All profit in merchandise was robbery;[1] whereas agriculture was praiseworthy; and indeed all manual labour was lawful—'Deo non displicet;' trade was censurable—'Deo placere non potest.' Time was God's gift to every man, and might not be sold. Therefore, whatever a man laboured on, he laboured on for himself. If on other man's land, then he and the landowner had equal rights to the fruits. If a man borrowed money of another, it was enough if he repaid the capital: for interest was robbery.

German Right, like Canon Law, reposed on a theory of property, not without its influence on modern Socialism. German right, which was driven out by Roman right in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, viewed property and man's relation to the land and to his fellows from altogether another standing-point from Roman right.[2] According to the latter, every right starts from the individual, and his boundless freedom,[3] which is only made endurable in the commonwealth by mutual curtailment of spheres in which liberty may be exercised under the direction of the State. By German law, on the other

[1] *Grat.* ii. c. 14. *Qu.* 5, c. 9.

[2] See Schmidt (C. A.): *Der principelle Unterschied zwischen dem Römischen u. Germanischen Rechte*, Rost. 1853; and Roscher: *Geschichte d. Nationalökonomik in Deutschland.* München, 1874,

[3] *Leg.* 4, *Dig.* i. 5.

hand, Right in general was a postulate of the moral law, and like it of Divine origin—a view of right which indeed stands in the preface of the 'Sachsen-Spiegel,' but which stretches back into præ-Christian times. Every several right has as its correlative an obligation. Every office entails duties. Roman law regarded man as an individual, and started from this conception. German law looked first on the social body, and then considered man as a member of it. *Ab initio*, in Roman right, man was dutiless towards his fellows; but in German right, before the introduction of Christianity, the basis of association laid down in every community and guild was 'unus subveniat alteri tanquam fratri suo in utili et honesto.'[1] German right was positive, Roman negative; the former trusted to the moral sense as its executioner, the latter to the State. The former reposed on principle, the latter on compulsion. In German right the expression 'Ehre und Treue' had not merely a moral signification, it belonged to quite a different order of ideas from the Roman 'existimatio et bona fides;' it was an essential characteristic of a citizen, without which there was no participation in the rights and privileges and duties of citizenship. 'Gut ohne Ehre ist kein Gut, und Leib ohne Ehre hält man für todt. Alle Ehre aber kommt von der Treue.'[2] Each step in the social scale had its special 'Ehre und Treue,' compacting the whole society together into an indissoluble body—an idea the reverse of the Roman abstract equality. We see a relic of this doctrine in the law that exempts the man who has fallen under the penal laws from military service. He has lost his 'Ehre und Treue,' and is therefore unworthy to fight for Fatherland. The principle that the individual is subordinate to the community still lies at

[1] Wilda: *Strafrecht der Germanen*, i. 140.
[2] *Gloss to Sachsen-Spiegel.* iii. 78.

the root of much local custom and law. It was because the parish was bound to maintain its poor, that in Bavaria it refused to allow its young men and young women to marry unless they were in circumstances which made it most unlikely that their children would come to the parish for support.

According to Roman ideas, the *Familia* was the property of the master: the Family included children and slaves; and the father might dispose of the children as he did of the slaves. German 'Familienrecht' was quite different. Every child had its rights in the house, and the 'Pflichttheil,' the inalienable portion of the goods of the father which falls to it, is in modern German law a recognition of this principle. Only if the child should lose its 'Ehre und Treue,' has it lost its right in the inheritance of its parents. In Roman law, property is regarded in an abstract light, in German it is the medium of social and moral relations. By Roman law property entailed no obligations. It was otherwise by German law: there was no property without obligations. The whole feudal system was based on this principle. God was the giver of all good things, mediately, through the Emperor. Everything was a loan, and a loan entailing responsibilities from the receiver to the giver. All power was viewed as issuing from above, and flowing down by a series of falls to the lowest, and attached ever to the holding of land. Moveables alone were personal property: over them alone had a man free disposal, for they alone were his own acquisition. But land entailed duties towards those from whom the feof was received, and authority towards those who lived upon it. The 'benevolentia' of the bestower entailed 'fidelitas' on the part of the receiver. Every act which made a man dishonourable, which affected his 'Ehre und Treue,' made him incapable of holding a feof. But till

a man's honour was stained, and his word broken, a feof was unreclaimable.

By Roman law a man had absolute disposal of his property after death. It was not so by German law. He had no power over anything except his moveables. 'Deus hæredem facere potest non homo.'[1] Wife and children claimed their portion as their rights.

The idea of corporate life which pervades German law took practical forms in the Middle Ages, just as in monachism the Socialist theories of Canon Law assumed a living illustration. In the chapter on peasant properties I have shown the working of this principle in the bauer community: it took shape also in the noble and the citizen classes.

The principle of confederate or common life, the mutual dependence of one on another, manifested as strong an influence on the mediæval nobles as on the proletariates of the present day. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the castle isolated the nobleman, cut him off from his fellows, and fostered independence. The 'Burg' expressed the social insulation of the nobility as a class, not of the separate nobleman. The majority of gentry did not occupy their own castles, but lived in those of the princes, as burggraves or stewards. Often a whole community of nobles united to build a castle, or to buy one; or several families together inherited one castle. They lived together in the same fortress, sharing the duties and dividing the profits, arranging together which should be head of the general establishment, electing and voting in little parliaments, and mutually arranging the laws of succession to the principal rooms in the common mansion. Perhaps the most curious instance was Friedberg in the Wetterau, where the large castle was the com-

[1] *Glanvilla*, vii. 1.

mon inheritance and property of several noble families, exercising together the office of burggrave over the town that lay outside its walls. These 'Ganerbschaften,' as they were called, were actual communistic aristocratic societies of the Middle Ages, such as were quite unknown out of Germany. More remarkable were the guilds (*Zünfte*) among the citizens. In the former chapter I have given some idea of these. But I must add here some further particulars to show their Socialistic character.

The guilds were as important for the towns as the feudal system was for the country. Both these institutions confounded religion and morals with social economy, and in many of their features exhibit themselves as the 'forebears' of modern Social Democracy. The guild system was as far removed from our ideas of free trade as was the feudal system from modern notions of the freedom of land-tenure. The right of labour was elaborated in the towns into a working system. The town as a whole took the trade of the town on itself as a sort of feudal tenure. The great feofs of the trades were reserved to the Rath; they gave them out as sub-feofs to the free citizens. The Rath, or town council, so to speak, enfeoffed the masters with tailoring, weaving, baking, shoemaking, &c.: no man had a right to exercise a trade who had not been invested with it by the town council. Trade was an office: God was the source of all authority in the State, and of all ability in trade. From Him issued the feudal tenures of gaugrave, burggrave, landgrave on the one hand, and the trade tenures of tailoring, weaving, and shoemaking on the other. He commissioned the nobles through the Emperor to administer law for the good of the commonwealth, and in like manner He commissioned tailors, tinkers, and apothecaries, through the town council for the same end—the good of the commonwealth.

The guilds of the trades either bought the raw material and distributed it among the masters; or it was ruled that no master might buy raw material without notification to the guild. If the guild thought a private master had bought too much, it took from him what it held to be superfluous, and distributed it among the others. No master was allowed to have more than one, or at the outside, two workmen. Nor might one master have more than a single shop. Nothing like competition was allowed among the masters. The guild which gave out the raw stuff fixed the price at which it was to be sold, thus determining the profits of every master. He could not become richer by his trade than were the other masters.

All this was upset by the introduction of Roman law, which brought in the novel ideas of capital and the mobilisation of real property, of free trade, and the right of every man to the free disposal of his time and his energies.

In a century the whole system of trade in Germany has been revolutionised, just as land tenure has been revolutionised, but in an opposite direction. Land has been parcelled out among small holders. One large farm has given place to five little holdings. But in trade five small masters have been swallowed up by one large manufacturer.

In a city where, under the old doctrines, there throve five hundred master tradesmen—say weavers—with six hundred workmen, each workman with an almost certain prospect before him of becoming a master himself in a few years, there are now five manufacturers with twelve hundred operatives, not one of whom can hope to push his way into independence. We are assisting at a similar process in another branch of industry. Co-operative stores,

or general stores, such as those of Messrs. Whiteley, Shoolbred, Tarn, &c., are taking the place of a number of small special traders. That means, where fifteen or twenty small independent tradesmen had their shops, there is now but one concern, and there are fourteen or nineteen independent heads of firms abolished, and those who would have been free men under the former state of affairs are now reduced to subserviency. Imagine this carried out on a large scale, as it no doubt will be, in time, and there will be no more living in independence for small grocers, linendrapers, furniture-dealers, druggists, &c.; a few capitalists will have effaced them from the streets of London. The commercial world is enslaving the many traders just as the aristocratic world did the tillers of the soil in the early Middle Ages. When this takes place, the whole middle class, reduced to servitude under 'immediate' princely Whiteleys and Tarns and Shoolbreds, will chafe against their bondage, and perhaps rise in social-economic war against the omnipotence of capital in trade, just as now, and very naturally, the workmen, who a few years ago might have been masters, are tossing and gnawing at the chain wherewith the great manufacturers hold them down. The masters were the aristocracy of labour. And just as the princes in Germany stamped or bought the gentry out, so that they might have none between them and the serfs, so are wholesale makers squeezing the small dealers out, or forcing them to become salaried clerks and overlookers under them.

The guilds are no more. Free manufacture was introduced in France in 1786, and in Germany every restraint upon it disappeared in 1868.

That with the altered position of the artisans, with all hope of independence cut off from them, with the remembrance of their past rights lingering about their memories,

they should sit down contentedly in the fetters laid on them by an inexorable present, is not to be expected. They are reduced to servitude and poverty, and a few become enormously wealthy. Under the Mediæval system, the profits on weaving in a certain city were divided among 500 masters. Now the profits go into the pockets of five. Four hundred and ninety-five get none.

The following is a classification of fortunes in Berlin, 1875–76 :—

1	person,	with an annual income of	£90,000	
1	„	„	72,000	
1	„	„	45,000	
1	„	„	36,000	
2	„	„	30,000	
2	„	„	27,000	
1	„	„	24,000	
3	„	„	21,000	
7	„	„	18,000	
3	„	„	15,000	£
0	„	„	12,000 to	15,000
9	„	„	10,200 to	12,000
17	„	„	8,400 to	10,200
13	„	„	7,200 to	8,400

There are consequently seventy-one persons with an income over 7,000*l.* a year. These pay income-tax to the amount of 31,891*l.*, *i.e.* more than ten per cent. of the entire income-tax, 313,253*l.* There are 244 persons with an income of from 3,000*l.* to 7,200*l.*, and 471 persons with an income of 1,440*l.* to 3,000*l.*[1]

The contrast between wealth and poverty is more noticed in Germany than in England, because the Germans have not been for two centuries accustomed to see vast wealth and squalor side by side, as in England. Mediævalism kept such contrasts down, and it is only since the break-up of the old system that such contrasts have become possible ; and this takes place precisely at a time when the

[1] *Annalen d. Deut. Reichs*, 1875, p. 491.

reverse is going on in landed property. Land is breaking up, and being more and more distributed and equalised, whilst capital in trade is being withdrawn from the many and amassed in the hands of the few. The contrast of the two systems naturally provokes discontent among the operatives in trade, and they desire to apply to capital in gold the same law that has been applied to capital in clay, to mobilise money as land has been mobilised. Is this wonderful? Is it not certain that under the circumstances there must be discontent in the working class? Is this discontent—the natural produce of a transition state—to be abolished by making the utterance of it a crime?

Discontent was brooding when Lassalle gave it shape and utterance. In 1851 he showed that 95$\frac{7}{10}$ per cent. of the population had incomes under 25*l.* a year, on which, on an average, five persons had to be supported. According to Lengerke 10,000,000 of the population of Prussia have annually under 16*l.* per annum on which to maintain a family. Let us take the more recent calculations of a Conservative, R. Meyer. He classifies the fortunes in Prussia thus, in 1874:—

6,034,263	persons, or	58·5	per cent,	are extremely poor.
3,520,691	„	34·1	„	have incomes from £20 to £50
478,410	„	4·6	„	„ 50 „ 100
178,930	„	1·7	„	„ 100 „ 200
89,293	„	0·86	„	„ 200 „ 750
9,634	„	0·09	„	„ over 750.

About 92·6 of the population, according to the same authority, consist of persons who do not earn three shillings a day.

In 1875 there were 6,591,559 persons exempt from taxation; that is 26·86 per cent. of the entire population, exempt because their annual incomes did not amount to 20*l.* This shows a condition of distribution of property

anything but satisfactory. Dr. Engel, in a paper on the classification of incomes in Prussia between the years 1852 and 1875 on the basis of the revenue statistics, arrives at these depressing conclusions:—

1. The larger the capitals, the quicker their growth. Incomes of 150*l.* grow at double the rate of incomes under that figure.

2. The numbers with moderate fortunes do not show a tendency to increase. On the contrary, the wealthy become more wealthy, and the number of the poor increases.

3. The years between 1870–73—years of false commercial activity—proved ruinous to small incomes, but increased the large incomes.

In the year 1848, the social question first attracted interest in Germany. There the political agitation was, in reality, quite as truly social as political, however this fact may have been overlooked by the Liberal leaders of the time. It was not long before they became alarmed at the 'Red Spectre,' whose cap appeared above the crowd clamouring for change, and they hastened to give their support to the Government to bring about a reaction, and thereby, as was soon apparent, to forfeit their credit with the multitude.

Many German men of letters, L. Stein, Rodbertus, Marx, Lassalle, Engel, Marlo, and others, then began to study the social question with earnestness, and they gave to Socialism, by their labours, a firm scientific, or, at all events, theoretical position.

The social question received its solution in one way the liberal, by Schulze-Delitzsch; in a reactionary way by Lassalle and Marx.

Granted that the present condition is an unhappy one, it is obvious that there are only two ways in which it may

be remedied—either we must allow trade and commerce its fullest possible development, make it cosmopolitan, or we must restrict trade and bolster up national prosperity at the expense of other countries. Free trade is not yet universal, and till it has become universal, the present state of labour is unsettled. The Liberal programme is the abolition of all impediments to free trade, to competition, to the mobilisation of labour. The general welfare of the world must be considered above that of a class. The poor starved under the old corn laws that the farmers might grow rich. The importation of foreign corn was made free of duty: the poor ate and were satisfied, and the farmers found to their great surprise that they were not ruined. What is true of the corn laws is true of all protection. It rests on a false principle. It is artificial not natural, mediæval not modern. Every railway and steamboat punctures the skin of protection, and makes patching and plastering every day more difficult and hopeless. In former times one town stood in rivalry with another town; now they interchange their products, and both thrive on the interchange. Nations were and are parted by protective tariffs. The time must come when these will fall, and then the present social and financial anarchy will right itself. A worthy old relative of mine was wont to bless God in his evening prayers that he had been born a Devonshire man, and not in the wastes of Wiltshire and Berkshire, or even in that ash-pit London. But then he had never travelled out of the West country. National prejudice will go in time with county particularism; men will not bless God that they are Englishmen rather than Germans or Swiss, but that they are Europeans; and, lastly, Continental isolation will dissolve into universal humanity. That is what increased facilities of locomotion and communication are daily bringing nearer. Liberal legislation

is a more or less conscious recognition of the tendency of the time: it makes the welfare of humanity its aim, rather than the tinkering up of nationality.

In the recent agitation about the Eastern question, this truth comes out prominently enough. The English Liberal party—at all events that portion which accepts Mr. Gladstone as its head, looked to the general interests of humanity as of paramount importance, as enlisted against Turkish misrule. Away with misrule, and a vast region, now contributing nothing or next to nothing to the sum of the requirements of the multitudes on the face of the earth, will be full of activity, and yield corn, and wine, and metals in abundance. Every improvement in the condition of one body of human beings conduces to the welfare of the entire mass of humanity.

Thrace, Bulgaria, Asia Minor are the chilblains in the body politic; there is constant itch, because circulation is arrested. Restore, through commercial veins and arteries, the current of trade, and the whole of humanity will flourish the more abundantly for it.

The Liberal doctrine is the true outcome of Roman law. It reposes on individual freedom, and free disposal of capital. It starts from the unit, which it endows with liberty and mobility. What the Reformation was in the sphere of religion, that Liberalism is in the sphere of political economy.

Herr Schulze-Delitzsch is the representative of German Liberalism—the most remarkable exponent of the principles of the Progress party (*Fortschrittpartei*). He was born at Delitzsch, in Saxony, in 1808, and appointed District Judge at Wreschen in 1850; but resigned the office two years after, that he might devote himself wholly to the solution of the social question. His solution is very simple.

1. Free trade, free manufacture, and free mobilisation of labour.

2. The elevation of the masses by education.

3. The formation of unions of artisans.

Freedom of manufacture is granted already. Any man, without belonging to a guild, may start in any trade he likes.

Free circulation of labour is interfered with by military conscription. A German workman cannot follow trade in its migrations, because he is tied to his Fatherland by military duties. This must tell seriously on his well-being. As over 700,000 men are withdrawn annually from trade for army and navy, there is less competition of labour, and consequently a rise in the wage. Coal is dear in Germany, and competition with England can only be maintained when labour is cheap. Military service would kill German manufacture, but that a preventive duty is put on foreign manufactured goods. Thus an artificial life is given to German manufacture. One evil breeds another. Because labour is held down to the soil, and prevented from seeking a market, free trade becomes impossible.

The other points in the Schulze-Delitzsch programme need not detain us. Government has taken the education of the people into its own hands. The unions proposed, and partly carried out by Schulze-Delitzsch, are co-operative associations, savings' banks, and partnership-companies of artisans carrying on manufacture. The co-operative stores have not proved very successful. That at Mannheim has failed for 35,000 Mks; that at Freiburg for 7,000 Mks. Those at Metz and Mainz have also been liquidated.

The productive associations have never come to anything for want of capital on which to start.

It is evident that these schemes are mitigations only of the prevailing distress, but that they do not, and are not intended to, touch the root of the disorder. This can only be effected by the complete carrying out of the first article of the programme—the throwing open of the ports to foreign competition, and the letting of labour loose to follow trade to its centres, and move with it as it migrates.

Lassalle's system is the reverse of this at every point. As Schulze-Delitzsch represents the theory of Roman right, Lassalle is the modern exponent and advocate of the theory of German mediæval right. Schulze is progressive, Lassalle retrograde. The two stand to one another as the poles. Prince Bismarck never made a more stupid, if not wilful blunder, than when he endeavoured to make the Liberal party responsible for the crimes and follies attributed to Social Democracy. Social Democracy has far more in common with Conservatism than with Progress. The Romantic School attempted to revive the aristocracy by throwing a halo over the chivalry of the Middle Ages. The Socialists are the Romantic School of the working class, and Lassalle is their De la Motte Fouqué. Both attempted impossibilities. Chivalry is not to be galvanised into life again. Trade protection is dead irretrievably. We must let the modern torrent flow. It is because we try to arrest it with piles that we produce disastrous floods. No doubt we are living in the midst of a great social problem, because new agencies are at work disintegrating society and building it up in new masses. We cannot solve these problems with foregone conclusions, but must let them work themselves out.

Ferdinand Lassalle was a Jew, born at Breslau in 1825. His father wished him to be a merchant, but he

declined to devote himself to commerce, having a strong taste for philosophy and law. He was in Berlin during the revolution in 1848, and took considerable part in it. In Berlin he made the acquaintance of the Countess Hatzfeldt, a lady of forty, but still very beautiful. She was engaged in an action for separation from her husband. Lassalle challenged the Count, but the latter turned 'the stupid Jewling' out of his house. He then went with the Countess to Düsseldorf, and lived with her in the most intimate relations till his death. For eight years he fought her battles from court to court, figuring before the world as the champion of wronged innocence, the disinterested protector of the oppressed, whilst all the while he was feathering his own nest. He would not undertake the championship till he had wrung a contract for a handsome annuity from the Countess. He obtained for the lady a princely provision, and sponged upon her to the end of his days. Whilst setting himself up as the opponent of wealth, the advocate of equalisation of fortunes, he lived himself in epicurean luxury, was a fop, a gourmand, and licentious.[1] But he was brilliant, clever, and of extraordinary fertility of resource. His popularity in society was wonderful. 'I can't help liking you,' Heine had said to him in Paris; and the circle of friends who gathered round Varnhagen von Ense in Berlin had all the same feeling towards him. But whilst he was charming society, and working hard at law, he suddenly amazed the scholastic world with a critical treatise on Heraclitus.[2] There seemed no limit to his powers and interests. The

[1] See *Eine Liebes-Episode aus dem Leben Ferdinand Lassalle's.* Leipzig. The Social Democratic press have endeavoured to dispute the authenticity of the letters therein contained. But of their genuineness there can really be no question.

[2] 'A masterly treatise on an author he had not read,' is the judgment I have heard passed on it.

unhappy Sophie von Hatzfeldt stood as his bad angel at his side, directing his energies into perverse currents. She had the rare self-control of Livia, the wife of Augustus. She was not, or did not show herself, jealous of the infidelities of her lover and advocate. The fascinating and intelligent face of Lassalle made him a favourite with women: his love adventures form a *chronique scandaleuse*. On the occasion of one of these he was attacked by a rival with fury in the Thiergarten at Berlin, and defended himself with such valour, that the historian Förster made him a present of Robespierre's walking-stick, which he ever after bore.

The end of Lassalle was tragic. When he was reading one day at the Kaltbad, half-way up the Rigi, where he and the Countess Hatzfeldt were staying together, a young lady with a party of friends begged to be escorted to the summit. She turned out to be an old acquaintance, and Lassalle was delighted to assent. The young lady and Lassalle were soon desperately in love with one another. Lassalle was a Jew, the lady a Catholic, and so religious difficulties stood in the way of their marriage. Lassalle offered to give up everything, urged her to take refuge with the Bishop of Mainz, and wrote to him offering to become a Catholic, if he would marry him to the lady. Presently, however, he discovered that her father was Protestant. Immediately he pitched the Bishop and Catholicism overboard, and was ready to embrace Protestantism, if that were required. But in the meantime the young lady had grown cold. She was already engaged to the Wallachian Bojar, Raconitza, and she probably considered her prospects as a lady of rank in Austria promised better than as the wife of a Jew agitator, whose life was disreputable, however brilliant his genius. Lassalle, furious at his rejection, challenged the more

fortunate lover, and was shot in a duel near Geneva, August 31, 1864.[1]

That Lassalle was a man of marvellous talents is unquestionable. But that he was sincere in his convictions may well be questioned. He loved glitter, applause, display, and cared little how he won it. In all this he stands in marked contrast to his less brilliant rival in the same field, Karl Marx, a man who was ready to suffer and make sacrifices for his creed.

The system of social economy of Lassalle was better than the man. It was consistent. It was based on truths and principles. He laid down lucidly the fundamental axioms of Socialism, and exhibited its radical antagonism to Liberalism. He repudiated altogether Liberal atomism, the doctrine that all social and political economy must start from the individual enjoying the plenitude of his liberty as the perfection of existence. 'Liberalism,' he said, 'regards men in modern society as insulated Robinson Crusoes.'

In opposition to the duty of self-help as preached by Schulze, and the throwing of every man back on his own resources, Lassalle proclaimed the social body as the unit, solidarity as the principle of social well-being. 'All historic development from the beginning has proceeded from the community, and without that no culture would have existed.' 'The entire old world, and the Middle Ages up to the French Revolution of 1789, sought human solidarity or community in union or in subjection. The French Revolution of 1789 and the period influenced by it, indignant at this bondage, sought freedom in the dissolution of all solidarity and community. What was won was not Freedom, but Wilfulness. The present age

[1] See Bernhard Becker: *Enthüllung über das tragische Lebensende Ferd. Lassalle's.* Schleiz, 1868.

—at least the fourth estate—seeks freedom in solidarity. This in a few lines is the social history of the past and present.

'From a legal point of view, individual responsibility is an unconditional principle. And so it must be, for in the matter of right and wrong each man is responsible for his own acts. But in the economic sphere this is not so. On the contrary, every man is responsible for what he has *not* done. If, for instance, this year the currant harvest in Corinth and Smyrna, or the wheat harvest in the Mississippi valley, on the Lower Danube, or in the Crimea, be very abundant, then the currant-dealers and contractors in Berlin and Cologne, who had filled their stores at the prices last year, lose half their fortunes. If, on the other hand, our German harvest is bad, then this year the labourers lose half their wage, which indeed remains the same nominally, but has less buying power, as the prices of necessaries have risen. If, on the contrary, our harvest be good, then it happens to us, as was naïvely and sadly expressed by the King of France, in his address to the Chamber of Deputies on November 30, 1821, "the laws are in full force, but no law can alter the inconveniences which arise from excessive harvests"—that is, the fall of prices, and therewith distress among farmers in years of abundance. If the cotton crop fails in the Southern States, then the mill-hands in the English, French, and German cotton-factories are thrown out of work and bread. But if, in place of a bad cotton harvest in America, there be an industrial, or money crisis, then all who have stores of cotton sell at what they can realise, the market is glutted, and the silk and velvet manufactories in Crefeld, Elberfeld, and Lyons are brought to a standstill, as there come in no orders. Newly opened mines rich in silver cause a depreciation in the currency, and manufacturers

cannot execute their contracts, save at a loss. All creditors are made poorer and all debtors richer. On the other hand, a demand for silver in China and Japan reverses these conditions. The telegraphic notice that the rape-crop in Holland promises to be better than the year before brings the oil-millers in Prussia to the brink of ruin. They gain nothing by their industrial activity, and are thankful if they can sell the oil they have made for the bare price of the uncrushed rape-seed. Every new mechanical invention which reduces the cost of manufacture causes the depreciation of goods already made, and often deprives whole lots of dealers and contractors of the means of existence.[1] A new railway alters at once the values of houses and gardens and fields near the station, and relatively depreciates those furthest away from the line. These illustrations, which might be multiplied indefinitely, show how true it is, that in the sphere of social economy the reverse principle to that in jurisprudence holds—every man is responsible, not for what he *has* done, but for what he *has not* done. And the reason is simple. In the sphere of right every act is the product of the individual will. Responsibility depends on freedom. Where freedom ends, there ends responsibility also.

'Human community and solidarity may be misunderstood and disavowed, but it cannot be done away with. If therefore there be social edifices which do not take cognisance of this, so much the worse for them. It exists, but through want of recognition is converted, by a wild avenging natural force, into chance, which plays at ball with the destinies and liberties of individuals. One is tossed aloft in this game by the misunderstood and uncontrolled forces at work below, and falls into the lap of

[1] As, for instance, the invention of adhesive envelopes, which at once ruined the manufacturers of sealing-wax.

wealth; and hundreds are plunged in the slough of poverty, and the wheel of social progress goes over them, crushing them and all their industry, and the fruits of their toil, into powder. Chance plays ball, and men are the balls with which it plays.

'Now when chance rules, the freedom of the individual is no more. Chance is the repeal of self-responsibility and self-determination. The object we seek is the limitation of the caprices of chance, by restoring a general equilibrium of responsibility, by subjecting every shoulder to that weight which misses some and crushes others. We seek to enthrone a rational direction of the natural forces in the social world in the place of wild caprice, to recognise common obligation and universal solidarity, and therewith to bring back self-responsibility, self-determination, and individual freedom. What is now an undisciplined natural force will be controlled and expropriated by community of interests. The social union is the old Orphic chain, of which the Orphics said that it bound all existences together with infrangible links.

'Only those are admitted to the great game of luck that is going on in the mercantile world who can sell products on their own account, who have command of capital, and are able to produce or accumulate these products in great quantities, so that they may seize on favourable opportunities the moment they offer. The whole artisan class is excluded from the game, from every chance of getting the pool, for the artisan can never sell the products of his toil on his own account; so also is the tradesman more or less shut out, for wholesale manufacture is cutting away and diverting from him all the sources of his living, and driving him down into the position of a hireling. He has not the capital to invest the moment a fortunate conjuncture of affairs offers, but while he is making ready,

gathering together his little outstanding debts, another steppeth down before him, and obtains all the advantages of the plunge. Unable to avail himself of propitious circumstances, disadvantageous circumstances crush him inexorably. The class of artisans and small tradesmen form a social division in our community, over which might be inscribed the legend that stood upon Dante's "Hell:" "Who enters here, leaves hope behind." As a rule, the artisan class scarcely and only transitorily feels the passing effect of a wave of commercial prosperity; whereas depression in trade makes itself felt in it instantaneously. Wage is diminished, the artisan begins to consume his savings, and he has perhaps to pay with entire deprivation of work and loss of wage for some reckless speculation or fatal calculation of his master, in which he was not consulted, and in the profits of which, had it succeeded, he would not have shared.'

Such is Lassalle's statement of the social question. Let us now see what are the remedies that he proposes.

'Modern association of labour is not self-reliant activity, but a concentration of a great many activities on one product. Wholesale *production* is indeed common and co-operative, but *distribution* of the profits is not common, but individual.

'The subdivision of labour is the fountain of wealth. It is an economic law, which may be almost classed as a natural law, like gravitation, the expansion of steam, &c., to be called perhaps a social-natural law, that the more labour is subdivided the more profitable the labour becomes, and the cheaper becomes the production. But it is a law that has been taken advantage of by a few individuals to their individual profit, who have wound the dazed and withering populace round and round, and in and out, with invisible threads, into an inextricable tangle,

where they are held fast, whilst these few suck the blood of profit to themselves, and cast to their tools only refuse —enough to keep them alive; just what on the lowest stage of life, before all culture, the savage obtained—the bare necessaries of existence.

'There is no question nowadays about the abolition of subdivision of labour; all we require is that capital should be reduced to its proper function, to be the dead tool in the hand, not the master enslaving. We have no thought of doing away with subdivision of labour; on the contrary, we desire to extend and develop the principle. Division of labour is common labour, common union for production. Let this remain so. But what is required is that the individual gains in the common production should not be alienated from the worker, to the profit of the manufacturer. The work is common, and the gains should be common; the profit shared by all, as the work is shared by all, in proportion to their share in the work and activity in the discharge of it.'

The ideal state of the world is one in which all work will be co-operative; when trade will be brought back to the proportions and conditions of the Middle Ages.

Such a state of things cannot come about in a day. Till it does, Lassalle asked the Government to advance capital to associations of artisans on this principle. He demanded of the State a hundred millions of thalers for the starting of a co-operative partnership factory. Small undertakings on this system would not succeed, he argued, they would be squeezed out of existence by those on a larger scale. 'Nothing would be easier,' he said, 'than for free competition to crush down a handful of associated artisans. Economic questions can only be solved in the gross, never in retail. As the great battalions on the field, so are the masses of workmen, or the great capitalists,

and it is the masses which prove decisive of victory on the economic battle-fields. Precisely for this reason, free competition, which is now strangling the artisan, may be turned to his advantage. But to do this, the great battalions must be on the side of the workmen. And this can alone be achieved by the State, which in the economic field, as on the battle-field, is the only power which can set the battalions in motion and assure them the victory.'

The same system should be applied to the land. Till the whole of the land could be brought under co-operative cultivation, he would have the Crown give up its 'domains, or enable by loans large bodies of workmen to buy up the estates of impoverished landowners.'

It is true, these undertakings would be small, but Lassalle was convinced, or pretended to be convinced, that they would be the mustard-seeds of a new era of social economy, which would in time overshadow the whole earth.

Such was Lassalle's system, clear, coherent, and practical if not practicable. The Prussian Government could hardly have better spent some of the milliards it wrung from France than by giving the disaffected workmen an opportunity of testing it.

The next great leader of Social Democracy is Karl Marx, born at Trèves in 1818, of a Jewish father. He studied in Berlin and Bonn, and became editor of the 'Rheinische Zeitung.' Although he was son-in-law of the Minister von Westfalen, and his talents and connection combined to assure him a brilliant career, he turned from it, strong in principle, governed by his political and social convictions, that he might devote his life to the great question which had taken hold of his mind. Banished from Germany and France, he took refuge in London. In 1859 he published his first tirade against capital. In this work he showed that in the earlier history of the world, work alone

was productive, and that capital was nowhere, but that now it was sovereign, and enchained labour. His great book on 'Capital' was begun in 1867, when the first volume appeared. It is not yet complete. His style is obscure; imbued with Hegelianism, he imitates his master in wordiness and cloudiness of expression. According to him, the common labour at production is the measure of its market value and the source of all property. No man has a right over that on which he has expended no labour. Property is the produce of labour; when it is not, it is the spoliation of another. Capital is accumulated labour, —it is more, it is the accumulation of the labour of others. In the old world, the slave, in Mediæval times the serf, worked for his master, who lived, ate, drank, clothed himself on the fruit of the bondman's toil. He gave the serf or slave enough to keep him alive, but all the profit that came from his work accrued to the lord. Then the storm of the French Revolution burst. Serfdom, guilds, all the old feudal and protective machinery of the Middle Ages was broken to pieces. Free competition appeared. Labour was proclaimed emancipated, and great was the jubilation. But no real alteration was made. Still the labourer worked, and his profits went into the pockets of others, not now of the noble, but of the capitalist, the less respected *bourgeois*. He could no more lay by than before: he reaped the fields, winnowed the wheat, wove at the loom, and the profits went from him. It was still with him as before, a hopeless 'sic vos non vobis ——' 'Eigenthum,' said Lassalle, 'ist Fremdthum,' or, as Proudhon put it, 'la propriété, c'est le vol.'

Capital is a sponge which sucks up all profits of labour, and all the sweat of labour, and leaves the labourer nothing but bare necessaries. And the more capital grows the greater is its power of suction, the wider the area which

it exhausts. The artisan is smothered by the produce of his own hands. His work of yesterday rises up before him and beats him down, and plunders him of his wage to-day. The more the artisan has produced since 1789, the more he has enriched the manufacturer, increased the capital which is crushing him; the more labour is subdivided, the stronger becomes the chain which binds him. Hitherto, says Marx, history has shown us the expropriation of the workman. Time will bring about its revenge. The next to be expropriated will be the capitalist.

Great capitalists are continually killing small capitalists. In time, there will exist only a few magnates of capital face to face with a huge enslaved population. As the wealth of these few grows in geometric progression, so will the general mass of misery, depression, degradation, slavery, and exspoliation; but so also will grow the sense of rage and exasperation of an organised and united class of artisans. The situation will become unendurable. There will be an explosion in society. The hour of the capitalist will have struck. The expropriator will be himself expropriated.

Private accumulated capital is the negation of private property earned by labour. By an inevitable process it is leading to its own negation. Private property will recover its legitimate position as the produce of each man's toil. The plunder taken from the masses will be redistributed among them. The reign of the usurpers will be at an end.

Marx expects no alteration in the structure of society at present; he looks to the rapid development of capital till it becomes unendurable. Lassalle looked to a peaceable solution to the question, Marx to a violent one. Marx and the present Socialists lay, naturally, no stress upon co-operative societies, care not for co-partnerships such as Lassalle proposed.

> These cold ways,
> That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
> Where the disease is violent.
>
> *Coriol.* act iii. sc. 1.

All means for ameliorating the condition of the workmen stave off the day of restitution of all things, give the present social order a longer spell of life. The great demand they make that labour may receive all it earns cannot be carried out without an universal revolution; and, therefore, the worse things go now, so much the better, the sooner the cataclysm.

If we inquire how the ideal of Socialism is to be carried into effect, we are told that all production will be carried on by the State. The State now monopolises the telegraphs, the railways, the post-office, the sugar-culture, the salt mines, and proposes to monopolise tobacco-growing. Let it in like manner monopolise every trade, let it embrace in itself tinkering, tailoring, baking, butchering, and distribute—the tin to the tinker, to others the cloth to make into suits, to others the flour to knead into bread, and to others the oxen to cut up for meat. Let it do more; let it work all the mines, rear the sheep, grow the corn and pasture the oxen. As it has now a navy for warlike purposes, let it have also a navy for commercial purposes, and bring to Germany coffee and currants. Let it grow the malt, and brew the beer, and distribute it in Government taverns by the hands of State-paid Kellnerins. Is this impracticable? Experience proves that it is not. In the villages it is still customary for the 'Gemeinde' to find the wood and stone and lime, and pay the carpenters and masons by the day. In the towns, the actors, sweeps, and cesspool-emptiers are town officials, why not also the bakers and brewers? 'Now, a manufacturer,' says Lassalle, 'can do what no

feudal lord could achieve, he can convert the sweat drop of the workman into a fountain of fresh sweat for the man, and into a thaler for himself.' This must be done away with. All private capital, so far as it is *productive capital, i.e.* landed property, factories, machinery, &c., and all that serves for the production of more wealth, must be abolished, as individual property, and pass over to the possession of the commonwealth. But not *superfluity of money* so far as it is left unproductive. For instance, if a man has 1,000*l.*, he may spend it in eating, drinking, hearing the opera, buying pictures, going to the mountains for 'Sommerfrische,' but must not expend it in buying a new loom, or invest it in anything which will bring a per-centage. It will be seen that Marx is as rigid a disciple of old Catholic Canon Law doctrines as Lassalle was of German trade doctrines; and that both are reactionary, and diametrically opposed to the Liberal theories of Schulze-Delitzsch and the Fortschritt party.

Ultramontanists are never weary of extolling the Middle Ages as the period of ideal prosperity. The Socialists desire to reproduce that ideal on the same lines in modern times, with but one omission—that of Religion.

It is, however, altogether a mistake to regard Socialism as anti-Christian. It is *aneu*-Christian only. It may be said to realise the ideal programme of Catholicity; and the Roman Church would certainly be glad to come to terms with it were there any prospect of its ultimate success. That Jesuits have coquetted with Social Democracy is no secret. The Roman Church has now nothing to lose by a revolution in the political and social worlds. The clergy live up to the programme of Socialism. They have now no chance of hoarding capital. In Cæsarism the Papacy meets with a mighty foe: in a State founded on Socialist principles, it would be supreme.

Professor Treischke has taunted the Socialists with their godlessness. Herr Most and other stump orators of his calibre have given occasion to such charges, but anti-Christian they are not. 'We avoid especially everything which may offend religious feeling,' writes the author of the 'Socialistische Replik' to Herr Treischke: 'we leave every man free to the exercise of his faith; only there do we fight against religion when we find it in conscious falsehood labouring to stultify the people. We have far more respect for the faith of our childish years than you, and will never endure that it be made part of the calculations of the brutal and egoistical politics of the wealthy classes, and be desecrated by such usage. Name to me a single Socialist writing, in which you can find such disgusting, such unseemly scoffs at the foundations of the Christian religion, as are produced by your special colleague in historical legerdemain and deification of Bismarck, Herr Johannes Scherr!'

It is false also that Socialism preaches community of goods, the abolition of property. It preaches only community of *profits*, and the abolition of capital as a productive agent. 'How would you define Socialism, Herr Schulze?' asks Lassalle. 'Thus, no doubt: The parcelling of property by society. But do you not see that this is precisely the process now in full vigour? Precisely now, under the make-believe of individual production, is chance engaged in distributing fortunes capriciously among the social units. Social distribution goes on daily, but in an anarchical fashion. And it is this anarchical distribution which creates commercial property. What Socialism asks is, not to abolish property, but to make it individual property, won by labour.

'We are quite ready to allow already accumulated capital to remain intact: its accumulation has been

justified by the laws which allowed it, but we are free to dispose of the capital of the future, the accumulation of which in a few hands we will not allow, but distribute it among the workers.'

The charge that Socialism seeks the destruction of right of inheritance is also false. Not a single Socialist has proposed this. In the Middle Ages a man had always free disposal of the personal property he had acquired (*Erworbenes*); real property he could not devise; but real property will have ceased to exist when the Socialist programme is carried out. So far from the right of inheritance being threatened, it will be strengthened by intensification of the idea of the solidarity of the Family. Abrogation of right of inheritance would be too deep a wounding of the sense of family union for a Socialist agitator to obtain much sympathy were he to propose it. Moreover, the right of free disposal of property, if done away with, would destroy one of the strongest incentives to economy and activity—an incentive which Socialism has every reason to desire to stimulate, as conducive to the general good. The accumulation of property will be allowed to any extent, to be spent for enjoyment, for protection of the arts, &c., but not for the purpose of speculation. Labour may earn what it can, and save up, from generation to generation, but money must not be endowed with the power of generation. It is dead, and must remain dead.

It is false, altogether false, that Socialism has advocated 'free love.' There have been, indeed, demagogues and fanatics hitching themselves on to the skirts of Socialism, who have broached this offensive doctrine, but they have been promptly disavowed by the recognised leaders of the party. The Socialist view of marriage is precisely that of the Christian Church. The Socialist

programme leaves marriage intact as a sacred institution. 'We recognise and prize,' writes the above-quoted opponent of Herr Treischke, 'the moral might of marriage higher than do you, and it is on this ground that we are such implacable foes to the modern constitution of society. For this reason you are absolutely without excuse when you charge us with polygamous tendencies. If you want to play marriage as a trump card against us, you must let us see more respect for it in your modern society, and not, what is everywhere apparent in it, moral decay.' 'Have you ever run your eye through the saddest chapter of the Social Question, the chapter of female and child labour? Are you not aware that it is the reckless, remorseless making a profit out of our women, on whom the future of our people depends, which is one of the mainsprings of the wealth of your "natural aristocracy," one of the most powerful means of holding down the artisan class on the lowest social level? If the physical and moral dangers which naturally issue from these conditions have not radically ruined modern cultured races, you have only the artisans to thank, who will not shrink from the greatest sacrifices to preserve the honour of their wives and daughters. But when the last physical and moral check fails, which the family provides—when the work-girl, armed only with her bare hands, is brought into the market of your boastful society, what, I ask, is the fate in store for her? What is the economic regulator which makes all the difference between the highest pay and the poorest remuneration, scarce enough to keep body and soul together? It is—Professor!—it is your "free love" and "community of women" in its most loathsome and degrading form. The whole range of female activity, from the ballet-dancer to the humblest mill-girl, is open on the market to your "natural aristocracy;" bidding

for it is a lung of its existence. The capitalists would command our young women, at their own price and for what they willed, were they not stopped by the fence of married life which they cannot always with impunity overleap.[1] Professor, we fight tooth and nail against the modern system of production, because we are determined to vindicate the sanctity of marriage against "free love;" whereas you, lauding our theories, which you appropriate as your own, act the reverse of them.'[2]

Socialism does not preach class antagonism, but only hostility to the present commercial system. Marx says, in the preface to his book, 'I do not show the forms of the capitalist and the landlord in a rosy light; but it must not be forgotten that these persons are the representatives of a system and interests, personifications of economic categories. They are not responsible for the evil of the system, they are necessary products of it, forms that must be evolved in the development of social progress, to be superseded and disappear in their course.' And Lassalle urges, 'The artisan must and ought never to forget, that all property once acquired is unassailable and legitimate; it is only when the capitalist seeks to perpetuate the present confusion, and sets himself in opposition to the advance of mankind in blind egoism, that he becomes the *bourgeois*.' It is also a mistake to suppose that Socialism seeks the break-up of property into smaller and ever more infinitesimal portions. It is precisely this that has been done by the Code Napoléon, which has made the

[1] German mothers in the gentle and middle classes do not nurse their own children, but hire for them wet nurses, who are girls who have had illegitimate children. These are paid higher wages than other servants, and are made much of. A premium is thus put on loss of chastity.

[2] *Herr von Treischke der Socialistentödter. Eine Socialistische Replik.* Leipz. 1875, p. 33.

whole peasant class subject to Jew usurers. Subdivision of trade in manufactures has been taken advantage of by employers to enslave the artisans and draw the profits into their own purses. Subdivision of property in land has had precisely the same effect. The Jew has stepped into the place of the old landlord: the bauer toils all his life long, earns a bare subsistence, but all the profits of his farming are sucked up by the Jew usurer. The object of the movement, says the Socialist, is the emancipation of mankind from the yoke of capital. Towards this history is tending. When the middle class was ripe for independence, it precipitated the ruin of the aristocracy when they set themselves to oppose it in their selfish greed of power. Their position, their rights were historic, only,—empty forms, from which the animating spirit had flown. They stood, leaning on these hollow, pithless reeds, relying on these shadows of substances extinct, to fight natural rights, animated with eternal principles. Each host unfurled the banner of Rights, but one bore historic rights heraldically emblazoned, the rights of a dead civilisation, and the other the living, ever renewing rights of humanity. There could be no doubt as to the result. The nobility made way for the middle class. The castle fell into ruins, and the factory rose. The pennant on the keep was replaced by the smoke-snake of the mill-chimney. Men no longer fought in the lists, but on the exchange; smote one another not to the heart, but in their purses. As the noble went down before the citizen, so must the citizen vanish before the artisan. The great period of commercial and manufacturing activity has been a chapter in history, to be now concluded. It was necessary that capital should build large factories, purchase machinery, subdivide labour, bring vast crowds of workmen to co-operate on one product, carry on wholesale manufacture and trade, to prepare

the way for the wholesale trade and manufacture *par excellence*, which will be carried on by the State. It was necessary that men should learn first co-operation in production, before they could advance to co-operation in distribution. We have got so far that we see our goal, we see whither history points; and never will Liberalism and the middle class succeed in arresting the evolution of the destiny of the masses, and snap short off the progress of history. 'We must look to the past,' adds the Socialist, 'and take from it lessons for the future.' Capital in money was never endowed with fertility till labour was subdivided. In the natural state of society, the shilling stuck to the owner. The Church forbade usury, that is, the giving of money the faculty of procreating in its own image. She did well. In the Middle Ages money was borrowed as it is now, but then no opportunity offered of converting the loan into a means of acquiring money. It was borrowed to relieve want, not to speculate upon.[1] If society, for the common good, forbade usury three or four centuries ago, it may forbid it again, a century hence, having discovered by bitter experience what a curse it has proved. This is all the expropriation sought by Socialism. It is cast in our teeth, that our theory could never be carried into practice. We answer it *has*, and it beat the opposed theory when put to the test of experience. In the Middle Ages the feudal system represented that you advocate. The few expropriated the many. But in the towns the communal system throve, and the towns waxed so strong on that system that they broke the power of the feudal aristocracy. With the sixteenth century that communal system was abandoned

[1] 'Ea propria est usurarum interpretatio, quando videlicet ex usu rei, quæ non germinat, nullo labore, nullo sumptu nullove periculo lucrum fœtusque conquiri studetur.'—*Decree of fifth Lateran Council.*

by trade, and the feudal introduced under the form of plutocracy.

As concerns landed property, every one knows that originally the land was common to all. It is so to this day in Java, and there agriculture is nevertheless most intensive, and there in less than a hundred years the population has risen from two millions to seventeen and a half millions; so favourable has the system shown itself. Every parish in Germany has still its common land and forest. It was when agriculture became intensive rather than extensive, that common land was appropriated to householders. But now, throughout Germany, subdivision of property in land leads everywhere to wretched farming. The earth does not produce one half of what it would in the hands of a large holder; and we see that it is a commercial and financial necessity to do away with these minute holdings and bring the land under wholesale culture, by the community. As population increases, properties dwindle, and the land produces less; the time must come when society will no longer endure this waste of resources. The land must be taken back by the community. No doubt the bauer will object; but he will soon see how much more prosperous he will become when the Jew has his claws no more in him.

The State will organise national labour General production will be a social function, and private speculation done away with for ever. There will be no living on rents and funded property, for property in land and banks will be abolished. In the place of private speculators and manufacturers, the State, the collective organ, will act, and regulate production by demand. By this means the anarchy of competition will be supplanted by national order.

It would be impossible to over-estimate the advantages of such an organisation—could it be realised. Now capital

and labour are alike wasted, squandered on swindling, on fruitless undertakings which end in bankruptcy. Much labour and much capital would be economised, when demand and production balanced each other exactly. Such an organisation would call forth, not only a more equal, but a more intense production. Many branches of industry, only occupied with ministering to luxury, would disappear. The moral advantage would be scarcely less. Nothing is so mischievous to the moral fibre as waste of time. When every man must work that he may eat, a healthy life will pervade the whole community. All will be busy and all will be happy in the consciousness that they are profiting themselves and the community.

As the production of goods will be common, so will be the distribution of profits. The prime law of the community of the future will be 'To work its full wage.' Not that each should substantially possess the product of his own hands as in the Mediæval commonwealth. The immense advance made by society in subdivision of labour makes this impossible, but each will receive the absolute *value* of his work. The measure of the value will be—true to the Socialist principle that work is the source of all value—the day's labour. Whosoever shall have done a certain number of hours' work will receive a certificate or cheque for its worth, and at the State stores he can provide himself with anything he desires up to the value of his cheque. As all products, all goods, are valued by the amount of work bestowed on them—because they are, so to speak, the crystallisation of work—it will be always possible to fix their value, and this will be so low as to leave only a slight profit over. Thus all independent trade and speculation—the market, in fact,—will in the Socialist State have no footing; and thus the first object of the system will be attained.

With respect to the normal work-day, it is not to be supposed that the number of hours will be fixed for all alike, nor that intelligent and unintelligent work should be reckoned of like value.[1] On the contrary, all work will be appreciated by the skill it demands, the discomforts and danger to health it may entail, the intelligence which it requires for its execution. All these will be taken into account and given their proper value. The man of learning, the student of science, the educator of the young, the painter, the poet, the musician, all will receive recognition and payment, as workers together for the common good. They will be paid out of the slight profit made on the sale of goods in the general stores,—the very simplest method of taxation conceivable.

Such is the Socialist economical system. It is one dazzling and full of promise. Presented before the artisans of Berlin, Leipzig, Elberfeld, and other large towns, where Protestantism has lost its hold on their affections, where, however, in their present distress, they are craving for a religion, Socialism has become, not a theory of government only, but a religion. It opens to them a glorious future: it assures them a reign of justice, liberty, fraternity, and equality on the earth.

Police and imprisonment will not destroy it; ideas are not put down by laws. Repression may make martyrs, but will not prevent the spread of the creed. An atmosphere of ideas is precisely the atmosphere that should not be concentrated and condensed, but given expansion and dilution. Nitrogen is innocuous, except when crystallised in glycerine. Enthusiasts are always to be found to whom expression of some kind is an imperative necessity; they muse over their theories till the fire

[1] This is not, however, the doctrine of Liebknecht, or of several of the speakers at the Gotha Conference.

kindles, and then, if not given space for explosion, will blow down a house even if they bury themselves under the ruins.

If Socialism were a foreign importation, a cordon of an effectual kind might be drawn round the Empire to prevent the innoculation of the guileless, healthy German operative with this contagious French foot-and-mouth disease. But it is not so. It is of home growth. German socialism is distinct from French communism.

That it is extensively propagated and believed in, admits of no doubt. In spite of all Government restrictions and precautions, it grows. In 1876 as many as 51 of the representatives of Social Democracy in the Gotha Congress fell under the arm of the law, in all 141 times, to the total amount of 205 months 30 days' imprisonment, and 1,307 thalers fine, beginning with 1 day's imprisonment or one thaler fine, up to 44 months' imprisonment or 515 thalers fine for one person. Liebknecht underwent 44 months' imprisonment. Hasenclever had to pay 515 thalers fine. Bebel was imprisoned 35 months, Hurlemann 9, Slauk over 8 months. In Saxony, during the five years 1870–75, as many as 50 Social Democrats underwent together 500 months' confinement. One would have supposed that the great blunder of the crusade against the Ultramontanes would have taught the Chancellor wisdom, and that he would not attempt the same unsuccessful crusade against Socialism. But a despotic government never learns, it hardens itself in its blundering policy.

In 1875 Herr Geib stated in Hamburg that 503 associations of Social Democrats had been organised in Germany—an increase of 66 per cent in two years. At the Socialist Congress at Gotha in 1876, there were 101 delegates, representing 284 places, and 37,774 members.

In 1871 the Socialists polled only 1,961 votes in Berlin; in 1877 they polled 31,576; in 1878 the votes recorded for a Socialist member were 56,336. At the General German elections in 1871 they only collected 120,000 votes, and managed to return two members; in 1874 they had 340,000 votes and nine members; in 1877, the number of votes for Socialist candidates was 497,000, and twelve members were returned to the legislature. In 1878, in spite of harsh, repressive measures, in spite of their inability to hold meetings, or even to state their views freely in the press, the Socialist candidates polled far more votes than they did in the previous year. If they have not so many representatives in the Reichstag as before, this is due to the fact that the German election law makes no provision for the representation of minorities. They are practically extinguished, unless they happen to be a local majority. Had there existed three-cornered constituencies, or had *élection au scrutin de liste* been employed, the Socialist party in the German Parliament would have been greatly strengthened.

In spite of repression the Socialist press shows no loss of activity. In 1869 it issued only six Social-Democratic papers, now there are forty-seven, of which thirty-two are political, and three comic.[1] The illustrated 'Neue Welt' at first numbered 18,000 subscribers, now 30,000. 'Der Arme Konrad,' the calendar of the party, sells to the amount of 40,000 copies. Socialist ideas are by no means confined to the lower stratum in society. The whole professional class is more or less infected with them. This class, living in a world of dreams, delighting in destructive criticism, utterly unacquainted with the practical aspect of such questions, has been captivated by the specious promises of Socialism.

[1] *Eulenspiegel* (Mainz), *Leuchtkugeln* (Brunswick), and *Krakehler* (Cassel).

This is especially the case with the professors of political economy in the German universities. Socialistic doctrines of trade are too reactionary not to attract the sympathy of protectionists, and the advocacy of State encouragement of private industry is quite in harmony with the tenets of Socialism. Free trade aggravates the distress at home. The chief professor of political economy at the Berlin University is a rank, an undisguised Socialist. In his hostility to private property and his sympathy with the theory of State control of manufacture and sale, he is quite as far advanced as the Berliner 'Freie Presse' itself.[1]

The Social-Democratic party has been accused, if not of complicity with, at all events of responsibility for, the two attempts made on the life of the Emperor. The accusation is most unjust. Hödel was a man of weak intellect, made weaker by depraved morals; and Nobiling's brain trembled on the verge of insanity. The party was as

[1] A writer in the *Saturday Review* of March 23, 1878, says very truly that the recent general elections of 1878 have strongly impressed Germans with two remarkable facts: in the first place, the chief stronghold of the Socialists was shown to be Berlin itself, so that it appeared that the greatest support of doctrines which seem to be the offspring of sheer ignorance was found in the very centre of German education, and indifference to the Fatherland was most zealously proclaimed in the very centre of German military glory. Then, again, it was discovered, to the surprise of many honest and respectable persons, that the Socialists by no means all belonged to the mob. Decorous people, dressed in an unexceptionable manner, and even to some extent wearing kid gloves, were seen to go solemnly to the poll and proclaim themselves adherents of the lamented Lassalle. They were not Conservatives wishing to give a wholesome lesson to the *bourgeoisie*, but men who were frankly sick of modern society and repudiated it in spite of the advantages which they personally derived from it. They would probably have hesitated to drink beer with twelve hundred ladies in a dancing-saloon, or to wear a red scarf at an irreligious funeral; but when they had merely to go to the poll, they had the courage of their opinions and plumped for a Socialist.

little guilty of their wicked and foolish attempts, as was the Liberal in that of Biland on the pastor Heinrici, or the Ultramontane in that of Kullmann on Prince Bismarck.

If violence be resorted to, it is not to advance the cause, but to revenge the curtailment of natural rights. Shooting the Emperor, or Bismarck, would not advance the Social millennium by a day; but it may be the nemesis of an indignant people against those who deny them the liberty of free propagation of their ideas. Those ideas in themselves are harmless. They are an historic theory, a prophecy of what is to be, a calculation of forces. The theory may be wrong, the prophecy false, the calculation put out by unreckoned elements. That can only be proved by experience. Let it be proved by experiment. At least, let many minds consider it from their many standing-points, and point out the weak scales in the harness, and thrust the arrows of criticism through the joints they find. The experiment is preposterous, say many, but it is not preposterous, it is only premature. Free trade has not been fully tried. The Liberal programme has not been carried out in its entirety; and till that has been tested and has broken down, the era of Social Democracy has not come. We have less of Socialism in England, because free trade and a free circulation of labour have made prosperity pretty general. Germany has imported our manufacturing system, without throwing open her ports, and whilst tying down her people to the land. She reaps the evil and none of the good.

The attempts made to repress Social Democracy will aggravate the disorder, and, in the meantime, the elements of a dangerous combination are being brought together by a common persecution. Ultramontanism has nothing to fear from Social Democracy and much to gain.

For a century the decrees of Popes against usury have been the derision of modern civilisation. Ultramontanism can come before Social Democracy flaunting this fact. The Church, it can say, and say with truth, laid down the very principles which you advocate, and condemned the whole modern system of making capital breed capital. The world would not listen to her. A hundred years of breaking banks, ruined industries, money panics, and trade failures have shown mankind that the Church was right and speculative trade was wrong. The commercial system of the nineteenth century grew up on lines condemned by the Church, and experience has justified *her*. That an alliance between Ultramontanism and Socialism is possible is proved by the fact of the growth of the latter among the Catholic population of Brittany. Friends living there have assured me that this is the case; and that the poor, who have been known as devoted to their religion, are becoming eager Communists as well. Pointing to the Bible they declare that Christ was the first prophet of this social gospel, and the early Church the first Communistic society. Christ, they argue, came to be not merely the *moral*, but also the *social* regenerator of mankind. For nineteen centuries moral regeneration has alone been attempted: let us now look at Him as the recaster of the social system, and, taking his precepts, act up to them literally. For nineteen centuries the inculcation of the moral law has led to small results. The morals of men are scarcely better than they were in the days of heathenism, because governments have refused to establish the whole Gospel, and allow Christianity a field for developing its social principles, except within the walls of a monastery. But when the body politic is reformed on the Gospel system, on the system of the Apostolic Church, on the system of the Canonists, and of the great

monastic patriarchs, then it will be found that the moral law is more easily kept. How is it possible, in the present condition of trade, to observe the eighth commandment in the spirit? Manufacture, trade, must be more or less fraudulent, or the manufacturer, the trader, is ruined. How is it possible for the seventh commandment to be observed? Marriage is a prerogative reserved to the wealthy—at least in towns. The clerk and shopman cannot take to themselves wives and make homes, on account of the cost of living and the uncertainty of trade. The consequences are a wide-spread demoralisation. It is of no avail the Church preaching purity, when the social condition is such that marriage is unattainable. This alone proves that the commercial situation is unnatural, and if unnatural, anti-Christian also. It is the natural right of every man to establish a household. Reorganise society on the basis of natural and Christian right, and the sun will shine out again over the dark places of society. Take the ordinary life of a young man or lady of wealth. The day is spent in killing time, life is wasted in a round of pleasures that pall by repetition. Most of the vice in society arises from the empty heart seeking ever new gratifications in the hope of appeasing an eternal craving. Every form of debauchery is a new stimulant poured into a hungry stomach. It intoxicates and enfeebles, it does not satisfy and brace to action. Satan will always find mischief for idle hands to do. More than half the infidelities in married life are the ugly crop that springs out of idle hours. An untilled field grows briers and thistles. If every man and woman be made to work, the whole atmosphere of society will be refreshed and purified. Vice still will be; but it will be rough, not exquisite. Work, not pleasure, will occupy the heart; healthy exercise will invigorate the moral as

well as the physical system. Time will be utilised, not killed. Those who live now as parasites on the commonwealth will fall off, and the race disappear. All human beings, not a few, will labour together for the common weal.

The old *régime* was bad enough; for under it a few lived only for pleasure, and the many worked. But they did, unconsciously, one great good. They preserved a sense of honour, a reverence for truth. The modern *régime* is at once a plutocracy and a kakistocracy. An escutcheon may be stained, but a money-bag cannot blush. All the evils of an aristocracy remain, and none of the advantages. The old aristocracy was lavish and licentious; the new plutocracy is ostentatious and obscene.

Such arguments may be heard from the mouths of devout Catholics in France. The fusion has begun there between the Church and the Commune. It has not proceeded far, but it has begun. In Germany this is not the case. German Catholic workmen are not as yet infected with Socialistic views. But this is a condition of affairs not likely to last. Catholicism and Socialism have a natural tendency to coalesce. The priests are not vehemently hostile to it. The purse-proud bürger has proved himself too offensive for them to desire the perpetuation of the species.

M. Tissot, in his 'Vienne et la Vie Viennoise,' gives a conversation he had with an Austrian priest who had taken up Socialist views. I will give the words of a priest in South Germany on the same subject. 'During the last three hundred years the Catholic Church has had the most difficult of all tasks to perform. She has had to find a *modus vivendi* for Christians in a social condition for which the Gospel was not calculated. Take the Sermon on the Mount. Is it possible to carry out its provisions

in the nineteenth century? Luther was brought face to face with the same problem. He had penitents; he knew by the confessional how impossible it was to apply the hard and fast lines of Gospel morality to the men and women of the century in which he lived, in which already life was becoming complex. He solved the difficulty in his rough and ready way by making the moral law an invention of Moses, and free grace and forgiveness the revelation of Christ. His Gospel was emancipation of the conscience from the restraints of the moral law. It was impossible for the Church to adopt his solution. She has tried another. She has made pardon for sin almost as easy to be obtained as it is under Luther. She maintains her protest, but that is all. There is a higher and better way, but under the existing state of things it is impossible for the world at large to follow it. She exhorts to the higher, but connives at men following the lower. This is the Jesuit programme. That it is not satisfactory, most will allow. But something had to be done, and moralists did what they could. The condition of society is changing, and we wait for a better and healthier state in which the Church may take a more dignified line. Our course now is a *pis aller*, nothing more. We are impatient at this. We believe that the Gospel scheme is adapted to something better. We believe that Christianity has not said its last word. We see everywhere society breaking up, governments tottering, and a new light breaking in on the minds of men, showing a way in which the great wrongs of mankind may be redressed, and—what touches us, spiritual guides, nearly—in which the literal carrying out of the Gospel maxims of morality may be made possible; a condition in which moral questions are not a tangle to be solved only by casuistry, but simple, to be cut with common sense. We look at the teaching of

Christ, and we find in it the outlines of this new social philosophy. We look at the history of the early Church, and we find attempts made to reconstitute society on a basis which is precisely that of Marx and Lassalle. We open our canonists, and discover that Social-Democratic dogmas are the social dogmas of the infallible Church, formulated before modern society had developed into the monster which it now is. De Maistre a hundred years ago said: "When I consider the general weakening of moral principles, the immensity of our needs, and the inanity of our means, it seems to me that every true philosopher must choose between these two hypotheses—either he must form a new religion altogether, or Christianity must be rejuvenated in some extraordinary manner. Everything announces some grand unity, towards which we are advancing with mighty strides." That is what I expect too, and expect to find it in Social Democracy—not in a godless communism, but in a great Christian social revival. Wait a bit. The day may not be so distant when the successor of St. Peter will set himself at the head of this movement, and Christ will appear Himself not merely as the moral but also the social regenerator of the world. Empires, constitutional monarchies, republics have been tried, and have not proved completely successful. Perhaps a great Christian Social-Democratic State will prove the solution of the question how men are to be governed. The Apostolic Chair has not received sufficient favours from modern emperors, kings, and presidents to have much scruple in consigning them to the lions. The phœnix may consume her nest, but she will spring from the flames newborn, victorious.'

I do not say that Socialism has made much way among German Catholics. On the contrary, I assert that it has

not; but I do assert that Catholicism is not likely to oppose its extension.[1]

There stands, however, in Germany, one dyke against which Social Democracy may dash itself, but which it will never undermine or overleap—not the iron empire, not penal laws, not the military force, not the Catholic Church, but the great Bauerstand—a Portland Beach of very small pebbles, loosely lying together, uncemented, but impossible to move or break through. The Bauerstand clings to real property with inflexible tenacity. Not a bauer can be allured by the dreams of communism; and the Bauerstand is the basis of the empire. In the Russo-Turkish war, the spade proved a more important weapon than the bayonet; and in the future battle between property and proletariatism, the spade will make the rifle pits in which the capitalists will cower, and from which they will decimate their assailants.

[1] The recent encyclical of the Pope on Socialism has been in fact a slap in the face of the Jesuits, who have for long been coquetting with Social Democracy, and whose trump card has been the above programme.

CHAPTER XVII.

CULTURE.

Viola.—The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment.

Twelfth Night, act i. sc. 5.

For thirty years Germany was a battle-field. In Saxony 900,000 men had fallen within two years; in Bohemia the number of inhabitants had sunk to one-fourth. Augsburg, instead of 80,000 inhabitants, numbered but 18,000. Every province, every town throughout the empire had suffered in like manner. The country was completely impoverished. The trades had disappeared. The busy looms were hushed, the factories destroyed, the warehouses gutted. Vast provinces, once flourishing and populous, lay entirely waste and uninhabited. In Franconia—which, owing to her central position, had been traversed by every party during the war—the misery and depopulation had reached such a pitch, that the Franconian Estates, with the assent of the bishops, abolished the celibacy of the Catholic clergy, and permitted each layman to marry two wives, on account of the numerical superiority of the women over the men. Science and the arts had fled the realm. In place of learning, pedantry dragged on a wretched existence; and when a desire came for works of art, Germany was fain to import a style from France. It had none of its own. Thirty years are a

generation. A generation had grown up without the restraints of moral or other law; had grown up with their only idea of right—the right of the strongest. Mediæval culture had been killed in the course of development. The humanising effects of a gradually unfolding civilisation were undone, and the whole nation was replunged in barbarism. Chivalrous respect for women was gone; domestic life was done away with. To bouse and fight in the taverns became the practice of men. Art had to be recreated or imported. Poetry, literature, painting were extinguished. Religion also had expired.

I was speaking once at Lille with an old French commercial traveller, on the irreligion of Frenchmen as compared with Belgians. He made the excuse: 'Foreigners forget, in judging us, that a whole generation grew up without God, without public worship, without religion of any sort, under the first Republic. God, worship, religion became only a tradition. The Church had to relay her foundations, and start with the reconversion of a country with a gap in its past.'

In Germany culture of every kind became a tradition only. A gulf of thirty years stood between the old civilisation and the new era. Everything had to be reconquered, on every field. Everywhere lay only ruins; and it was not till more than thirty years later that the heart came back to men to set up again the fallen stones.

This most important consideration must not be put aside in estimating modern Germany. We have had no such break in the continuity of our civilisation since the Wars of the Roses, and they were a trifle compared with that of thirty years in Germany. Our social development has, therefore, not been spasmodic, but leisurely and methodical. But in Germany civilisation has not been as systematic. The advance has not been all along the line.

In some departments there has been extraordinary development; in others stagnation. German wood-engraving is absolutely unsurpassed by any in Europe. German architecture is in the lowest abyss of degradation. In figure-drawing German artists are all but unrivalled; in colour they are nowhere. In poetry they have conquered a proud position; in romance they have yet one to make. In science they have proved themselves masters of destructive criticism; they have done little as yet in the more difficult work of construction. 'Germans,' says Dr. Croly in his preface to 'Salathiel,' 'are never content till they have demonstrated all facts to be fiction, and laboured to convert all fiction into facts.'

The German intellect is sharpened and polished into the most admirable instrument, but the 'manner' which 'maketh man' is left sadly untutored. This is what every Frenchman or Englishman notices. It is impossible to blink a patent fact. But allowance is not made often enough for the Thirty Years' war, whose fatal influence is still felt in this particular. It is not my wish or intention to illustrate this deficiency in culture of manner by modern examples, but rather to excuse it. Germans who have associated with foreigners are ready enough to admit the want of refinement at home, and lament it; but they can always excuse it by pointing back at their history. Modern *politesse* is the development in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries of mediæval chivalry. Mediævalism, with all its good as well as its evil, was buried in Germany in the seventeenth century, and a new civilisation started. In two hundred years the fruit cannot be as mature as that which has ripened through seven hundred.

The mischief wrought by the Thirty Years' war was not merely the rupture with the past. It went farther; it interfered with future amendment by insulating the

classes with wide spaces between them. The great body of the landed gentry was done away with. The fortunes of the war, and the policy of the princes, had ruined them. There was no chain along which social currents could flow from the prince to the peasant. The citizen in like manner was left to harden into his own peculiarities and class prejudices. He had nothing in common with the peasant, and was brought into no contact with the prince, for he was not *hoffähig*. The *gentleman*, who has bequeathed his title to describe all that is honourable, courteous, right in feeling, and considerate in conduct, the conservator of traditional virtues where courts are corrupt, became an extinct species in Germany, like the Urochs. There were gentlemen before the Thirty Years' war, as there were giants before the Flood. The gentleman is a produce of many ages, the resultant of many forces. He is not developed in a day.

With the kindest of hearts and the best of intentions, a German omits the little courtesies, and even decencies of life, without which civilised life, as we understand it in England, is intolerable. His mode of eating in the best society is on a level with that of our agricultural labourers. With a rudeness dictated by selfish economy of postage-stamps, or disinclination to trouble himself with writing, he does not acknowledge and answer letters. With a romantic admiration for the fair sex, almost grotesque in its ideality, he will treat his wife and daughters with brutality, and insult them to their faces before company. He maintains the extravagant external demonstrations of respect observed in the last century, but has no ease in female society. I do not like to say this; but it is the statement of a truth, and I only do so to excuse it. It is in no captious spirit that I remark it; but, if no notice be taken of it, it will not be amended. The German nature

is not guilty of this blemish, but the German history. The stars in their courses have fought against Teutonic culture. A distinguished Protestant, after a visit to Rome, returned a Catholic. 'The religion must be true,' he said, 'or it could not survive such scandals and villanies as are perpetrated at Rome.' The German nature must be endowed with marvellous resistance to bad influences not to be irredeemably corrupted. It is the 'entertainment' to which Germans have been subjected which makes 'rudeness appear' in them.

The court everywhere sets an example of manners and mode of life. Let us look at what court life was in Germany when it had recovered the exhaustion consequent on the Thirty Years' war.

'Ich bin gut Deutsch,' said Frederick William I. when he succeeded to the Prussian throne. 'Ich will nichts von den Blitz- und Schelmfranzosen;' and he introduced a reaction against French manners which were infiltrating his court. That reaction meant recurrence to a brutality and savagery tolerable only as an inevitable consequence of war. He despised everything that pertained to culture. Of the great Leibnitz he said scornfully, 'Bah! the fellow is not big enough and upright enough to stand guard. There can be no good in him.' If he said that a pinch of common sense was worth an university full of learning, he was not far wrong; for the learning in the universities was then but pedantry. He was a bitter foe to aristocratic pretensions. When, in 1717, the Count of Dohna, as marshal of the nobility of Prussia, presented him with a remonstrance against the taxation of the nobility, which concluded with the words in French, *Tout le pays sera ruiné*, the king burst out with '*Tout le pays sera ruiné? Nihil credo*; but this *credo*, that the authority of the aristocracy will be ruined.

I will establish my sovereignty as a *rocher* of bronze.' One evening a new chamberlain saying grace at table began, 'The Lord bless *you*' instead of '*thee.*' The king interrupted grace: 'You dog! In God's eyes you and I are a pair of scurvy dogs—read grace aright.' As Frederick William was riding round Berlin one day, he saw a poor Jew slink out of his way. He stopped, seized on the man, and asked him why he was trying to make off. 'Sire! I was afraid of you!' said the scared Hebrew. The king caught him by the scruff of his neck, and laying into him with his riding whip with fury, roared, 'Fear me! fear me! I'll teach you to love me!'

The palace was furnished, like the house of a citizen, with common bare tables and chairs, and no carpets on the floors. In private the king was a despotic master. His daughter, the Margravine of Baireuth, relates: 'My brother Frederick told me that one morning, when he went into the king's room, our father seized him by the hair, flung him down, and after he had exhausted the strength of his arm on the boy's poor body, he dragged him to the window, took the curtain rope, and twisted it round his neck. The prince had presence of mind and strength to grasp his father's hands and scream for help. A chamberlain came in and plucked the boy away from the king.'

King Frederick William entertained a bitter dislike for the unfortunate prince. Frederick was very beautiful, and delicately formed. The timidity inspired by the severity of his father was mistaken by the latter for cowardice. The son devoted his leisure to the study of French works, especially of Voltaire. His father, on discovering this, punished him unmercifully with his cane. The royal youth attempted to escape, was discovered, seized at Frankfurt and carried into the presence of his father, who personally ill-treated him, grossly outraged and

insulted him in a brutal speech, and, drawing his sword, was on the point of running him through the body when he was prevented by General Mosel. The prince and his accomplice, Lieutenant von Katt, were, however, condemned by court-martial to death for desertion, and the execution of the sentence was only prevented by the representations of the foreign courts. Frederick pined for several weeks in prison with a Bible and a book of hymns for recreation. A scaffold was erected opposite his prison window, and he was compelled to witness the execution of his friend Katt.

The Margravine of Baireuth, in her 'Memoirs,' gives us an insight into the domestic arrangements of the king:—

'At 10 o'clock in the morning my sisters and I went to my mother, and attending her presented ourselves before the king in the adjoining room, and there we had to sigh away the whole morning. At length came dinner. For this were provided six badly dressed bowls of food, to supply twenty-four persons, and most of them had to satisfy their stomachs with the smell of the messes. After dinner, the king seated himself in his leather lounging chair, and went to sleep for two hours, during which I worked. As soon as the king woke he went out. The queen then returned to her room, and there I read aloud to her till the king's return. He only remained a few minutes and then went off to the *tabagie*. At 8 o'clock we supped plentifully; the king was present and ate heartily, but the others went away hungry from table. Till 1 o'clock the king generally remained in the *tabagie*, and till his return we were forced to sit up.'

The *tabagie* was the king's smoking-room. The palaces at Berlin, Potsdam, and Wusterhausen were provided, every one, with a smoking divan—not an abode of luxury by any means—furnished with hard chairs, and a

deal-table covered with green baize. To these he invited his generals, ministers of State, and the guests staying with him. The gentlemen sat round the long table, wearing their orders, and smoked out of long Dutch pipes. No one was allowed to shirk smoking. Prince Leopold of Dessau and the Imperial Ambassador Seckendorf were neither of them fond of tobacco, but they dared not appear without their pipes. Before each stood also a great mug of beer. The most important affairs of State were here discussed. Plenty of ale was kept running, and nothing delighted the king more than to make his princely visitors sick with tobacco-smoke, or drunk with lager beer. The principal butt of the evening was Gundling, the king's historian and newspaper censor.[1] Frederick William, in mockery of the nobility whom he sought to stamp out or laugh down, created him a baron, ennobled his sixteen ancestors in their graves, and to insult the learned, appointed him President of the Academy of Sciences; he made him, moreover, his chamberlain and financial councillor. The king loved to make him tipsy, and then to jeer or lash him into paroxysms of drunken fury. Once the king had a bear brought from a menagerie and put in his bed. When Gundling was drunk and incapable, the sovereign, attended by his field-marshals, generals, and ministers of State, carried him to his room and tumbled him in between the sheets with Bruin. It was not owing to the king's mercy that poor Gundling was not hugged to death by the beast. On another occasion, when the Finanzrath had been seen to bed, the king and the rest of the tobacco-college besieged his bedroom with rockets and crackers, which were flung in at his window. On another, the king ordered masons to wall up the door of his room, and when Gundling retired from the *tabagie* for the night, somewhat elevated, he was

unable to get into his apartment, and spent the night prowling about the palace looking for his room, and knocking up sleepers and invading wrong apartments. One evening the king had Fassmann, Gundling's rival, brought into the *tabagie*, and he made Fassmann read aloud to the company a satire composed by his majesty's orders against poor Gundling. This was too gross an insult to be borne. Gundling sprang up, seized the pan of red-hot turf that stood on the table for the lighting of the pipes, and flung it in Fassmann's face. The author, maddened by the pain, flew upon Baron Gundling, half stripped him, and belaboured his back with the hot pan, so that the latter was unable to sit for several weeks. Gundling died in 1731, and in profane frolic was buried in an empty wine-barrel instead of a coffin. Morgenstern succeeded Gundling. The king ordered the professors of the University of Frankfurt-on-Oder to dispute with Morgenstern in public on the theme, 'Savants are quacks and fools.' Morgenstern appeared in the pulpit of the disputation hall in a scarlet waistcoat and blue velvet gown frogged with silver lace, and great red trimmings, an enormous wig which hung half down his back, and at his side a fox's tail in place of a sword. After the disputation had continued an hour, the king stopped it, complimented Morgenstern, then turned to the audience, whistled, and clapped his hands. They followed the lead, and the disputation ended amid general uproar.

Court festivities ended in grotesque scenes. It was a standing custom for the king to dance with his generals and colonels after the queen and the ladies had withdrawn.

Frederick, the crown prince, had been forgiven by his father, on condition that he married a princess of Brunswick whom he did not love. He lived with his wife at

Rheinsberg, where he kept a little court, dividing his time between the arts, the sciences, and revellings. How life ran in this little court may be seen from the description given of it by the Baron von Bielefeld, who was there in 1739, as guest.[1] 'No sooner were we at table, than the prince began to propose healths, one after another, to all of which we were obliged to pay honour. Then followed a stream of jokes and jovialities on the part of the prince, and those round him. The most serious brows lightened, merriment prevailed, and the ladies took their share in it. In the space of two hours, however, it became obvious to all that our stomachs were not fathomless abysses into which we might be everlastingly pouring spirits with impunity. I could no longer stand the atmosphere, dense with fumes of all sorts, and I went out to draw a gasp of fresh air. On my return, the vapours began to bewilder my brain. I had left before me a glass of water. During my absence the princess emptied it out, and filled it up with champagne. My senses were somewhat blunted, and not perceiving the joke, I poured my wine into the champagne, supposing it to be water. In order to complete my destruction, the prince ordered me to sit at his side, and began to converse affably with me, and made me drink glass after glass of Lunelle. . . . Wine makes people susceptible. The ladies were overwhelmed with expressions of love. Presently, by accident or otherwise, the crown princess broke her glass. This was the signal for us, in our ungovernable joviality, to follow her example. In a moment the glasses were flying about into every corner of the hall; all the glass, porcelain, mirrors, chandeliers, bottles, dishes, everything was smashed to a thousand pieces. In the midst of this complete havoc, the prince stood like the brave

[1] I am obliged to omit certain coarsenesses in this description.

man in Horace, contemplating the wreck of the world with eyes unmoved. But when, at last, out of the jollity there grew riot, he fled, assisted by his pages, and took refuge in his own rooms.'

Rough and vulgar as the Prussian court had been under Frederick William, it did not greatly alter its character under Frederick II. He separated from his wife directly he came to the throne, and spent his time in listening to music, and reading French books, or conversing with French men of letters. He was close-fisted, and looked sharply after his cooks, that they did not purloin any of the broken victuals. He could not write German without crowding his lines with orthographic errors. In dress he was moderate, a Jew bought his wardrobe on his death for 400 thalers. The covers of his chairs, sofas, &c., were smeared with tobacco, for he was a constant snuff-taker. In religion he was perfectly tolerant, for he regarded all religions as various modes of superstition. He allowed free speech and freedom to the press; 'Reason as much as you like,' he was wont to say, 'but obey and pay.'[1]

Lessing, in a letter to Nikolai, dated August 25, 1769, thus describes the Prussian capital:—

'In Frenchified Berlin, freedom is reduced to thinking and writing about freedom, and bringing to market all the foolish things that can be said against religion. But let any one attempt to write plain facts, and speak out the truth to the courtiers, as Sonnenfels has done in Vienna, let any one venture to say a word for the subjects, and against despotism, and he will soon find out that this is the most enslaved country in all Europe.' With this agrees what the Italian poet Alfieri wrote in 1770: 'Prussia, with its many thousand salaried satellites, on which capri-

[1] When a difference arose about hymn-books, he settled it by deciding, 'Let every man sing in church whatever foolery he likes.'

cious authority is based, is but one huge watchhouse co-extensive with the kingdom; and Berlin is but one monstrous barrack.'

On the intellectual condition of the capital, Lord Malmesbury thus expressed himself in 1772, in a letter to his father: 'The society of Berlin is not expensive; it cannot be in a town where the inhabitants are not rich. The men are entirely military, uninformed on every other subject, and totally absorbed in that.'[1]

On the moral condition of Berlin his judgment was as unfavourable. In 1773 he wrote to Mr. Batt: 'The private life of Berlin will not bear being set upon paper.'[2] And 'none can be worse off for the comforts of social life than Berlin. Berlin is a town where, if "*fortis*" may be construed honest, there is neither "*vir fortis nec fœmina casta.*" A total corruption of morals reigns throughout both sexes in every class of life, joined to penuriousness, necessarily caused partly by the oppression of his present majesty, and partly by the expensive ideas they received from his grandfather, constituting the worst of human characters. The men are constantly occupied how to make straightened (*sic*) means support the extravagance of their life. The women are harpies, debauched through want of modesty rather than from want of anything else. They prostitute their persons to the best payer, and all delicacy of manners or sentiment of affection are unknown to them. Bad as this description is, I do not think I draw the picture in too bad colours. I came without any prepossession, and venture to suppose that I live here with too great a variety of people to be blinded by prejudice. All I can say in their favour is, that the example

[1] Earl Malmesbury's *Letters*, London 1870, vol. i. p. 255.

[2] Earl Malmesbury's *Diaries and Correspondence*, London 1844, vol. i. p. 94.

of irreligious neglect of all moral and social duties raised before their eyes by the king, I say this, joined to the success of all his undertakings, and the respect he enjoyed throughout Europe, have infatuated their better judgment, and show them vice in too advantageous a light.'[1]

George Forster was in Berlin in 1779. He wrote: 'I was very much upset in my prejudices in favour of this great place which I brought with me. I find it externally more beautiful, but internally blacker than I anticipated. Berlin is certainly one of the finest towns in Europe, but, the inhabitants! Prodigality and tasteless enjoyment of life in them run out into bumptiousness, boastfulness, and gluttony, daring rationalism and barefaced dissolution of morals. The women are all rotten apples. But what chiefly disgusted me was the deification of the king in his foolish extravagance, by even intelligent people, that what is bad, false, unjust, and eccentric in him is lauded as magnificent and superhuman.'

Frederick William II. succeeded 'Old Fritz,' and stern martial despotism was followed by the rule of a seraglio. He was married first to the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, but separated from her in 1769, and married the Princess Louise of Hesse-Darmstadt, who bore him his successor, Frederick William III. His chief favourite was Wilhelmine Encke, married to the Chamberlain Reitz, whom he elevated to be Countess of Lichtenau, and overwhelmed with estates and costly presents. When his eyes fell on Fräulein Julie von Voss, she, as did afterwards the Countess Sophie von Dönhoff, insisted on a left-handed marriage with the king, and this was concluded with the knowledge, if not the consent, of the queen. The Evangelical Consistory raised no objection

[1] Earl Malmesbury's *Diaries and Correspondence*, London, 1844, vol. i.

to such august bigamy. Countess Dönhoff received from the king 200,000 thalers as her dower, her mother 50,000, her sister 20,000, and her uncle 40,000. It may be imagined how disagreeable it was for the queen, the crown prince, and the whole royal family to be forced by the king to attend the *soirée* of the Countess Lichtenau. In 1797, the king, struck with a mortal malady, returned to his capital from the baths of Pyrmont somewhat better, and a grand festival was held in Berlin, at which the countess appeared in Greek costume as Polyhymnia, and sang to the king some wretched verses of congratulation composed by herself. The monarch was so touched, that he bade the crown prince go to her and kiss her hand. Frederick William left behind him a debt of 49,000,000 thalers.

But if the Prussian court was gross and sensual, it was outdone in sensuality and extravagance by others, pre-eminently by those of Saxony and Würtemberg. In the former, a Lutheran pastor and general inspector, John Leyser, had the effrontery to publish a work entitled 'The Marrow of all Lands,' urging polygamy as not only allowed by Holy Scripture, but necessary for salvation. The Elector, John George IV., cast aside his first wife, a Danish princess, for the Margravine of Brandenburg-Anspach. When he met her for the first time on her way to Dresden to be his wife, his first salutation was, 'You must be mad! What do you mean by wearing a velvet gown in the dog days?' Formally, by written documents, basing his right on Holy Scripture, he took also Fräulein von Reitschütz to be his second wife, and had her created Countess of Rochlitz.[1]

[1] Polygamy seems to have been much affected by the Protestant princes of Germany, since, with Luther's consent, the Landgrave Philip had two wives at once. The Margrave Leopold Eberhardt of Würtem-

Augustus of Saxony died in 1733, leaving three hundred and fifty-two children, among whom Maurice, the well-known Maréchal de Saxe, son of the beautiful Aurora, Countess of Königsmark, resembled him in bodily strength, but surpassed him in mental powers. The countess was made Protestant Abbess of Quedlinburg, 'for which post, says Uffenbach in his 'Travels,' 'she was well suited by her imposing figure, but not by her morals.' The most notorious of the king's mistresses, the Countess Cosel, had extracted from him 20,000,000 thalers; Frau von Spregel was less successful, she retired from favour on 100,000.

Augustus was as extravagant as he was debauched. The *fêtes* he gave cost vast sums, wrung from his groaning subjects. Mythological representations were performed on an immense scale. In Wackerbarth's biography, there is a description of a firework for which eighteen thousand trunks of trees were used, and of a gigantic allegorical picture which was painted upon six thousand ells of canvas. One festival alone cost 6,000,000 thalers. The Japanese palace contained Chinese porcelain to the amount of a million thalers. At Dresden a hall is still shown completely furnished with the ostrich and heron plumes used at these *fêtes*.[1] Luxury and a tasteless love of splendour were fostered by this unheard-of extravagance, and it was merely owing to a happy chance that the purchase of the Italian antiques and pictures, which laid the foundation of the magnificent Dresden gallery, flattered the pride of Augustus.

Charles William, Margrave of Baden, built Carlsruhe in the midst of forests, in 1715, in imitation of Versailles,

berg (the Mompelgard line) married three wives at once. Eberhardt Ludwig of Würtemberg had two. We shall meet with others.

[1] The gilding of a single gondola at a water *fête* cost 6,000 thalers.

where he revelled in Oriental luxury. Of the foulness of his court it is impossible to give a description. That of our Charles II. was decency and purity compared with it.

More brutal, and quite as sensual, was Eberhardt Ludwig, Duke of Würtemberg. Indeed, ever since the end of the fifteenth century, the princes of this little land, up to the first king, seem to have tried what their people could be brought to endure. They exterminated the nobility, and gave over the whole conduct of government into the hands of women or Jews. Eberhardt Ludwig, though already married, got an obsequious pastor to pronounce the nuptial benediction over him and Fräulein von Grävenitz, who thenceforth, till displaced by the younger and more beautiful Countess von Wittgenstein, governed Würtemberg. She made her brother Prime Minister, and sold all the offices about court and in the country. She obtained the commutation of punishments for money, mortgaged or sold the crown lands, and filled her coffers at the expense of the treasury of the duke. She even desired that her name should be inserted in the public prayers in Church along with that of the duke. 'Madame,' said a courageous pastor, 'we mention you every day in the Lord's Prayer, when we say, Deliver us from Evil!'

At a period of great famine the duke began the erection of a new palace, at immense expense, at Ludwigsburg. To pacify the people, at the foundation stone laying, he caused loaves of bread to be flung among them. Several people narrowly escaped being trampled to death in the scramble for food. 'The princes of this house,' says Scherr, 'seem for a long time to have sought how far it was possible to carry licence and indecency.'[1]

The courts of Ernest Augustus of Hanover and of Anthony Ulric of Brunswick were as infamous and oppressive.

[1] Scherr: *Deutsche Kulturgeschichte*, bk. iii. c. 2.

Ernest Augustus built Montbrilland for one mistress, Frau von Kielmansegge, and the Fantaisie for the other, the Countess Platen. His son and successor, George I. of England, devoted himself entirely to the interests of Great Britain. But the absence of the prince afforded no alleviation of the popular burdens. The Electoral household, notwithstanding the unvarying absence of the Elector, remained on its former footing. The palace bore no appearance of being deserted; except the Elector himself, not a courtier, not a single gold-laced lacquey, was wanting to complete the court; the horses stamped in the stalls; the royal kitchen and cellars were kept well stocked. The courtiers resident in Hanover assembled every Sunday in the Electoral palace. In the hall of assembly stood an arm-chair, upon which the monarch's portrait was placed. Each courtier, on entering, bowed low to this portrait, and the whole assembly, as if awe-stricken by the presence of majesty, conversed in low tones for about an hour, when the banquet, a splendid repast prepared at the Elector's expense, was announced. In Hanover, as in nearly every little principality, the old nobility and gentry had been trodden out. 'That was a curious state of morals and politics in Europe,' says Mr. Thackeray in his lecture on George I.; 'a queer consequence of the triumph of the monarchical principle. Feudalism was beaten down. The nobility, in its quarrels with the crown, had pretty well succumbed, and the monarch was all in all. He became almost divine: the proudest and the most ancient gentry of the land did menial service for him.'

Every little prince—and there were hundreds of them—copied the great princes, who aped the court of France. Louis XIV. had created Versailles out of a sandy forest, as a palace for pleasure and court extravagance, away from the throng and eyes of Paris. All the great and little

princes of Germany must do the same. Thus sprang up Carlsruhe, Mannheim, Potsdam, Darmstadt, Ludwigsburg, &c., towns away from the current of trade, living on the court, founded at enormous cost, and diverting commerce from its proper course.

As the great princes lived in extravagance, so did the little ones. Carl Magnus, Count of Salm-Grumbach, must have his Versailles. He built a palace at Grehweiler in 1749, at the cost of 180,000 gulden. His annual income was only 60,000 gulden. He kept open table, gave magnificent festivals, was attended by lords and ladies in waiting, hussars, heyducks, Moors; had his court band and marionette theatre, and a bodyguard of six men in blue uniform with white facings and red collars. He had one drummer and one fifer to this regiment. Each soldier received four kreuzers per diem as his pay, and more kicks and cudgellings than kreuzers. In his stud were 120 horses. This extravagance could not last long; in 1768 his debts amounted to 300,000 gulden, and 22,000 gulden annual interest. At last his whole income was not equal to the interest on his debts. He had recourse to various expedients to prolong his reign of splendour. He mortgaged to the Count of Lemberg a forest of 500 acres, which had no existence. To pawn his villages he made school-children subscribe the names of their fathers, or wrote names himself of persons who did not exist, as bound with him to pay interest. At last the Emperor Joseph II. issued a commission to try him, and sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment for fraudulent transactions. When he issued from prison he was so reduced that he could keep but a single horse, and when his one attendant came to him to say that there was no hay in the loft, and the count had no money in his purse to buy any, 'Well, well!' said he; 'take the horse out and give it a mouthful of fresh air.'

The follies and extravagance of almost all the little counts and princes claiming sovereignty are incredible. A Count of Limburg-Styrum kept a corps of hussars, which consisted of one colonel, six officers, and two privates. There were privy councillors attached to the smallest barony, and in Franconia and Swabia the petty lords had their private gallows, the symbol of sovereign jurisdiction. They nominated to incumbencies the pastors who obliged them by marrying their cast-off mistresses. In 1746 the consistory of Hildburghausen required every presentee to a living to swear that he had not obtained the cure of souls by this means.

Count William of Bückeburg, a man 'with the finest Greek soul in a rude Westphalian body,' as Moses Mendelssohn describes him in 1765, created the citadel of Wilhelmsburg on an artificial island in the Steinhudermeer. It was elaborately and scientifically engineered, and strongly garrisoned with 300 gunners. His infantry numbered 1,000 men. The fortress defended nothing but a potato and cabbage garden, and an observatory with an inferior telescope in it.

Moses Mendelssohn visited the count at Pyrmont. They walked side by side talking. Presently they came to a ditch: the count strode over it, and continued talking. After a while he perceived he was alone, and looking back saw the little Jew hovering on the further side of the ditch, unable to leap it. The count returned, tucked Mendelssohn under his arm, strode over the ditch, set him down, and continued the conversation.

The count was fond of taking an air bath every morning. For this object he walked in his walled garden, wearing only his pigtail and boots, but armed with a Brazilian blow-pipe for bringing down sparrows. One day, whilst thus invigorating himself, inhaling ozone at

every pore, like Adam, he saw a cock seated on the wall of his Paradise. He discharged a dart, and the bird fell into the adjoining precincts. With his natural activity, he escaladed the barrier and alighted in the neighbouring garden, where a party of ladies and gentlemen were breakfasting *al fresco*. The prince, no way discomposed, bowed, apologised for his intrusion, went after the bird, picked it up, and clambered over the wall again.

Count Frederick of Salm-Kyrburg swindled the churches in his principality out of their money to maintain his extravagance. When plunged in debt, he maintained his old show. At table every day eighty dishes were served, but of these only two or three were edible. His guests gulped down as best they might what was set before them.

The house of Schwarzburg is of old Thuringian origin. It has two principal possessions, Sondershausen and Rudolstadt, which have gone to two branches, that of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen and that of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt.

Schwarzburg-Sondershausen has a superficial extent of 15·65 geographical square miles, and in 1875 had 67,480 inhabitants. Christian Günther III. reigned in this little principality from 1758–1794. He kept a splendid court, gave grand masquerades, and kept up rigid etiquette; whilst the Jew Herz, his factotum, sold offices about court and in the land, and the capital Sondershausen swarmed with parasites.

A little while before the outbreak of the French Revolution, in the summer of 1789, the Hamburg tourist, Ludwig von Hess, visited Sondershausen, and described what he saw.

'The little princely capital of Sondershausen is pleasantly situated on the Wipper, in a long narrow plain, girt in on both sides by lofty hills as by walls. When one arrives from the north, and looks down on it, the appear-

ance of the valley is like that of a calm broad river, in the midst of which stands, as an island, the little town. The effect is enchanting. But the town has the look of being a mere appendage to the palace which rises above it in pre-eminent dignity.

'This palace contains 350 rooms, of which the reigning prince has built the greater part. One may be pretty sure that a little prince when he lacks originality will imitate another who lives on a larger scale. This prince makes the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel (Frederick II.) his model, at least in his passion for building. He would copy him also in his military pretensions, were the land large enough to allow him to enrol an army. However, Prince Günther has one original feature in him, he is passionately addicted to clocks. The greatest adornment of the 350 rooms consists of clocks of all sizes and sorts, some large, some diminutive, some that strike, some that cuckoo, some that are repeaters, and others that play tunes. Some have cost him 600 thalers, most, however, much less. He has not made one himself, though fond of mechanics, but he occupies himself and all his family in polishing madrepores.

'Since he has taken to building he has made himself as popular as any German prince; for, instead of going about nagging at the masons for not working faster, he button-holes them, and draws them off by the hour from their task, that he may twaddle and joke with them. He has given up hunting, keeps no more dogs, and only seventy-one horses, which he rarely uses. But he takes plenty of exercise nevertheless, for he allows no one but himself to wind up his innumerable clocks. His taste in mistresses is not as original as his fancy for clocks. In this particular he follows his great exemplar, but with more patriotism, for he has chosen one of his subjects, the

daughter of a guardsman, a pretty enough girl, but horribly stupid, called Hannchen Männchen. She is too stupid to have any political or courtly influence. She lives in the castle in rooms adjoining the princesses, and is on the most familiar terms with them. They "thee and thou" her affectionately. Prince Günther had three sons and three daughters by his wife Charlotte of Anhalt-Bernburg, who died in 1777. The princesses are amiable creatures, but unfortunately they were over-nursed as babies. Consequently the two eldest are crooked, and the youngest only, who is supposed to be a beauty, is straight. Their characters are irreproachable. Worldly pleasures, masquerades, and the like, do not prevent the princesses from harbouring *ennui*; the traces in crow's feet are apparent on their faces. But to smooth these away and relieve the tedium, the rector Bötticher calls daily, and spends three hours with them lecturing on religion and history. He has written a book called "The Agreeable Month." I have not read it; the German public has forgotten it; but it may still, perhaps, be found in Sondershausen. In the capital lives Wetzel, author of "Wilhelmine Arend, or the Triumph of Sensitiveness," and other books of the sort. Poor Wetzel has lost his senses in the composition of his last work, "On the Human Soul." His father is dead, but his mother lives still in Sondershausen. From early childhood he was so detached in ideas and feelings from his parents that he came to suppose himself not to be their child, but an adopted one. He went about Germany studying men and manners. His mother wished much to make a home for him, and wrote to him to that effect. His last letter to her was from Vienna. He answered her harshly, that she was not, could not be his mother, for how could such a commonplace person as she produce such a genius as himself. Now that he is back, and half

demented, in Sondershausen, she supports him with the work of her hands. He lives alone, and takes only weak coffee and boiled potatoes.

'The court take no more notice of him than to nickname him the "overwrought savant." The prince and Hannchen Männchen have no conception how it is possible that a man can lose his wits. They bless God they have no wits to lose. They never read anything; and Wetzel would starve under the palace walls if his old mother did not take him his potatoes daily.

'But Wetzel is not the only example in Sondershausen of the vanity of human greatness. Not far from him wastes in seclusion the brother of the sovereign, Prince Augustus, who lives in a long wing of the palace very much like a gymnasium. As Wetzel sways between philanthropy and misanthropy, so does the prince oscillate between want of necessaries and want of credit. His whole annuity or allowance amounts to 10,000 thalers,[1] and in a capital where every winter there are twenty masked balls, and at each of which he must appear in a new and suitable costume, this sum is very little. Prince Augustus therefore spends his time, when not engaged in these royal festivities, in concocting pathetic begging letters to his brother. The sovereign is so accustomed to receive these, that they all remain without effect. Prince Augustus achieved one good stroke in marrying a princess of Bernburg, who brought him as dower 100,000 thalers. He rollicked over this newly acquired treasure but a very few hours, when, to his unspeakable dismay, his creditors swooped down on it, and carried off the whole sum to the last farthing. In this situation Prince Augustus mourns out his hopeless existence.

'One may see from the conduct of the prince towards

[1] 1,500*l.*

his brother, and from the efforts he makes to snip the wings of his extravagant heir, that he is not open-handed. His revenues amount to about 200,000 thalers;[1] of these he spends some 50,000 in and about Sondershausen. His ancestors, after the fashion of little princes, left the State with a debt on it, but this he is clearing off. His army consists of 150 infantry soldiers and 28 guards on horseback, fine men, in good uniforms. The military like their sovereign, but the citizens and peasants are very lukewarm in their praises. Solomon says that a good king must rise early. So does the prince of Sondershausen. His first morning duty is to go into the stables and see after his horses. Then he walks in his garden, or looks at the buildings, winds up his clocks, and so the morning passes to dinner-time. After dinner he attends to the affairs of State, assisted by his chancellor, who draws a pay of 2,000 thalers (300*l.*), and four assessors, with a salary of 400 thalers (60*l.*) each. His chancellor is Privy Councillor von Hopfgarten, who owns Schlotheim. He and the sovereign are the only rich persons in the land, and have so managed matters between them, that no private individuals who have scraped together a few thalers can invest them in anything bringing in more than four per cent.

'The Prince of Sondershausen prefers living at Ebleben to the Residence, and spends there the greater part of the summer. The most remarkable thing at Ebleben is the palace garden. I never in my life saw such specimens of hideous taste, and I hope never to see the like again. The entire garden is strewn with statues, or rather with wooden monstrosities which are painted grey with oil-colours, to make them look like stone. Everything is common, vulgar, debased, without the smallest token of

[1] 30,000*l.*

taste or dignity. On entering the palace garden one is distracted between laughter and dismay at seeing two wood-stone soldiers set up presenting arms, one on each side of the entrance. They are gaunt figures, with pigtails, caps, and cockades, stiff as pokers. And as they are erected on tall pedestals they look like giants. More absurd still are two basins paved with smooth stones, never, however, filled with any other water than rain. In the midst of these basins are set up gawky horses galloping at full speed, with postilions on their backs wearing little hats, cockades, flying jackets, tall boots, and protruding pigtails. Each is represented blowing his horn. Beside each runs a little panting dog, and behind stands a tree painted white, with the traces of green paint still adhering to the leaves.

'The crown prince lives a German mile out of Sondershausen, in the forest, and, after his father's fashion, had a mistress, a butcher's daughter. She was unlike Hannchen Männchen, for she was ugly, and had some sense in her head. The heir to the throne lived fast, and involved himself in debts. His economical father allowed him eight horses, and he kept over thirty.' This prince, also called Günther, succeeded his father in 1794, and reigned till 1835. He married his cousin Caroline of Rudolstadt. After the birth of a crown prince in 1801, she separated from her husband, and retired to her parents' court at Rudolstadt.

Prince Günther ruled his little realm like an emperor. The inhabitants numbered then 60,000. He had a multitude of officials, and published his court calendar with the list of them all, and their order of precedence. The principal offices were filled by his natural children, of whom there were plenty. He was fond of music and the drama. At the theatre he sat in the royal box smoking a

long pipe, and every one was allowed to smoke in the court theatre. Travellers, passing through Sondershausen, were invited by the prince to the performances. The 'Traveller's Book' at the Eagle went up to the palace, and the prince sent his red liveried heyducks to invite the visitor to the play. In the theatre he made the stranger sit with him in his box, and provided him with a clay pipe and tobacco. On one occasion a Prussian major, who was at Sondershausen, was thus sitting with the prince, whilst Kotzebue's dull play of 'Bayard' was being performed. 'How do you like it?' asked the prince. 'Surpassing well, your serene highness,' answered the major courteously; 'I should be sorry not to have a chance of seeing the piece again.' The prince waited till the play was concluded, but then, before the curtain fell, he shouted from his box, 'Hey! hey there! Here's a Prussian major wants to see the play again. So act it through once more.' And the performers were forced to repeat the whole drama.

The park to the palace was thrown open to the public, and the court band performed in it on Sunday and festival evenings. The court kitchen and pastry-cooks, at the prince's orders, supplied refreshments to the troops of townspeople who assembled in it, and his serene highness himself rambled about in the dusk flirting with the prettiest girls, and initiating the intrigues which supplied his offices with officials.

The prince was a good wrestler, and could generally throw his man, and he was proud of exhibiting his dexterity before his subjects. But one day he met with his match, a stout country farmer, who flung his serene highness. The prince, sprawling on the ground, swore he had slipped on a cherry-stone, forgetting that it was not the time of the year for cherries. He picked himself up,

and doubling his fists flew on the farmer in a frenzy of disappointed vanity. The bystanders forming the ring in vain urged the bauer to allow himself to be tripped up by his serene highness; the countryman had no notion of the exigencies of court complaisance, and gave the prince fisticuffs in return. The combat became furious; at last his serene highness, whose nose was bleeding and his eye blackened, disengaged himself and screamed, 'Hold! A fortnight in prison!' and the guards marched the unyielding bauer off to the lock-up.

In 1835 Prince Günther was deposed, and his son elevated to the throne. This was effected by a revolution managed by Privy Councillor von Ziegeler, who got it up after the fashion of a St. Petersburg palace revolution, only on a very diminutive scale. In the scare he signed a resignation of the crown, and was sent to his hunting lodge of Possen. As he found himself there treated much like a prisoner, he tried to escape to King Frederick William III. of Prussia, but his plan was discovered, and he was kept ever after under surveillance. He spent the rest of his time playing skittles, or looking after his horses, and died in 1837.

Ludwig Günther, Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, had almost as eccentric a peculiarity as Christian Günther of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen. He was passionately fond of painting the portraits of horses. At the present day 246 such portraits remain, the produce of his industry, adorning the walls of the palace of Schwarzburg. He died 1790. His court was more simple than that of Sondershausen, and much more respectable. He succeeded to the sovereignty because his elder brother had married a stable-keeper's daughter in Leipzig, and though she was ennobled, yet her sons were obliged to bear her name, and were excluded from succession, as being morganatically born.

The court of Nassau-Usingen was decorous and simple, a pleasant contrast to most of the others. A traveller in Bernouilli's Collection was at Biberich in 1780, five years after Prince Carl Wilhelm had succeeded to the sovereignty. 'Hospitality,' he says, 'was at this court as great as visitors were numerous. Every stranger who was provided with references was received with the utmost kindness, and was allowed to appear there every day, uninvited and unannounced.

'We found the prince in his garden when we came to Biberich. He was surrounded by gentlemen. He is a man of middle stature, well developed, and with kindness of heart and love to mankind beaming out of his intelligent face. His neat dress shows him to be a man who does not think men are to be blinded by display, like children and fools. He speaks little, seems to love solitude rather than a crowd, and attracts every one to him by his gentle, courteous manner. We soon sought the society of the ladies; amongst these were the sovereign princess, and the two princesses, a Countess of Leiningen (sister of the prince), and a Countess of Guntersblum and her daughter. We went to table in the great round hall lighted from the cupola above. The effect is striking. Above is Jupiter on his eagle, and around him are the gods and goddesses. A balcony overhangs the Rhine. Every one sat by the lady he had taken in. I was next to one of the young princesses. Sociality, cheerfulness, and buoyancy of conversation, such as are generally far from the tables of princes, were present here. Every eye was not held spell-bound on the presence of one. Each spoke as he liked, and let his wit run with him where he listed, and, what is not universal, was able to eat till he had satisfied his hunger.

'After dinner, which scarcely lasted an hour, we went into the gallery adjoining, lighted on one side, with scenes

from Virgil and Homer painted on the other. Here we drank coffee, read newspapers, amused ourselves, and then rambled about the garden. There was no gambling. All amusements were simple and countrified. The ladies were not ashamed to devote their hands to something better than card-playing; they read, and their minds were cultivated. As may well be imagined, every beautiful summer evening draws the company out into the garden or down to the banks of the Rhine, and the fresh lovely nature contributes a cheerfulness which is sought in vain in the gorgeous halls of other princes.

'The two princesses, the elder aged seventeen and the younger sixteen,[1] are so good, gentle, and natural, that there is nothing of the stiffness of a court about them. There is something unspeakably attractive in their appearance, which makes one forget they are not also beautiful. Of pretension, of pride, there is not a trace in them. The happy blending of frankness with shyness makes their society especially agreeable. They are well-grown, and their dress is simple but in good taste.

'Among other estimable acquaintances that I made at Biberich, was that of the Crown Prince of Nassau-Saarbrück. This charming young gentleman is well educated, and attracts every one's respect and love by his courtesy. His lively temperament is kept under wonderful control for a lad of *eleven* years. He is colonel in the French service, and bridegroom of the Princess of Montbarry, who is seven years his senior. The betrothal took place on October 6, 1779, when the prince was eleven and the princess eighteen. The young husband after that went to the University of Göttingen.'

The 'Memoirs' of the Baroness Oberkirch, who was

[1] Caroline, born 1762, married Prince Frederick of Hesse-Cassel in 1786; Louise, born 1763, never married.

present at this marriage, give us some particulars of it. She says, 'The reigning Prince of Nassau-Saarbrück gave a magnificent *fête* on the event of the marriage in the Castle of Reichshofen, near Hagenau, belonging to a Herr von Dietrich. All the world was invited—all the neighbouring courts. Everything was in the most splendid style. Chases, *fêtes*, promenades lasted three days. During the ball there was no getting the bridegroom to dance with the bride; at last he was threatened with a whipping unless he did so, and promised a heap of sugar-plums if he consented. Then he led her through a minuette. He showed great aversion to his bride, but the greatest attention to the little Louise von Dietrich, a child of his own age, and sat himself down beside her the moment the tedious performance with the bride was over. My brother showed him a picture-book to pacify him, but in the book was a wedding. The moment the prince saw this, he closed the book in a huff, and exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Take it away, take the nasty book away, that is too horrible! A wedding! I don't want to hear of any more weddings. But look here," he continued, "here is a great long gawky just like Mademoiselle de Montbarry!" and he pointed to a figure in the book.'

The Nassau-Usingen and Nassau-Saarbrücken courts were strongly influenced by France, and the refinement they showed was due to their relations with the more polished Gallic nation. Court life in Vienna under Joseph II. was also very different. This noble emperor, a worthy son of a great and good mother, devoted his whole life to the service of the State, and had no time for the indulgence of fancies. He never gambled. On the occasion of a visit to Versailles he declined to take a hand at cards. 'A prince who loses,' he said, 'loses the money of his subjects.' Joseph had no mistresses. When he lost

his dearly loved wife, Isabella of Parma, he sought and found consolation in a marriage with Josephine of Bavaria, and the society of amiable ladies of the highest class. If his regard for these seemed sometimes to exceed the limits of friendship, it never led him to transgress those of morality. He was not a drinker or a gourmand, nor a cynic in dress like Frederick of Prussia. When not in the uniform of his regiment, he wore a plain coat of dark colour. The court of the Empress, Maria Theresa, had cost six millons of gulden, that of Joseph II. cost only half a million. He loved music, especially German music, and played the violoncello. He highly esteemed Mozart, who composed in his reign. The haste with which his sanguine choleric temperament made him carry out his plans of reformation frustrated their utility; and Frederick was right when he said that Joseph always took the second step before he made the first. But his intention was right and pure, his desire for the education and improvement of his people was sincere; and he succeeded in divorcing Austria from Spanish formalism, and accommodating it to modern times. In 1787 he wrote to Dalberg: 'I gladly receive your communications as to the means of benefiting our common fatherland, Germany; for I love it, and am proud to be able to call myself a German.'

But the moment we turn our eyes into the heart of Germany, we find rough manners, extravagance, and disorder.

Leopold, 'the old Dessauer' of Frederick the Great, was prince of Anhalt-Dessau. The tradition of the house is that it was descended from a bear, and certainly it has done much to show the world that bearishness runs in its illustrious blood. Leopold was attached from boyhood to Anna Lise, daughter of an apothecary named Föhse, at

Dessau. One day, as he passed down the street, he saw her at her window with a man speaking to her in a familiar manner. Prince Leopold rushed upstairs in ungovernable fury, and ran him through the body. Then, when too late, he learned that the person he had transfixed was a doctor, and cousin of the damsel. He married her, and the emperor created her a princess in her own right, so as to legitimatise her offspring.

The marriage was a happy one; she bore him ten children, and died two years before the prince. When the news of her decease reached him he was in the field at Neisse, in Silesia. He was inconsolable, and communicated their loss to his sons, who were with him in camp, in the following laconic speech: 'Curse it, boys, the Devil has carried off your mother.'

Prince Eugene was wont to call him the 'Bulldog,' and he was proud of the designation. He served in the Prussian army under Frederick I., Frederick William I., and Frederick the Great, and it was he who gave the Prussian infantry its organisation. He was in twenty-two battles and twenty-seven sieges, and only once was grazed by a ball, consequently the soldiers regarded him as invulnerable. Pöllnitzen's 'Memoirs' thus describe him: 'The Prince of Anhalt-Dessau was well built. His whole bearing, face, dress, everything about him bespoke the soldier, but also the oddity. He was active, and unwearied in work. Heat and cold, want and superfluity, seemed not to affect him. He was brave to temerity, in discipline most harsh, but he loved the soldiers, rewarded them, and associated familiarly with them. He was a warm and true friend, but an implacable enemy; easily won, he was obstinate to pig-headedness in his fancies. Little accustomed in his youth to moderation, for a long time he was dissolute and savage. He cared nothing for the pomp of

a court, and in his manners he little regarded proprieties, and his mode of life was in little accord with his position. A lover of supreme power, he would like to have enslaved the whole world under himself. Strangely enough he disliked learning so much that he would not allow his princes to have a tutor, as he said he wanted them to make themselves and not be manufactured by others.' On his Italian journey when young he was attended by a French chamberlain, M. de Chalesac. At Venice one night the prince returned to his hotel drunk, and was reproached by de Chalesac. The prince seized a pair of pistols, levelled them at his chamberlain's head, and roared, 'You dog, I must positively kill you.' 'You may do so, your serene highness,' said the courtier, 'but it will have an ugly look in history.' The prince thought a moment, laid down the pistols, and said, 'Yes, you are right, it would not read respectably.'

One day in church the preacher gave out the first verse of a hymn:

> Neither hunger nor thirst,
> Nor want nor pain,
> Nor wrath of the Great Prince
> Can me restrain.

Prince Leopold thinking he was alluded to, grasped his walking-stick, and made a rush at the pulpit, to thrash the pastor for his insolence. The minister screamed to him, 'Sire! I mean Beelzebub, Beelzebub, not your highness!' and scarce pacified the furious prince, and saved his own hide.

His piety had its peculiar colour. Before the battle of Kesselsdorf he prayed, 'Dear God, graciously assist me this day. But if you won't, why then, for goodness' sake, don't help these blackguards, my enemies; but stand

quietly by, look on, and don't meddle. I will manage them.'

His daughter Louise was married to the reigning Prince Frederick of Bernburg. Whilst Prince Leopold was in Halle with his regiment, he received news that she was at the point of death. He at once marched from Halle to Bernburg at the head of his troops to do military honours to her departure, and going into the castle garden he knelt down, and with tears in his eyes prayed, 'Lord God! I haven't asked you a single thing for an age. And I won't bother you any more if you will only restore my daughter to health now.' However, she did not recover, but died in the flower of her age, 1732. The Dessauer's favourite song was Luther's 'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott;' which he called 'Our Lord God's dragoon march.' He only knew or cared for one tune, the Dessauer March, and he thundered Luther's hymn, and all other psalms, in the church to the same tune. Oelsner wrote to Varnhagen, 'This savage is like Peter the Great, he has a mixture of simple common sense and humanity along with his barbarism. On one of his campaigns he came to Lomnitz, a village in Silesia, of which my maternal grandfather was lord. He asked for a guide, and was given a swineherd. The prince ordered the man to step into his carriage. The poor fellow felt not a little frightened before the fire-eater, and when doing so did not venture to put his feet inside. After a moment the Dessauer exclaimed, "Pigherd, draw in your paws, do you think mine are made of almond cake?"'

In addition to the Protestant main line of the House of Hohenzollern which occupies the throne of Prussia, and which was Calvinist, there are two Lutheran lines, those of Baireuth and of Anspach, founded by the Elector John George, who died in 1598. George William, Margrave

of Baireuth, was born in 1678, and married Sophia of Saxe-Weissenfels, when she was only just fifteen; a princess of extraordinary beauty but of infamous morals. George William of Baireuth and Sophia exhibited German court life in the eighteenth century in its full extravagance. The hermitage of Baireuth, afterwards so admired and extolled by Jean Paul, and still an object of curiosity to the visitor, was erected by the Margrave in 1715. It lies about three miles from Baireuth. It is said to have cost 2,000,000 gulden. The Temple of the Sun in it, an imitation in miniature of St. Peter's Church at Rome, alone cost 100,000 gulden.

The hermitage has a *château*, with gardens, and a beautiful park. In the latter, which goes down to the Main, were erected a multitude of pavilions, without external symmetry, the cells of the hermits, looking outside like piles of timber, but comfortably and even luxuriously fitted up within. The Margrave was superior, and his wife mistress of the order. When they arrived at the hermitage, all the members of the society appeared in their habits. At fixed hours the brothers and sisters paid each other visits in their several cells, and were given collations. The order was subject to rules from which none were dispensed without the permission of the grand master or mistress. In the evening they all assembled in the hall of the castle or Temple of the Sun for supper. This latter was fantastically decorated with rock crystals, shells, and coloured stones. At meal time a brother hermit read a verse or a tale he had composed; and when this was concluded, all broke out into comment and jest. A ball concluded the entertainment. No one could enter the order who had not been elected by the chapter.

Part of the *château* of the hermitage was furnished in Chinese fashion. The pillars of the Temple of the Sun

were of striped foreign marbles. Everywhere in the alleys of the park were ruined castles. On one occasion an artificial ruin actually tumbled down on some people and buried them alive. In a bower was the marble monument of the dog of the Margravine, in such bad taste that Count Putbus remarked of it, 'Tombeau de chien, chien de tombeau.' The Margravine of Baireuth, the favourite sister of Frederick the Great, and the wife of George William's successor, has left us in her 'Memoirs' a lively but revolting picture of the society in this court. The Margravine Sophia carried her gallantries to such a pass of shamelessness, that the Margrave was at length obliged to consign her to prison in the Plassenburg. The Duchess of Orleans says in one of her letters, dated May 8, 1721: 'The Margrave of Baireuth and his wife are a crazy pair. *L'esprit de vertige* reigns in this court and in the hermitage. It is no wonder that misery abounds in the principality, when the sovereign of the land cares nothing for his duties, and has no regard for justice. If they have any fear of God, then, verily, they are fools in folio, and know not what they do.' The Margravine Wilhelmina thus describes the Margravine Sophia:—'In her youth she was lovely as an angel, but she never lived happily with her husband. She may be numbered with the famed women of antiquity, for she was in her morals the Laïs of her age. No one attributed to her great good sense. When I saw her in 1732, she was aged forty-eight; she was stout and well-shaped, her face rather long, as was also her nose, which, however, disfigured her, for it was red as a cherry; her brown eyes, with which she was wont to lay down the law, were well formed but dull, with no more sparkle in them. Her eyebrows were coal black—but then they were false. Her mouth, though large, was yet well moulded and full of charm; she had teeth white as ivory

and like a row of pearls; but her skin, though clean, was quite withered. Consequently she looked like an old worn-out theatrical *prima donna*, and her manner gave one the same impression. Yet in spite of all, she was still a handsome woman.' Of the crimes of this infamous woman, the gossiping Margravine Wilhelmina has plenty to say, but they cannot be told here.

After the death of the Margrave (1726) she was released from prison. She married, when she was fifty years old, Count Albert of Hoditz, a Moravian nobleman, who was twenty-two years her junior. 'As long as she had a halfpenny in her purse,' writes the Margravine, 'her husband flattered her. She had to sell all her clothes to meet his exactions, and then he deserted her, leaving her in the direst poverty.' She lived in Vienna generally despised, and in want of the necessaries of life, upon the alms flung her by the nobility, and there she died in 1750.

The other Lutheran branch of the Hohenzollerns was that of Anspach. Charles William Frederick became Margrave in 1729. He was feared as a madman and a tyrant. In a fit of rage he shot one of his huntsmen because he thought he had neglected the dogs. A militia man was keeping guard before his palace. The Margrave demanded his gun of him, and the man surrendered it out of respect for his prince. The Margrave at once declared him unworthy of bearing arms, had him bound to the tail of a horse, and dragged about in the mud. The poor wretch received such injuries that he died of them two months after. He intrusted the administration of government to the family of Seckendorf, and gave himself up to the pleasures of the chase and the society of two mistresses. He was for some time completely guided by a Jew, named Isaac Nathan, who practised financial swindling. The

little Margrave, wishing to bestow a great honour on the great King of England, sent him the Red Order of the Eagle set with brilliants. The Jew, Ischerlein, who had an understanding with Nathan, received the commission, and put paste in the place of diamonds. King George at once detected that the brilliants were false, and took no notice of the present. An inquiry was set on foot and the imposition was discovered. The Margrave instantly sent for the Jew and for a headsman; Ischerlein was bound down to a chair, but no sooner did he see the executioner, than, springing up, he ran, with the chair adhering to him, round the long table occupying the middle of the hall, pursued by the headsman, till the latter, encouraged by the Margrave, struck off his head across the table. Nor did Nathan escape the Margrave's wrath; he was closely imprisoned, deprived of the whole of his ill-gotten wealth, and in 1740 expelled the country. The Margrave was passionately and extravagantly attached to the chase. He had forty-seven officers and functionaries attached to his falconry alone. When he was buried, a crowd of people attended the funeral procession with growls of satisfaction. He died of apoplexy brought on by a fit of passion.

I have given but a few examples of what the German courts were in the eighteenth century. These be thy Gods, O Israel! It was these which set the example to the citizens. These were the nurseries and representative spots of culture! They were rather open sores, from which the resources of the land drained away; cesspools infecting the neighbourhood. In France there was but one court—one Versailles; in Germany there were over a hundred. In the dissolute court of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. vice was at least given a gloss and delicate colour. In England it was veiled with some respect for decency. But in Ger-

many vice was gross and nude. Extravagance had been borrowed from France, but not refinement.

In the history of culture, these little territories, with their courts aping those of great sovereigns, were backwaters. *Kleinstädterei*, as the niggling government of petty princes is called, with its consequent narrow views and interests, place-hunting, and stagnation of culture, has been the bane of Germany. 'Till recently,' writes Dr. Vehse, 'as long as the censorship of the press existed, little or no details of the various maladministrations could come out; of late, however, many voices have been raised by trustworthy men, who have drawn the worst scandals to the light, and have shown what has been going on in the various parts of Germany. I allude only to what Riehl has disclosed concerning Nassau, Dr. Habech has said of Dessau, Dr. Fischer of Detmold. If all the little German States have not borne as grotesquely barbarous a political character, and one so degraded in culture, as Mecklenburg, for instance, yet in every one wretchedness is manifest to the full. With the sole exceptions of Oldenburg and Reuss all the little German States have been for long misgoverned, and the results are only too painfully apparent to the present day. As regards the mediatised principalities, there are few families which can show such clean hands as the Protestant house of Stolberg-Wernigerode and the Catholic house of Fugger.'[1]

One main root of the evil that throve in the little States was cliquedom. On this cancer, which still gnaws at the vitals of the small States, and demoralises the whole constitution of society in them, nothing can be quoted more to the purpose than the 'Confessions of Forty Years in the Life of a Physician,' which appeared at Leip-

[1] Vehse: *Geschichte der Deutschen Höfe*, vol. xl. pp. 163–4.

zig in 1854.[1] It is now no secret that the description is of Brunswick under Duke Frederick Augustus William Charles, who died at Geneva in 1874; and that the writer was Dr. Lange, the court physician. On the appearance of the 'Memoirs,' Dr. Klencke, who had been a personal friend of Dr. Lange, and who was supposed to have had a hand in giving the book to the world, was suddenly banished Brunswick. But though the description is that of one little capital, it may be said to apply to all alike, as far as it delineates the mode of administration, the cliquedom, and the pettiness of these little principalities.

'It is easy to decide the inner character of a town at the first glance, even without having seen the inhabitants. On entering the capital in which I had to live, I saw at once, from the nature of the houses and streets, that here a *Kleinstädtlichen* tone must prevail. The streets wound about irregularly, and were of unequal width; the houses, mostly of timber and plaster, with old carved beam-ends and Gothic dates, resembled a range of giants and dwarfs, the chimney of one house often on a level with the first story of the neighbour. In all the open spaces stood farmers' carts like barricades, without horses or driver; the pavements were swarming with children; human heads were at all the windows; gaping, gossiping, or smoking people stood at every door. One could see into the ground-floor rooms. The soap-boilers had their horn lanterns; the linen-weavers had hung their linen to dry on lines in front of their houses; the smiths and coopers worked in the street before their doors; cattle were driven up and down, in and out. Every cart that passed drew peering faces to the windows, thick as tame trout

[1] *Selbstbekenntnisse: oder vierzig Jahre a. d. Leben d. oft-genannten Arztes*, Leipz. 1st ed. 1854; 2nd, 1855.

rising to the surface for crumbs. In many houses the owner lived on the ground floor, and all the upper rooms were uninhabited. Only near the princely palace were there handsome modern houses, showing that there lived the dignitaries of the town. The external appearance of the place is typical of all little capitals.[1] Count K—— explained a good deal of this to me. Court life, said he, does not exist here. The gentry are without estates, the bauers burdened with debt; the State receipts are small, and the fancy of the prince to have many soldiers runs away with so much money that there is little polite life possible. The highest civil officers affect no luxury; the shopkeeper and the trading citizens are those most well-to-do, and give the tone to society. Though they may live in tumble-down houses, they keep their carriages and horses, have plenty of money, and give large parties. Consequently money is the supreme qualification of man. Every one is valued by what capital he has in the bank or in business. For this reason the gentry marry into citizen families, the destitute aristocracy here form no class to themselves. The military form the first rank among the subjects.[2]

'The small States are the haunts of egoism and cliquedom. In a small state and a capital, which veils its *Kleinstädterei* under an appearance of high life, where Philistinism struts about in Paris fashions and with Berlin airs, it is much harder for an independent man with self-respect to maintain his place than in petty life which does not affect to be anything but Philistinism. In

[1] Does not this description recall at once a score to the recollection of the traveller! Donaueschingen, Aschaffenburg, Sondershausen, Köthen, Dessau, &c.

[2] This is now universal, as will be seen by what has been said in Chap. II. The nobility have *no* position at court, apart from that they can claim on their military grade.

a large town men stand more apart, and a thousand different interests cross one another, and families shift, influences are always changing, and stiff old-fashioned formality or vulgarity is broken or softened by foreign intercourse. The gay stream of manners and customs among other nations rolls in, and overflows the old grit and mud of ages; social life receives an infusion of new life which refines it of its coarseness. But in a provincial and residential capital, all meanness, and commonness, and coarseness are ossified and made part and parcel of society and family life. Old prejudices are intensified and take firmer root, and throw up fresh suckers on all sides, making a thick undergrowth of barbarism from which there is no escape. Every man imbibes these sordid peculiarities in early life like a sponge; squeeze him, and all life long nothing else distils from him but pettinesses and vulgarities. The wretchedness of cliquedom throws its roots through the whole country, and scatters its noxious seeds wherever there is soil where it can be propagated. The egoism of one, which in a great town is kept in check by the egoism of others, in a little town is converted into family self-seeking. All princely residence towns in small territories are alike in this.

'I soon made the experience that the sovereign did not rule the land, except in name; a citizen dynasty had arrived at unlimited sovereignty, and occupied not only all city offices, with its relatives and kinsmen, but, with the exception of the ministry, had in its hands every office and profession of every sort. The prince was a soldier, he went about always in the uniform of his regiment of cavalry, which was his pet creation and toy. He stood quite apart from the civil life of his land, and ordered just what he was recommended or told to do, without looking into anything. The ruling dynasty

thrust its people everywhere into the most influential and lucrative situations, till every bureau and green table was surrounded or occupied by blood relations playing into each other's hands.

'The external form of government was maintained, but no one regarded what was legal. Every petty official did what was right in his own eyes; the superior officials looked another way, as they all acted on the principle of mutual accommodation. The reigning citizen dynasty, with the full power of wide-extending, all-embracing nepotism, stood above law. All conscientious discharge of duties in office was looked on with disapproval; an official who was vexatiously honest was got rid of by the ruling coterie.

'Such family lordship over a land is only possible in a little State. But although it is a feature of small principalities that they should fall a prey to cliquedom, and remain for a long time in the hands of a family of toadies, yet it is also a feature of them that the sovereign power should now and then break loose, and exert itself in a dictatorial and absolute manner.

'The prince lived without a family, in knightly bachelorhood, without ever coming in contact with the softening influence of noble women. His associates were only officers, horses, dogs, and guns. Separated early from the wife who had been diplomatically united to him, he had acquired no respect for woman. All he regarded in the other sex was their external graces. His chivalry, and the proud sense of personal honour attached to it, served his subjects as a guarantee that he would behave uprightly and justly in his dealings with them. Such was the opinion of the educated. But this very chivalry and high sense of honour separated the prince entirely from his people, in whom he seemed to have no interest,

for he never troubled himself to inquire into their affairs, and gave over the management of the State into the hands of those men who were recommended to him by his surrounding officials, and devoted his whole attention to military drill and discipline.

'I had already learned from Count K—— that the prince had no taste for literature and art; that he only patronised the theatre as a pastime, and that he regarded no man of science as presentable at his court. Every sub-lieutenant of nineteen took precedence over the worthiest professor and councillor.

'What I had already been told of the character of the prince relieved the impression made on me by my first reception. Stepping out of a crowd of adjutants, he received me, listened to my thanks for his invitation to be the town physician with proud, cold manner, looked at me for some time without speaking, and then, without the least departure from his military bearing, said: "Acting on distinguished representations, I have taken the exceptional step of summoning you to my residence. I expect of you pre-eminent efforts and paramount discharge of your duties. I remain yours." Then, with a wave of the hand, he dismissed me. He expected no answer from me, but returned to his adjutants. No sooner was I back in the palace square than the prince passed me, galloping off surrounded by his circle of officers.

'The prince detested all petitions and appeals. He wanted to know nothing about what went on in the country or the town, and it almost seemed as if he were ashamed in his pride of the little ancestral land; at all events, he spent the greater part of the year away from it, and wore the uniform of a general of the Hanoverian army. Any one who did not wish to fall into disfavour avoided troubling him with affairs of state. He was wont to

rudely refer those who mentioned such matters back to his boards of officials, and to order that the person who had so annoyed him should be denied further access to his person. Count K—— told me that I only got my appointment through the direct expression of the will of the prince and a fortunate combination of circumstances which prevented the reigning coterie filling the vacancy with one of their own people.

'The prince was a decided foe to all religious straitness, spiritual despotism, and mystic fanaticism. A tutor of his youth had sufficiently indoctrinated him with rationalism for him not to tolerate anything of this sort. There were no Sabbath restrictions in the capital; the pastors were to be seen on Sundays playing cards in the taverns or drinking deep in clubs. During divine service entertainments were given, hunts were carried on, military parades were held. Much looseness in the morals and ideas of the land was due perhaps to this general free-thinking.'

Whilst the author was town physician, the prince met, at a bathing resort, a Countess von M——, who was young and beautiful. He made her his left-hand wife, and brought her to a *château* a few miles from the capital, where he could visit her. The writer of the 'Memoirs' attended her during a confinement, and was then appointed by the prince his court physician and the general 'Sanitary Councillor' of the land. He at once set to work to reform the medical profession and practice in it. He found that the regulations were more than one hundred and fifty years old, and treated of 'tooth-drawers, worm doctors, snake and frog-catchers,' and that the profession in the principality was represented by a pack of ignorant quacks.

The medical reform was frustrated by a court revolu-

tion, of which the author gives the following account:—'The prince, who had hitherto amused himself only with hunting and soldiering, got tired of these hobbies and looked out for a change. He must also have tired of his favourite countess, who lived with her mother and brother at "Wolfsforst,"[1] for he dismissed her, undertook a journey to Italy, and amazed his little capital on his return with opera and ballet corps. In Vienna he had made the acquaintance of a ballet-girl, with whom he fell desperately in love; and now all his passion for soldiers was converted into one for caperers on the boards of a theatre. He wanted not only to love his favourite, but to see her dance, so a whole company was engaged to assist her in the ballet, and the coquette played her cards so well that she completely ensnared her princely admirer, and in a very short while became the regent of the land.

'I at once felt the consequence of the altered relations, for suddenly it was announced that the dentist Martinelli was appointed court physician and medical councillor, with privilege of presentation at court.

'That the favourite dancing-girl had a hand in this was not doubtful, I suspected at first; but I soon found that my worst fears were not exaggerated. Martinelli had been a goldsmith's assistant at Prague, where he had made the acquaintance of the ballet-dancer, and had followed her to Vienna, and there sponged on her. She supplied him with money to attend Carabelli's lectures in the university, and to buy the title of 'Doctor in Surgery.' She must have been warmly attached to him; she pretended to the prince that he was her half-brother, and on this ground got his appointment. The prince himself suffered from nothing worse than corns, and could not wear

[1] Really Wolfenbüttel.

his boots. The dancing-girl recommended her pretended brother, who, without much difficulty, extracted the corns, and was thereupon promoted to my place.'

But the dancing-girl was only Martinelli's means to an end. She fell into disfavour, but he planted himself deeper in the prince's regard. In half a year the dentist was elevated to be opera superintendent. The medicinal reform was left uncarried out, the cliques of the town recovered their hold of the rudder, and the author of these curious 'Memoirs' left the town to be professor in an university.

Despotic power is a dangerous instrument in the hands of one emperor; it is far more dangerous when lodged with a host of little magnates. Prince Frederick Christian of Schaumburg-Lippe was a good marksman, and he delighted in playing the William Tell with his subjects. He would lie in waiting at the window of one of his hunting-lodges, or of his palace, with his gun, watching to see a child or a woman cross the street or go to the fountain with a pitcher on the head. Then crack went the gun, and the vessel flew into pieces, deluging the bearer with water or milk. Once, however, he shot a man through the body. He saw something moving behind a bush, and fired from his window at it. The Pastor Büsching remonstrated with the prince. 'The old fellow is right,' said the Nimrod, when Büsching left; 'I have sinned against God and my people. I trust I shall be forgiven.'

King Frederick William I. of Prussia used to argue that it was Scriptural for a sovereign to have absolute command over his people, for Scripture gives him lordship over 'menservants and maidservants, young men and asses.' In the exercise of this divine right he collected tall guardsmen where he could and how he could. One of his recruiting officers, Baron von Hompesch, cast his eyes

on a strapping carpenter at Jülich, and coveted him for the guard of the king. To get him he had recourse to an artifice. He ordered a long box of him. The carpenter made and brought it. The baron said it was too short. The man, to show how long it was, laid himself down in it. Hompesch's men at once screwed down the lid, and sent the recruit to the King of Prussia. He received the man—but dead. It had been forgotten that he could not breathe in a close case.

In Osnabrück, under Frederick Duke of York, the second son of George III., who, when six months old, was created Protestant bishop of the diocese, a socman was condemned to draw the plough for life for having ventured to strike a steward of the bishop who had taken from him his affianced bride, and given her to another. Charles William of Nassau beat a peasant to death with his own hand who was accused to him of poaching.

Ernest Augustus of Saxe-Weimar in 1736 forbade his subjects 'reasoning under pain of half a year at the treadmill.'

The Count-Palatine Charles of Zweibrücken resided at Carlsberg, where he kept fifteen hundred horses, and a still greater number of cats and dogs, and collected the heads of meerschaum and clay pipes to the number of over a thousand. He issued a decree that every one coming in sight of his palace should uncover his head till out of sight. A foreigner, ignorant of the law, was on one occasion nearly beaten to death for not removing his hat.

It is unnecessary to continue the list of crimes, follies, and extravagances of the little German courts. Enough has been shown to let the reader judge whether they were conducive to general culture or not.

The princes, seeking to establish their despotism,

were obliged to get rid of the nobility, who formed an estate in their petty realms, and in the Diets constantly opposed the extension of their sovereign power. Menzel says: 'War, the headsman's axe, and emigration almost entirely exterminated the old free-spirited nobility. Here and there only might a gentleman be found living on his estate. Their place was taken by foreign adventurers. The example set by Austria was followed by the other German courts, and the families of ancient nobility were forced to admit to their rank unworthy creatures,—the favoured mistresses of the princes and their offspring.'

The revolution of 1848 completed the ruin of the gentry. The princes lent a hand to consummate their destruction, not then to establish themselves as despots, but to stave off their own ruin. The gentleman has therefore disappeared in Germany as a class. He has no political rights, no social position, different from the bürger. The latter is now the representative man. He is wealthy; the gentleman poor. He has acquired his wealth by scraping money together, by screwing down home expenses, and holding his workmen's noses inflexibly to the grindstone. He has made himself by pushing. He has trodden his way, regardless whom he jostles and on whose corns he treads. Such a man is useful, but he is not ornamental; valuable, but disagreeable. The market, not the drawing-room, is his proper sphere; men, not women, his proper associates. He may spend his money on works of art—this is most exceptional—but he cannot buy culture. Most of his gold goes in eating and drinking. His house is badly furnished. His wife and daughters, slipshod, in nightcaps and petticoats, ramble about the rooms till noon, and then blaze for an hour or two in gaudy attire, put on with a pitchfork. Philistinism, not chivalry, is the characteristic of German society,

because the bürger has risen to the top and overspread the surface of society. Culture can no more be had for money than could spiritual gifts by Simon Magus. It may be acquired by one not born to it; but then it must be acquired in early life, or the twang of the old tongue remains. The haunt of all German men—his 'Lokal'—is the last place where it may be learned. If he could but wrench himself from his club or tavern, and spend his evenings at home, he would become less loud in talk, more considerate of women, less uncouth, and more disinterested. His Philistinism would disappear; it would thaw under the genial warmth of his wife and daughters, and the vernal flowers of culture would shoot out of the rugged soil.

On the separation of sexes I have said so much, that I do not think it necessary to do more here than quote the words of a Russian officer of distinction.

'In Germany men live very little at home, the majority prefer spending their leisure in the tavern, or in the club, to devoting it to their family at home. The German hates restraint; seated behind his mug of beer, with two or three boon companions, he will pass long hours, lost in some interminable, philosophical discussion, in which, indeed, he is in his element. But, the more he feels at his ease in this society, and in this locality, the less comfortable he is when surrounded by ladies and in his home. He looks on all social gatherings in which both sexes meet as a sort of intolerable corvée, to which he must indeed submit once or twice in the year, which the tyranny of circumstances imposes on every master of a household. On such occasions, made solemn by their rarity, the host thinks he is bound to surround his guests with all the superfluities of pompous luxury, though in everyday life he denies himself even rudimentary comforts.

Consequently, a German detests an impromptu visitor. He likes to be informed long before that a visit is intended, that he may prepare laboriously for it; for to receive a friend without ceremony is regarded as against all good manners. And, on the other hand, a visitor, however intimate he may be, would run the risk of being set down as ignorant of the first principles of etiquette, were he to present himself in the evening, or at dinner time uninvited.' [1]

In England every country house and parsonage has been a quiet nursery of gentility and purity. In Germany there are few country houses, and the parsonages are occupied by families of bürger or bauer origin. The pastors are, with rare exceptions, men of cultivated minds, men whom it is a pleasure to meet and converse with. But their wives are of citizen class, gentle, domestic women, but without the polish that is expected of the parson's wife in England, and she and her husband are not received into the best society. The pastor is poor, and has to scramble on with a large family on a small income. He cannot give his children a gentle education.

In England the hall and the rectory are on terms of intimacy. The daughter of the parson not unfrequently becomes lady at the hall, and the younger son of the squire is settled in the country rectory. We, who live in England, have little idea of the influence on culture possessed by the parsonage in our island. The young ladies from it grow up active in good works, loving and caring for the poor, looking after them in sickness, taking interest in the school-girls, teaching the lads in night-schools, organising cottage-garden shows and harvest festivals.

[1] Baron v. Kaulbars, 'Notes d'un Officier Russe sur l'Armée Allemande, in *Bulletin de la Réunion des Officiers*, 1877.

And when they pass, as they so often do, to country homes of their own, in the hall or rectory, they carry with them their sympathy for those beneath them, and are in their generation fountains of light, stars beaming down into dark hearts, and making them twinkle with smiles. It has been my fate to be for some years in parishes without resident gentry, and where there have never been resident incumbents. The moral and social condition of these parishes is dark indeed compared to that where hall and rectory were ever influencing farmhouse and cottage.

I have seen the rudest village bumpkins humanised by a winter night-school conducted by the rector's daughters —not humanised only, but made gentle and chivalrous.

The rectory party and those in the hall are on familiar and often affectionate terms. There is no perceptible difference in culture between them; indeed, one family by birth and bringing up is as good as the other. The parsonage interests the hall in the matters of the parish, and so all classes meet in general sympathy and exchange of kindlinesses, and in so doing react on one another; the poor receive light from above, and in return give back what is as precious—the feeling of that to which so ugly a name has been given—human solidarity, but which in Christian parlance is real charity. The rich knows the poor not by the outside only, but is acquainted with his wants, his shortcomings, his temptations, and seeks to help him, at least to make allowance for his deficiencies. Philistinism begins with dissociation of man from man, and class from class.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARCHITECTURE.

Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 3.

FRANCE is the land of cathedrals, Belgium of town halls, and Germany of castles. The history of each country gives the reason. In the midst of internal peace the Church flourished, and the cathedrals of France are its most magnificent monuments. Commerce throve in the Netherlands, and the corporate life of the towns was developed along with it, manifesting itself in the splendid *hôtels de ville*. Unhappy Germany, torn by feuds, broken up among a thousand little princes and ten thousand lesser nobles, shows to this day, in the ruins of its castles crowning every hill, the scars of internal strife.

Ever since the Gothic revival began, our English architects have rushed pencil and note-book in hand across the channel, to pick up ideas from French ecclesiastical and domestic architecture for reproduction in England. The result of these excursions is apparent everywhere. We have French town halls, French churches, French colleges. Even Barry could not build his Houses of Parliament in English Perpendicular without putting on them French Renaissance roofs. Yet with this foreign adjunct, allowable under the circumstances, the Westminster Palace is by far the most pleasing production of English architec-

ture in the present century. It is pleasing because English, whereas the new Law Courts will stick in the throat of the City, an unwholesome jumble of continental details.

I believe that no European architects have so mastered Gothic styles as our own, but, unfortunately, they have been demoralised by flirtations with La Belle France. Our native productions were deficient in imaginativeness: this has been felt; our architects have been as uncreative as their predecessors in the Middle Ages, and to supply the deficiency they have imported French surprises. English mediæval architecture slowly and gravely developed itself, always characterised by restraint. There was no effort made to attain the unattainable, and therefore no unfinished cathedrals and parish churches. The French were inspired with grandiose conceptions, and they set to work to build without counting the cost. This accounts for the solitary choir of Beauvais and the incompleted spires of Amiens.

Under the Norman kings there was unquestionably an interchange of architectural ideas with Normandy; but when once our builders had firm hold of the main principles of construction, and knew how to use the compass and handle the chisel, they went on their own way, the master taught the apprentice, and the apprentice developed the doctrine of the master. French and English architecture followed their several lines, diverging more and more, till French frivolity flashed into Flamboyant, and English matter-of-fact stiffened into Perpendicular.

The French architects had been impelled by ambition, and had sought an ideal wholly foreign to the ambition and ideal of the English architect. The Frenchman sought to give his cathedral enormous height, to make the choir a semicircular lantern with a crown of

little lantern-like chapels round it. The Englishman sought length rather than loftiness; Exeter and Lincoln disappoint, because they are so low; only Westminster and Rievaulx show aspirations after height. English taste preferred the square east end to the apse, and the great east window to the semicircle of lights. The French architect put his towers at the extremities of the nave and transepts, and planted a delicate flèche at the intersections. The English architect concentrated his efforts on one mighty central tower over the crossing of nave and transepts, and made the other towers subsidiary. The French capital was always a reminiscence of the Roman mixture of Corinthian acanthus with Ionic volutes. The volutes are always present, however disguised; and this capital gives the abacus its square character, and the arch that springs from it its rectangular harshness. The English capital was circular; the volute disappeared at once; and the abacus was round, and the arch obtained a richness it never acquired in France. French architecture is impudent, English architecture modest. French architecture is the natural outgrowth of Celtic vivacity. It exhibits, written in stone, the characteristics of Celtic civilisation, and English architecture carries in graven tables the stamp of the Anglo-Saxon character and culture. Gallic architecture is picturesque, but extravagant; pretty with the prettiness of caprice, daring but thoughtless, exuberant but superficial. It delights for a while and then palls. English architecture is the reverse at every point; it is clumsily shy of posturing so as to appear picturesque; it is homely, gravely adhering to precedent, studiously moderate, disappointing at first sight, but wearing with a wear everlasting.

It is sad that our modern architects should have striven to force on us a style which goes clean contrary

to the traditions of Anglican art and to the artistic instincts of our race. If in the poverty of their invention they needs must plagiarise, they would have done better to go to Germany, where a race of like blood with us developed its artistic ideas, and created for itself a style peculiar to itself, unlike the French Flamboyant and the English Perpendicular, but yet a style with which the Anglican artistic instinct can sympathise, and with details which can be quoted in English modern architecture without producing a shock. Flamboyant and Perpendicular are thought to be the expiring efforts of Gothic art. I do not think this is a fair explanation of them, I regard them as the styles in which the national character first arrived at complete self-consciousness. The German style of the same period is to be regarded in the same light. In the fifteenth century each nation had artistically individualised itself.

Christian churches are thought to have been given their first type by the basilicas of Rome which were yielded up to Christian worship. This is possible. No doubt San Clemente and San Paolo fuor le Mura at Rome were originally halls of justice. But the basilican churches were not always adaptations of this sort. In a letter of Constantine to Bishop Macarius of Jerusalem, the emperor instructs the prelate to build a basilica over the Holy Sepulchre. The title basilica was given to a church because the term meant a colonade, and was derived from an adjective signifying royal or splendid, a word occurring in Plautus, in whose time the first basilicas were erected.

The first church at Trèves, the Rome of Gallia Cisalpina, was a palace belonging to the mother of Constantine, which she converted into a cathedral. This was not unfrequently done. In the 'Clementine Recognitions' it is said that Theophilus, one of the greatest men in Antioch,

dedicated 'domûs suæ ingentem basilicam ecclesiæ nomine.' Ammianus Marcellinus speaks of the basilica of Sicinus, which was evidently the house of Sicinus transformed into a church. It is probable that the oldest churches on the Rhine were private mansions of noble Gallo-Romans converted into places of worship. Now the principal part of a Roman mansion was the atrium, a square hall in the centre of the building, with a pond—the impluvium—in the middle; the atrium was covered in, except immediately over the impluvium. On one side of the hall, generally raised a step or two above it, was the tablinum, a semicircular apartment richly painted, and before this stood the altar to the lares and penates. The tablinum was converted into the sanctuary of the church, and the altar moved back out of the atrium into it. The passage leading to the atrium was widened by piercing the walls into the side chambers, and thus constituting a nave. At Trèves the atrium remained open to the sky till the eleventh century, when Bishop Poppo roofed it in, and at the same time broke through the old tablinum and built a larger choir.

If the traveller will bear this arrangement in mind he will understand the growth of ecclesiastical structures on the Rhine. Trèves minster was the typal church, the St. Sophia of the Ripuarian Franks. The atrium roofed over, covered with a cupola or octagonal lantern tower, becomes a distinguishing feature. Other towers are run up for holding the bells, or for adornment, but the huge central lantern is the predominant mass that takes the eye. It is to be seen in the glorious Apostles' Church at Cologne, in St. Maria in the Capitol, St. Gereon, Laach, Bonn, &c.

Taking the atrium as the foundation for ground-plan measurement, all additions were scaled by it. A choir

was added, east of this, of precisely its measures, and the apse was thrown east of this choir. The transepts were squares of the same dimensions, and the nave was two or three squares; the side aisles double as many half-squares as the nave. This was the original plan of the Cathedral of Merseburg.

There are several features of interest in German Romanesque architecture. One is the external gallery round the apse, a feature of great beauty. There are fine examples at Cologne. That of St. Servais, at Maestricht, is also noticeable.

This gallery was, no doubt, a practicable passage to the internal galleries often met with over the aisles. Around the circular space in the centre of the cathedral of Aachen runs an aisle, vaulted low; and the vault supports the floor of a superimposed solarium, or gallery opening by arches into the central body of the church. In this, opposite the altar, was the throne of the emperor, and the gallery served for the court. The western gallery was generally retained as the private box of princes and nobles, but also as a place for nuns. The gallery occasionally runs the whole length of the church on both sides, making double-storied aisles, as at Altenberg on the Lahn, Neuendorf in the Altmark, Hecklingen near Strassburg, Lünen, Mühlberg, Langenhorst, &c. A late example is St. Columba's, Cologne. The great church of Essen has a *three*-storied choir. Some of the Thuringian Benedictine monasteries were double, that is, one church served monks and nuns; these have all solaria for the accommodation of the women, whereas the men occupied the ground-floor. Another peculiarity of German Romanesque churches is the double choir. Both the west as well as the east end of a great many cathedrals and churches ends in an apse, with choir and altar in it. The origin of these

western choirs is to be sought at Fulda. The first church there, dedicated to the Saviour, was completed, properly orientated, by the first abbot, Sturmi. Bangolf, the second abbot, threw out an apse to the east. Ratger, abbot in 803, erected a similar apse at the west end to contain the tomb of St. Boniface, and the church, thus completed, was consecrated in 819. The fame acquired by the tomb of the Apostle of Germany caused the western choir to be regarded as the principal choir, and when the church was rebuilt in the eighteenth century this was alone retained. The next example is the plan of the abbey church of St. Gall, of 820. The eastern choir, raised on a flight of steps, stood over the tomb of St. Gall, and the western choir contained an altar to St. Peter, to whom the old church of the monastery had been dedicated two centuries before. Simultaneously a new cathedral was built at Cologne on the same plan, the eastern choir dedicated to St. Peter, the western to St. Mary. One nave served for both.

In the tenth century the bishop's seat was transferred from Säben, where the patron was St. Ingenuus, to Brixen, where the church was dedicated to St. Peter. The cathedral was at once provided with a second apse and altar at the west end for St. Ingenuus. The western choir is often attributable to a similar reason; it is so at Naumburg, to which the bishopric was transferred from Leitz in the eleventh century. But also convenience or economy promoted this curious usage, so as to make one church serve two purposes. This is the case with some minsters which were also parish churches. The chapter had their choir, and the parochial clergy their own, at opposite extremities of the building. Examples of churches with apses at both ends are numerous: such are the cathedrals of Trèves, Mainz, Worms, Augsburg, Eichstädt, Naumburg,

Bamberg, Münster, and Bremen. A very beautiful small church of this kind is St. Croix, at Liége.

The churches from the sixth to the eighth centuries were without towers; the introduction of bells caused a revolution; and so great became the desire to have towers, not only for containing bells, but as ornaments, that the smallest parish did not rest satisfied till it was provided with at least one. The cathedrals of Mainz, Speier, and Worms, the church of St. Michael at Hildesheim, and Laach Abbey Church, have six; the great church at Bonn has five, Limburg Cathedral, perched on the top of a rock, seven; the Marienkirche at Danzig has ten in addition to the great bell tower.

When a church was provided with a double apse, it was thought that it ought also to have a double transept, and when it was given a transept at the west end as well as at the east end, a cupola or lantern tower over the intersection followed, as a matter of course. Thus, at Mainz there are two, one at each end of the nave. And when each arm of the transept at one end was furnished with bell towers, each arm of the transept at the other end was similarly provided. At St. Michael's, Hildesheim, there is a central square tower over the crossing at each end of the nave, with one octagonal tower dying into a circle in the middle of each transept, and two similar porches at the two extremities of the nave.

The transition from Romanesque to Pointed was not a native development in Germany. The Pointed style was borrowed from France. The Romanesque Church of St. Cunibert at Cologne was completed in 1247, and the foundations of the richly decorated pointed cathedral were laid the following year. The plan was obviously borrowed from Amiens, then in course of construction. If drawn on the same scale and one be applied to the other, the two

ground-plans will be found to coincide. The Liebfraukirche at Trèves was designed by a French architect; it was begun in 1227, and was copied from the choir of St. Ived, in Braine, near Soissons, built between 1180 and 1216. But the central tower, erected *after* the pointed body of the church by German workmen, is in the Romanesque style. This latter style lasted all over Germany through the first half of the thirteenth century, and even in places down to 1300; whilst the pointed Gothic appeared sporadically from the beginning of the thirteenth century. The very earliest instance of the adaptation of a French plan to a German building is seen in the Church of St. Godehard, at Hildesheim, founded in 1133, erected in the Romanesque style. The plan is of a semicircular apse, with radiating chapels—a plan common in the south of France in the eleventh century, and which spread to the Loire. Bishop Bernhard I., of Hildesheim, was at the Council of Rheims in 1131, when St. Godehard was canonised, and no doubt he carried back with him the French plan of a choir with its wreath of chapels, and built his church at Hildesheim after it. This example of a Romanesque choir with radiating chapels is almost unique in Germany.[1]

In 1207 the Cathedral of Magdeburg was burnt down. A few days after the fire, Archbishop Albert II. entered the city, and at once undertook the rebuilding of the minster. The archbishop had long studied in the University of Paris, and there no doubt he had seen and been pleased with the new pointed Gothic style. He either brought an architect from France, or sent German workmen to study there, for the Cathedral of Magdeburg both in plan and style followed the French school. The Cathedral of Naumburg was consecrated in 1242: it was built

[1] There is another, the abbey church of Heisterbach.

in the German Romanesque style. That same year a learned man, named Peter, a master of arts, of Paris, was elected to the bishopric. The opposition of the Margrave prevented him from maintaining his place; but it is probable that he had brought with him French builders for the completion of the cathedral, for the rest of the work is pure Pointed, a startling contrast to the portion completed only a few years before.

Directly the German architects mastered the principles of Pointed architecture, they got rid of the square abacus. The pillar had been called upon to support a rectangular block of masonry; the capital was the point at which the circle melted into the square. In France, old Gallo-Roman ruins had supplied abundance of pillars for the first Christian temples, but on the Rhine pillars were not so abundant, and builders, therefore, employed piers. A pilaster was manageable. The German pilaster or little column was given a capital very different from the early French capital. Imagine a marble rubbed down partially on four opposite sides, and then sawn in half. Half such a die is the Romanesque capital of Germany.

When the nave and aisles came to be vaulted, and the groining ribs and responds rose from the capital, the pillar was required to support a mass of masonry whose section was not rectangular, parallel with the axis of the building, but a rectangle set diamond-wise. The capital at once returned to its bowl shape, with a circular abacus, and kept to that type.

In Middle Pointed, the compass first showed its capacities. But the instrument which lent the style its great power and endowed it with such daring, was also the cause of its ruin. It put the ability to design respectably in the hands of every man who could strike a circle. Architecture became mechanical; proportion was measured

by a wooden rule, not by living taste. Genius got nipped between the compass legs. What genius can do with the aid of the instrument may be seen in the nave and west front of Strassburg, with its spire as originally designed; what compass with commonplace mind can effect, in the nave and west front of York Minster. Cologne Cathedral, with all its beauty, disappoints, because the compass has been too much for the creative genius. Compass and rule became sovereign in England in Perpendicular. But German genius saw its peril, flung the instrument aside, went into the green wood, took in a deep inspiration from nature, and in the end of the fourteenth century developed a style intensely national, and one of which Germans ought to be proud. German genius caught at the branchings and interlacings of tree boughs as the means of escape from the despotism of the rule and divider; it determined to have picturesqueness at any price, and to eschew conventionality. In the architectural creations of the end of the fourteenth, of the fifteenth, and beginning of the sixteenth century, we meet with caprice, defiance of artistic canons, grotesqueness even; but the great inexpressible charm of the style is, that it speaks to us with human voice, it reveals to us the thoughts that chased through the mind of the builder and sculptor; it shows us the beatings of a kindly human heart; it is full of fancy, nay more, of ideas. It sometimes stutters, not from want of thought, but from inability to express the flow of rich imaginings. The German architects have not yet arrived at the pitch of comprehending it; it is barbarous to them, as the Gothic of York Minster was Saracenic to Matthew Bramble. They have not yet given it a name. Otte consigns to it half a page, Lubke about a couple. And yet this is, par excellence, the German Gothic, the embodiment of the merits and defects of the Teutonic genius.

As the development has not yet been christened, I will perform the rite, and call it the 'Broken-twig style.'[1]

The leading idea of this style is to carry every moulding through, not let one die into another. An ordinary picture frame and an Oxford frame will illustrate the difference. In the former, each side disappears into the other at the junction. In the latter, each side is carried through, and appears beyond. Square-headed doorways and windows are treated precisely like Oxford frames. In a hollow lies a roll, sometimes representing a stick, with lateral twigs and knots; this is crossed above the door by a similar stick, and the two are represented as lashed together.

At Ulm, on the south of the minster, is a door into the church, between massive buttresses. A very depressed arch is flung between the buttresses, over the door, and this arch takes the form of a huge tree trunk thrust between the piers of masonry to keep them apart, somewhat bent with their pressure inwards. This is, no doubt, an inexcusable conceit, but it shows fancy. An ordinary architect would have struck a low semicircle with his instrument, and it would have interested no one. The tree trunk tells you at once that a mind loving the woods, full of resources, has worked there. At Ulm again, in the market-place, is a lovely Gothic fountain, a plinth with niches, and knights and saints standing in them, surmounted by a crocketed spirelet. There are hundreds of such Gothic fountains. So the architect thought, and he gave his spirelet a twist, just as woodbine ascends a trunk, and the whole creation became at once perfectly charming by its quaintness. At Eichstädt, at the junction of the cloisters with an ambulatory leading to the chapter-house,

[1] I believe Dr. Whewell called the tracery of this style 'stump tracery.'

is a pillar standing alone, on which the vaulting leans. It is octagonal, with the faces concave, but with half-pillars in the alternate faces. The whole is twisted. I suppose the idea came into the head of the sculptor that it was to some such pillar that Christ was bound, for about the base he has twined thorns. He has carried these up in the concave faces, but as the thorns and briars climb they break into leaf and flower, and about the capital form a blooming crown. There are both taste and thought manifest here.

Capitals of pillars in this style are often nothing but a change in the adornment of the shaft. There is no widening above; and very often the capital falls away wholly, and the groining of the vaults rises out of the pillars as boughs out of a tree, without any break. The architects of this period greatly affected hall-like churches; they placed the piers as far apart as possible, and made the aisles lofty and wide. The clerestory was often omitted, and one vast roof covered in the whole church. It is so with St. Stephen's, Vienna; it is so also with the magnificent church of St. Cross, Gmünd, in Swabia, one of the purest and finest specimens of this style. The side aisles are rarely carried round the choir, which ends in three sides of an octagon with lofty windows. The crown of chapels adopted from France disappears altogether; but, on the other hand, the buttresses of the aisles are often enclosed, taken into the church, and the spaces between converted into side chapels. It is so with the Liebfrau-kirche, Munich. A very curious arrangement is sometimes met with—two aisles of equal width and height, divided by an arcade, with one choir, the axis of which is the line of the arcade. Consequently, any one standing precisely in the centre at the west end of the church cannot see the altar. The churches of Feldkirch and Schwaz,

in Tyrol, and the pretty little village church of Driesch, in the Eifel, are good examples. The two naves at Driesch are separated by *one* pillar, *i.e.* are composed of two bays. Such churches are not uncommon in the Mosel district.[1] The effect is anything but disagreeable, especially in a small church.

The vaulting of this period is peculiarly fine. Earlier vaulting in Germany, as in France, had never attained the perfection of English vaulting. The English architects alone used the ridge rib, running the whole length of the church and uniting the keys, a feature of paramount beauty. Neither in France nor Germany is to be seen a vaulting of such purity and loveliness as that of Exeter. But also, neither in France nor Germany, did vaulting become so feeble and uninteresting as in York.

The groinings of the 'Broken-twig' period are rich, and strongly accentuated. The vault is composed of a number of cells, arranged as the meshes of a net, or as a star. Often the ribs, after touching the boss, pass through it, reappear, and are cut off short.

The window tracery escapes the effeminateness of the Flamboyant by a similar artifice. It is geometrical, with a tendency to flamboyant forms, but intersecting circles break off.

The foliage of this period is peculiarly rich and exuberant. In figure sculpture the drapery represents stiff silks or brocade, in place of linen, as in the thirteenth century. Very beautiful specimens of this style are the chapel of St. Lorenz, on the north side of the Cathedral of Strassburg; the Frauenkirche, Esslingen; the west façade of Ratisbon, the Heilig-Kreuz Kirche, Gmünd, the Stiftskirche, Stuttgart, the west front of Magdeburg Cathedral, and some of the town-halls of the free cities. The choir of Frei-

[1] Cues, Graach, Hatzenport, Traaben, &c.

burg Cathedral is too late, and not good of its style. St. Afra and St. Ulrich, at Augsburg, is an interesting example of the style, accepting Renaissance detail, and losing its original vigour.

The German artists of the fifteenth century solved one of the greatest difficulties that beset Gothic architects from the beginning of Pointed architecture—the reredos. In France and in England at the back of the altar stood a stone structure, often very beautiful, as at Winchester, All Souls', Oxford, the Lady Chapel, Gloucester, &c., but formal.[1] The erections of which traces remain in France were even less satisfactory, if we may judge by the specimens engraved by M. Viollet-le-Duc. Stone is cheerless, marble freezing, in England. The east end of a church is the culminating point for decorations, colour, and glow.

In Belgium no success was attained in solving the problem. The wooden reredos was common, and the carving was exquisite. But it was nothing more than a collection of miniatures in sculpture. The museum of the Porte de Hal, at Brussels, contains several fine specimens. There is another in the church of St. Denis at Liége; another, a Jesse-tree, at Bruges; another Belgian Jesse-reredos in Lord Brougham and Vaux' chapel at Brougham.[2] But the German altar-piece of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was the most elaborate, gorgeous, and effective adjunct to the building. It was the focus of the church; it was most richly sculptured without being 'finnikin,' bold without being coarse, and it glowed with gold and colour. The idea is a triptych, the central block the width of the altar, each wing half this width. Above this rises a sheaf

[1] They were originally coloured. We had in England, no doubt, carved wooden altar-pieces, but none have survived the Reformation, or havoc wrought by the Puritans in the seventeenth century.

[2] This is really an Abraham-tree; as David appears sixth from the root-figure.

of pinnacle work of exuberant richness, filled with small statues of angels and saints. Sometimes the centre of the triptych is occupied by a picture, and then the wings are painted externally and internally; but more frequently it contains sculpture, and then the wings are fixed and covered also with sculpture, or are painted, and can at will be closed over the centre. A magnificent altar-piece of this latter kind is at Blaubeuren, figured in Otte's 'Kunst-Archäologie;' another at St. Wolfgang, in Upper Austria, engraved in Lübke's 'Ecclesiastical Art in Germany.' Others are at Rothenburg on the Tauber, Nördlingen, Moosburg, Calcar, Xanten, Dortmund, and Danzig. One at Alt-Breisach is very fine, but late and heavy, and too large for the church, spoiled, moreover, by being daubed over with brown paint. A remarkably fine one of the Crucifixion, but without the crown of pinnacles, is at Holar, in Iceland, brought from Germany in the fifteenth century. One small German specimen may be seen in England, at St. Michael's Church, Brighton, and a modern imitation of an old one at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopgate Street.

Gradually the Renaissance supplanted Gothic, but in Germany it maintained much of the beauty of outline of the earlier style. German towns are peculiarly rich in bay-windows (*Erkfenster*) of this period. Every patrician family took pride in having the face of the city mansion richly treated, and an inexhaustible store of the most beautiful windows and sculptured details can be gathered from the towns of Germany. Ratisbon has many; Colmar one or two of extraordinary beauty; one that is famous is at Torgau; Schaffhausen abounds with excellent specimens.[1]

[1] I commend to architects a small one, No. 23, Augustiner-Strasse, Zürich. A magnificent work, now approaching completion, is *Die Deutsche Renaissance*, Leipzig, giving working details of the best examples of the style in the various towns of Germany.

The Renaissance flourished in Germany but for a brief space before the Thirty Years' war broke over the country. Nevertheless it obtained there remarkable excellence, and some notable specimens remain, as the Otto-Heinrichbau (1556) and the Friedrichsbau (1607) of Heidelberg Castle, and the palace of the Elector of Mainz at Aschaffenburg.

When peace returned, art was dead. Germany looked to France, and Gallican artists came over to lay out towns and build palaces for Electors and Princes. Rococo came in with powdered hair and patches. But German artists were no more content to accept French art in the eighteenth century without pouring into it the national spirit than they were in the thirteenth. German rococo is something very different from the baroque of Louis XV. It is richer, more fantastic, less formal. French baroque was too much under Palladian influence to be other than cold and formal. There was a bonhomie about German rococo which is very attractive. The plaster-work of that period is superb. Very fine specimens may be seen in the churches of Würzburg, which were thoroughly modernised by Bishop Schönborn. Equally fine was the metal work; indeed it would be difficult to find more exquisite treatment of hammered iron than was displayed at that period. A great deal of it is to be seen enclosing side chapels in great churches.[1] A vast number of altars belong to the same period. These are now being everywhere ruthlessly swept away to make room for execrable modern work. These erections generally consist of two stages. One contains a painting between two sets of twisted pillars, and the other a smaller picture or a statue between twisted

[1] A very beautiful grating to an 'Oelberg' at Krotzingen, in Baden, of the date of 1790. Exquisite work of the same date may be seen over the doors of private houses in almost every town.

pillars also. The pillars are twined with oak-leaves or roses, and between them and around are wreaths of flower-work, often of the most exquisite workmanship, the carving equal to anything of Grinling Gibbons. There are often small panels painted dark blue, covering relics, on which gold ornaments have been traced, as delicate and beautiful as on Japanese cabinets.

The figure sculpture at this period was very bad, the attitudes theatrical, the muscles and flesh puffed, as if all saints and angels were dropsical. This statuary offended modern taste as soon as taste began to revive; and in sweeping it away, the beautiful flowers, and wreathed pillars, and delicately moulded cornices went also. From 1700 to the middle of the century the altar-pieces were often admirable, after that their character declined. Unfortunately most of the carving was done in pearwood, which readily attracts the worm; and rich work that is only a hundred years old is now crumbling to dust. But the decay might be arrested were there a will to do so. There is, however, no appreciation of this late work. A peculiarly magnificent altar-piece was torn down a couple of years ago at Mahlberg, as a new church was about to be built. Hearing that it was for sale, I went in quest of it. I was too late. It had been put up to auction, no offer had been made for it, and so, during the winter, it was used for heating ovens. In the place of the former church stands now an erection of almost inconceivable hideousness, with the meanest and most tasteless altar furniture.

The European war made a battle-field of Germany, and on it German architecture fell with a bullet in its heart. Of the four fine arts—music, painting, sculpture, and architecture—one is not. Architecture is dead and buried. It would seem as if the perceptive faculty of

choosing what is good and rejecting what is evil in architecture were also extinct in Germany. During the reigns of Ludwig and Maximilian a great effort was made in Munich, by pouring gold down her throat, to restore vitality in the dead art, but it was in vain. Money and honours could not buy genius. Munich, from an art point of view, possesses the same sort of interest as does a museum of monstrosities to an anatomist. The architects Klenze, Liebland, Gärtner, Ohlmüller, Riedel, &c. have striven hard with one another who could show the world to what a depth of degradation architecture could sink in Germany. Recently a new Rathhaus has been completed which shows that architecture is as impotent still as it was in the reigns of Ludwig and Maximilian.

Still more infamous is the new Protestant church, as bad as anything done in England in the 'compo' period.

It is instructive to see how different it is directly the traveller crosses the frontier into Belgium or Switzerland. In Brussels the new Palais de Justice is a noble structure, and the houses springing up along the new boulevard by the Post Office abound in merit. At Zürich many fresh buildings, probably designed by French architects, show talent. But not a spark of that heavenly fire has fallen as yet in Germany. Everywhere of late, in villages and towns, new schools, at great cost, have been erected; and I have not seen one which is not absolutely hideous when in the least pretentious. New churches are all bad—execrably bad. It will take half a century of patient study of existing monuments of Christian art before German architects can build respectably in a Gothic style.[1] In

[1] The only restoration on which it is possible to look back with any pleasure is that of the castle above Kochem, on the Mosel, by an architect of Berlin named Arnold. This is excellent; but the same architect has failed conspicuously in a church at Dresden.

this particular again it is different in Belgium. At Ghent there has been completed recently a new *béguinage*, which is as lovely and perfect a creation as any work of the Middle Ages.

Indeed, recently, work altogether admirable has been done in Belgium by Mr. Weale and Mr. Bethune, who after hard fight have routed native incompetence, and founded a new school of Gothic art.

German architects will not, unfortunately, leave well alone. When they attempt to restore, they disfigure. The interesting cathedral at Mainz is now undergoing cruel martyrdom at their hands. The character of the eastern choir has been altered by the destruction of an almost unique feature in it, and a monstrous lantern tower has been erected over the crossing with neat symmetrical picked-out quoins. Lorch church was once one of the most interesting on the Rhine. Under the brutal hands of ignorant restorers, its glory is departed; it is a monument of German blindness to the good and beautiful.[1] At

[1] A recent No. of the *Academy* justly says the so-called 'Restoration of the Church of Lorch am Rhein has been most disastrous. Complaints of unsuccessful attempts at church restoration have for a long while past made themselves loudly heard in Germany, and this last affair at Lorch seems to have brought matters to a crisis. The church was famous both for the beauty of its situation, and for the fairly good state in which it had come down from the fifteenth century: it has now been so mishandled both without and within that it is said by competent authorities to offend against every principle of architectural science. Nothing remains of the original work in the choir except the iron clamps, which had been introduced here and there, in the course of time, in order to bind weak places together; and these, too, it is proposed to replace with new ones. Of the old piers nothing but the kernel can be said to exist, for they have been re-faced and tricked out with Gothic finials of the last fashion, and the picturesque Renaissance tower has been destroyed. For the moment the work is at a standstill, and a second architect has been called in, to whom has been entrusted the conduct of the restoration of the two aisles; he is, however, almost hopelessly embarrassed by

Ulm was a charming little church and tower before the west front of the great Dom, giving it scale, as St. Margaret's gives scale to Westminster Abbey, and the spire of St. Bride's to the dome of St. Paul's. In 1877 I saw this church torn down, and its ruins carted away. Esslingen has lost its glorious St. Catherine's. Ratisbon was surrounded with fifteen towers, variously capped, making the distant prospect of the city a vision of beauty. All have disappeared save one.

There is a reason why architecture in Germany does not awake out of the dust. It is an art which demands study of many years, with careful measurement of old work. No man can build in any style till he has made it his own, till he thinks in it. An architectural style is a language. A tongue is never spoken fluently and grammatically till the thoughts take shape in the language before they are uttered. It is the same with an architectural style.[1] In a style every part hangs together in close relationship—the plan, the mouldings, the tracery, the foliage. When Mr. Venus built up a skeleton, he waited patiently till he had got suitable bones, and he would not hang Mr. Wegg's leg on the French gentleman's thigh because it was not in his style. He had his box of 'human warious,' from which he sorted out adap-

the labours of his predecessor. If he is forced—and it is said he will be forced—to continue the work as it has been begun, total ruin will be about the best thing that can be wished to this once valuable monument of Rhenish Gothic architecture.'

[1] It deserves remark how that now, when English architects have recurred to an English style—the so-called Queen Anne—they can design pleasantly, and their creations give us pure delight; they touch chords in our hearts, wake up pleasant associations. The authors speak easily in their own tongue. The works of such masters of sweet English, as Mr. Norman Shaw and Mr. Chancellor, are a delight to the heart, Old English madrigals writ in brick. On the other hand, many of our modern architects affect a broken jargon of Spanish, Italian, and French.

table fragments, but never strung together those that were incongruous. Modern German architects have their portfolios of prints of 'Gothic warious,' and when they want to build a church or a town-hall, first outline a factory, and then trick it out with every sort of various detail, mouldings, out of their own heads, of the nineteenth century,—they never trouble themselves to measure and map old mouldings—foliage of the sixteenth century, windows of the tenth, tracery (bad) of the thirteenth. Mr. Venus knew every bone, and where it ought to go, and to what sized skeleton it belonged. A German architect has no idea as to what ought to be done with his scraps, which go together, and where they should go.

And the reason of this ignorance is—military service. The man who intends to become an architect has perhaps not passed as 'reif,' and so serves for three years. These are the years in which he ought to be going over the country, tape, compasses, and T-ruler in hand, studying architecture, and taking down good examples in his book. When his service is over, he sets up in his profession, buys Heideloff's 'Ornamentik des Mittelalters,' and Lübke, and thinks himself able to design anything from a school to a cathedral. And this is why the traveller of taste is constrained, in passing one of his creations, to sing like Serpolette, Grénicheux, and the Bailli, in 'Les Cloches de Corneville'—'I shut my eyes! I shut my eyes! I shut my eyes!'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STOVE.

Grumio: A cold world, Curtis, in every office, and therefore fire.—*Taming of the Shrew*, act iv. sc. 1.

I CAN quite understand the worship of the Parsees. If ever I abjure Christianity, it will be to pay my adorations to Fire.

Warmth is more precious than food, and in our raw, damp English climate we need it almost more than where the winters are keener but the cold is dry. We suffer from cold more in England than where cold is severer, but this is due chiefly to an unscientific method of heating our rooms.

The English grates in common use are adapted for the combustion of a large amount of coal, and therefore are greatly to the advantage of the coal-merchant; but they are wasteful to the consumer.

The amount of heat radiated by the open fireplace bears a miserably small proportion to the amount of heat carried up the chimney. The smoke that issues from the top of the chimney is hot. All the heat carried off by the smoke is so much heat wasted; in a word, is so many pence per day, so many shillings per week, and so many pounds per annum out of the consumer's pocket. It is small satisfaction to him to contemplate a wreath of smoke issuing from his chimney, however gracefully it may curl, and know that in that wreath in one day enough caloric has been carried off to have heated his room for a

week. We throw away money wastefully in smoke; we play ducks and drakes with our money in coals. One quarter of the heat generated is utilised by us, and three quarters we throw clean away.

An open fireplace, such as is common in England, is the most barbarous, spendthrift contrivance under the sun. It is the worst contrivance for warming a room that ingenuity could possibly devise. The grate radiates forth a certain amount of heat, and that amount is all we utilise; but the great body of heat is carried up the chimney by the draught generated by the fire. A person sitting before an open fireplace is in a strong draught; his back, his feet, are cold, whilst his face and knees are scorched. The oxygen of the air is burnt in the grate, or helps to burn the coal, and there is a strong current of air from all parts of the room to carry on the combustion. Place the hand in the orifice of the chimney immediately above the fire, and two currents will be detected, a hot one of smoke, and a cold one of air. Both are carried up the chimney. We throw away the heat in our smoke, and we throw away the partially heated air in the room, whilst the exhaustion sucks colder air in from every quarter to replenish the void.

No doubt this artificial draught is of one advantage, it prevents the room becoming close; but this can be prevented quite as well without squandering our heat.

The chimney, rather than the grate, should be the heating apparatus of the room; or, rather, both chimney and grate should unite to heat the room. As our houses are constructed, the chimneys are made utterly useless for this purpose. They are sometimes placed in an outside wall, so as to throw off their heat into the open air; sometimes in an inner wall, so constructed that one side of the chimney only can give off heat internally, and this

it is prevented from doing by the thickness of the wall and the badly conducting nature of its materials. Moreover, the distance from the mouth of the flue to the ceiling is so short, that the chimney is not allowed the opportunity of throwing off its heat into the room.

If we look to the Germans, who have little coal, and who are obliged to rely on wood as their staple of fuel, which is very costly, we find that they have been driven by their necessities to economise fuel to the utmost; and what is more, we find that they are able to warm a room more effectually with a few chips, or a bundle of fir-cones, than we can with two scuttlesful of coal.

The secret of utilising fuel for heating a room is:—

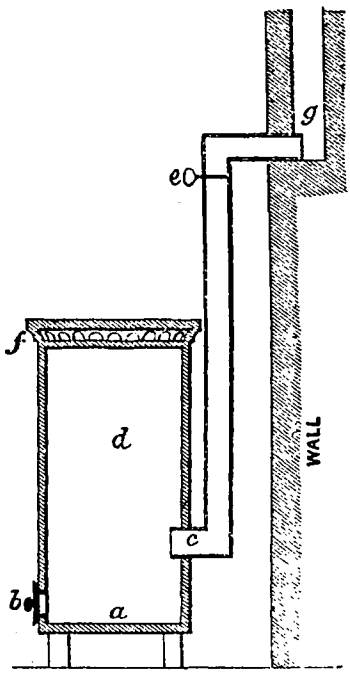
1. Bring the fire into the room, and thus let it radiate heat on all four sides, instead of on only one.

2. Do not let the smoke escape out of the room till it is cool.

Now it is evident that if we adhere to these two golden maxims, we are making the very utmost of our fuel; we extract all the heat that we can out of it before we let the refuse smoke and ash escape. The ancient Greeks knew very little about smelting ore. At Laurium they got a certain amount of silver from the rock, and tossed away the dross. But we know now that their refuse is rich in metal, and will well repay the labour of extracting it. English people treat their fuel as barbarously as did the Greeks their silver ore.

The Germans heat their rooms with stoves of tile or iron. The tiled stove is constructed somewhat as follows. It may be square or circular. The diagram represents a section. The fire is lighted in the stove at *a*, and the smoke rises freely in *d*, and entirely fills it. When full, the colder smoke descends and is carried off through the flue at *c*. When, as in old stoves, the receiver is large, and extends

nearly the full height of the room, there is merely a flue from *c* into the chimney in the wall. But if the stove be



reduced in size, then, to utilise the smoke, the flue of iron is made to perform many turns before it is carried at *g* into the structural chimney *g*. At *e* is a damper. At *b* is the door to the stove; this is arranged with a simple apparatus to admit a current of air, or to shut air completely off. When a quick sharp fire has been raised, the whole of the receiver has been full of flames, and rapidly becomes so hot that the hand cannot be borne on it. The quick fire dies rapidly out. The moment it is dead, the sooner the better, the damper is turned, and the chimney closed. Consequently the whole stove remains a huge vessel filled with heat, which it continues to radiate into the room for several hours.

In the depth of winter, when the thermometer is some degrees below zero, it is quite enough to fire up twice in the twenty-four hours. For instance, the maid makes up a fire in the sitting-room at eight o'clock in the morning, by half-past eight the fire is out and the stove closed. The stove need not be again heated till six o'clock in the evening. Those sitting in the room will enjoy a summer heat all day, produced by an armful of small logs. In Scotland, on the Yorkshire moors, or in Devonshire, a bush of gorse would heat a room for ten hours. Gorse is not attainable everywhere; thorns will do as well. A couple of 'Times' newspapers in a German tile stove will raise the temperature of a room, and keep it warm longer than a small scuttleful of coals in an open grate.

At *f*, the top slab of the stove, often of marble, is raised upon an open cornice of porcelain above the real tile top of the receiver. Thus a current of heated air continues streaming out of the openings of the cornice, and the slab is also heated and in its turn gives out heat. Should the air be thought too dry, a shallow vessel with water may be placed on it. But I do not believe that air heated by an earthenware stove becomes unpleasantly dry; it is when burnt by contact with overheated iron that it becomes unpleasant and unwholesome.

The stove is built up of fire-tiles. To keep them firmly compacted together brass bands pass round the block, and are secured by screws. Nothing can be simpler, give less trouble, or be more practical. The stove is a mere smoke-chamber, it is easily cleaned through the grate.

It is quite true that it does not ventilate the room; and this is its defect. But this is a defect easily remedied. If the room become close, the window may be opened. When the window is shut again, the room does not remain

cold, for the stove continues pouring forth its heat, and rapidly brings up the temperature again.

There is no doubt that a German room in winter is hot; it is also intolerably close. There are double frames to the windows, and generally at the head of the stairs is a glass screen, so that a German flat smells disagreeably. This is because the Germans do not care for and understand ventilation. Stoves are made to heat a room, not of necessity to ventilate it. The combination of a heat-producing and a ventilating apparatus in one, as in our open fireplaces, is clumsy in the extreme.

To ventilate a room we need two currents of air, one to enter the room, the other to leave it. That which enters need not be cold, but it must be pure atmospheric air containing oxygen. That which leaves the room is the air divested of its oxygen by the lungs, together with carbonic acid given off with nitrogen by every expiration of the lungs. Nitrogen is not needed by the lungs, carbonic acid is poisonous; consequently, to keep an apartment healthy, we must carry off the nitrogen and the carbonic acid, and supply its place with pure air.

Now, by a provision of nature the heated nitrogen and carbonic acid, when given off by the lungs, rise to the top of the room. The carbonic acid, when cold, sinks; but not till it is cold. Consequently it ought to be carried off at once whilst it is above the heads of those in the room. Now how do we act with our open grates? We suck the injurious gases down from the ceiling by the artificial draught created by the fireplace filled with burning fuel, which is at from eight inches to a foot and a half above the floor. Consequently, we draw down the mephitic vapours to the level of our lungs before we carry them off.

Common sense says, open a ventilator in the wall below the ceiling, into the chimney, and then all the foul

and poisonous exhalations will be carried off through that as fast as they rise. But it is not enough for us to carry off the bad air, we need a constant supply of good air, both to feed the lungs and to sustain the fire. How do we manage this? We allow the air to pour in through the chinks of the door, or through the joints of the window-sashes, and thus we create a draught of cold air which sinks to the floor and rushes to the fireplace. Consequently those who sit in a room with an open fire are liable to complain that their feet are icy cold, and that their backs are chilled whilst their faces are scorched. We suffer far more from chilblains in England than do Germans or Russians. If we stop up all the crevices by which air can enter, we act very foolishly, for we create a draught up the chimney to carry out of the room all the air in it, and forbid fresh air coming in to take its place. Thus we exhaust the room of its atmosphere, and then complain that we feel heavy and stupefied. Air must come in. It is necessary for our health that it should, but it is not necessary that the air should be cold. If we open a communication with the external air, either through the wall of the room or through the floor, and then convey it, in a pipe, through the porcelain stove, when it is discharged into the room it is perfectly good, and is at the same time warm. Draughts there will be still in the apartment, but they will be warm draughts, softly circulating, which we shall not feel. The room will be deliciously warm, and the air in it will be perfectly pure and sweet. I have a dining-room, measuring thirty feet by fifteen feet, and twelve feet high, heated by a small open fireplace with air conducted from without to a receiver behind the grate, whence it pours into the room through perforations in the face of the stove. The room is maintained in the coldest weather at a comfortable

temperature, and is always sweet, owing to the constant influx of hot, fresh air. The fumes of dinner pass away almost with the meal.

One great objection raised against German stoves is that the fire is enclosed, or is out. English people love to see the fire. There is no question that the open fireplace with the burning coals in the grate is a cheery sight. In Berlin, in some of the new houses, there are stoves to give warmth, and open fires to look at, in the same rooms. With coal we cannot fire up for half an hour and then let the fire out; we must keep the fire up all day. But even so, the principle of the German stove need not be abandoned. In the Grand-Ducal palace at Freiburg, and in the palace of the Prince of Thurn und Taxis at Augsburg are open fireplaces. Immediately above the mantelpiece is a recess; partly in this niche and partly extending over the mantelpiece is a porcelain erection, richly decorated, coloured, and gilt, and certainly ornamental. It is the receiver for the smoke. The smoke mounts directly into it, fills it, and then descends to pass out into the chimney. That in the Grand-Ducal palace is conical, decorated with medallions and portraits, gilt, of the Emperors. A richly niched terra-cotta chimney-piece which could hold statuettes, china, and glass, might easily be managed on this principle, and be very ornamental and effective. It would be a huge hot-air tank in the room.

The German stove is by no means necessarily unsightly. The porcelain stove lends itself with peculiar facility to ornamentation, and in combination with an open grate, as suggested, might be as beautiful as an old-fashioned Elizabethan oak chimney-piece. Moulded terra-cotta friezes, bands of foliage, niches containing figures, would all be advantageous, as increasing the surface from which heat would be radiated. If, instead of making the surface

plain, we increase the number of angles, add pilasters, and encircle with niches, till we have doubled the area of surface exposed, we have very nearly doubled the amount of heat given off.

In the Bishop's castle at Salzburg is a handsome stove of the date 1519, as good as when it was erected by Bishop Leonhardt. I have seen one of about the same date, still in use, at Nürnberg. Heideloff, in his 'Ornamentik,' has engraved two old porcelain stoves, and it is possible to obtain reproductions of them at a moderate cost. I saw recently at Strassburg modern stoves, very tasteful, the tiles painted with Watteau-like subjects.

One very great advantage of the porcelain stove is that it provides a continuance of warmth in the room long after the fire has got low, or has gone out. With an open grate the room chills down directly. It is not so with the earthenware German stove, which retains its heat long after the fire has gone out. It is a reservoir gradually radiating heat. This may be seen in the common earthenware cottage-oven. It is heated by brambles or brushwood being burnt in it. Then the fire is swept out, and the bread or pies are baked when there is no fire, merely by the heat retained in the earthenware and given out by degrees.

APPENDIX.

As it has been impossible for me to deal otherwise than briefly with many subjects of great importance, which hardly admit of compression into the limited space allotted them, I subjoin the titles of books, for the benefit of those who desire to pursue any of the subjects.

Chapters I. & II.—THE NOBILITY.

Lohmeier, J. G. Genealogische Beschreibung der vornehmsten Chur- und fürstlichen Häuser in Deutschland. Folio. Tübingen, 1695.

Moltke. De Matrimonio Nobilis cum Ignobili. 4to. Rostock, 1707.

Bürgermeister, J. S. Des Reichs-Adels d. dreyen Ritter-Craysen in Schwaben, Franken und am Rheinstrom Immedietät-Prärogativen. 4to. Ulm, 1709.

Bericht vom Adel in Deutschland. 4to. Frankfurt, 1721.

Bürgermeister, J. S. Graven- und Ritter-Saal. 4to. Ulm, 1715, 1721.

Riccii, Ch. G. Zuverlässiger Entwurf von dem landsässigen Adel in Deutschland, dessen Ursprung, Alter, Schuldigkeiten, Rechte, &c. 4to. Nürnberg, 1735.

Schulenberg. De Privilegiis ac Prærogativis Nobilium Mediatorum in Germania. 4to. Vitemberg, 1746.

Semler. De Ministerialibus. 4to. Altdorf, 1751.

Dulssecker, J. F. Commentatio Juris Publici de Matrimoniis Personarum Illustrium in Imperio Romano Germanico. Nostris 'Von den Vermählungen derer Standspersonen in Teutschland.' Jena, 1760.

Ploennies. De Ministerialibus, 'Von dem Zustand des nieder. Adels in Teutschland.' 4to. Jena, 1757.

Von d. Geschlechtsadel u. d. Erneuerung des Adels. 8vo. Leipzig, 1778.

Versuch einer pragmat. Geschichte der Lehen, aus den Zeiten vor der Errichtung d. fränkischen Monarchie bis zur Erlöschung d. karolingischen Stammes in Deutschland. 8vo. Frankfurt, 1785.

Dulaure, J. A. Kritische Geschichte des Adels, worinn seine Vorurtheile, seine Räubereien und Verbrechen aufgedecket werden. 8vo. (without place or publisher), 1792.

Kotzebue. Vom Adel. 8vo. Leipzig, 1792.

Rehberg, A. W. Ueber den deutschen Adel. 8vo. Göttingen, 1803.

Wedekind, Frh. v. Das Werth des Adels und die Ansprüche des Zeitgeistes auf Verbesserung d. Adelsinstituts. 8vo. Darmstadt, 1816.

De la Motte-Fouqué u. F. Perthes. Etwas über den deutschen Adel. 8vo. Hamburg, 1819.

Göhrum, Ch. G. Geschichtliche Darstellung der Lehre v. d. Ebenbürtigkeit, nach gemeinem deutschen Rechte. 8vo. Tübingen, 1846.

Strantz. Geschichte d. deutschen Adels. 8vo. Breslau, 1845.

Vallgraff, C. Die teutschen Standesherren. 2 vols. 8vo. Mainz, 1851.

Vehse, E. Geschichte der kleinen deutschen Höfe: die Höfe der Mediatisirten. 5 vols. 8vo. Hamburg, 1856–9.

Fischer, L. H. Der teutsche Adel in der Vorzeit, Gegenwart und Zukunft. 2 vols. 8vo. Frankfurt, 1852.

Roth v. Schreckenstein, Frh. C. H. Das Patriziat in den deutschen Städten. 8vo. Tübingen, 1856.

Kneschke. Deutsche Grafenhäuser der Gegenwart. 3 vols. 8vo. Leipzig, 1859–60.

Kühns, F. J. Ueber den Ursprung und das Wesen des Feudalismus. 8vo. Berlin, 1869.

Chapter III.—THE LAWS OF SUCCESSION.

Knipschiltii, Ph. Tractat. de Fideicommissis Familiar. Nobil. vulgo 'Stammgütern.' 4to. Colon. 1715, 1750.

Beck. De Licita Majoratum et Fideicommissorum Familiarum Nobilium Alienatione. 4to. Altdorf, 1750.

Hersemeier, H. De Pactis Gentilitiis Familiarum Illustr. atque Nobilium Germaniæ, vulgo 'Von den in der Privatfamilien-Gesetzge-

bungsfreiheit hauptsächl. begründeten Haus- u. Stammverträgen d. deutschen Adels.' 4to. Mogunt. 1788.

Danz. Ueber Familiengesetze des deutschen Adels, welche nicht standesvermässige Vermählungen untersagen. 8vo. Frankfurt, 1792.

Moshamm, Frh. A. Entwicklung d. rechtl. Verhältnisse d. deutschen Geschlechts-Fideikommissen. 8vo. München, 1816.

Salza, C. v. und Lichtenau. Die Lehre von Familien-, Stamm- und Geschlechts-Fideicommissen. 8vo. Leipzig, 1838.

Zimmerle, L. Das deutsche Stammgutssystem nach seinem Ursprunge und s. Verlaufe. 8vo. Tübingen, 1857.

Kraut, W. Th. Die Vormundschaft nach den Grundsätzen des deutschen Rechts. 3 vols. 8vo. Göttingen, 1859.

Arnold. Zur Geschichte des Eigenthums in der deutschen Städten. 8vo. Basel, 1861.

Schröder, R. Geschichte d. ehelichen Güterrechts in Deutschland. 3 vols. 8vo. Stettin, 1863–74.

Schulze, H. Das Erb- und Familienrecht im Mittelalter. 8vo. Halle, 1871.

Amira, K. v. Erbenfolge und Verwandtschaftsgliederung nach den alten niederdeutschen Rechten. 8vo. München, 1874.

Schröder, R. Das eheliche Güterrecht Deutschlands in Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft. 8vo. Berlin, 1875.

Witzmann, Th. Das Erbrecht im Bereiche der preussischen Monarchie in seinen Grundzügen dargestellt. 8vo. Berlin, 1875.

Lammers. Die Erbfolge auf Bauerhöfen, in Faucher's Vierteljahrsschrift für Volkswirthschaft. Pt. IX. Berlin, 1875.

Scheel, H. Eigenthum und Erbrecht. Berlin, 1877.

Chapter IV.—PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

Autenrieth. Ueber Vertrennung der Bauerngüter. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1779.

Schüz, C. W. Ch. Ueber den Einfluss der Vertheilung des Grundeigenthums auf das Volk- und Staatsleben. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1836.

Maurer, G. L. Einleitung zur Geschichte der Mark-, Hof- und Dorfverfassung. 8vo. Erlangen, 1856.

Becker. Die Almende. 8vo. Basel, 1868.

Roscher, W. Nationalökonomik des Ackerbaues. 7th edit. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1873.

Lehnert, E. Ueber die gegenwärtige Eintheilung der Grundstücke in Deutschland. 8vo. Leipzig, 1874.

Chapter V.—MARRIAGE.

Schulte, J. F. Handbuch des katholischen Eherechts. Giessen, 1855.

Friedberg, E. Das Recht der Eheschliessung in seiner geschichtlichen Entwicklung. Leipzig, 1865.

Friedberg, E. Die Geschichte der Civilehe. Berlin, 1870.

Kah, K. Die Ehe und das bürgerliche Standesamt nach badischem Rechte. Heidelberg, 1872.

Knopp, N. Vollständiges Eherecht. Regensburg, 1873.

Schröder, R. Geschichte des ehelichen Güterrechts. Stettin, 1874.

Baron, J. Das Heirathen in alten und neuen Gesetzen. Berlin, 1874.

Stölzel, A. Eheschliessungsrecht. Berlin, 1874.

Stölzel, A. Deutsches Eheschliessungsrecht. Berlin, 1876.

Hölder, E. Die römische Ehe. Zürich, 1874.

Sohm, R. Das Recht der Eheschliessung. Weimar, 1875.

Friedberg, E. Verlobung und Trauung; zugleich als Kritik von Sohm, Das Recht der Eheschliessung. Leipzig, 1876.

Sicherer, H. Ueber Eherecht und Ehegerichtsbarkeit in Bayern. München, 1875.

Hinscius. Das Reichsgesetz über die Beurkundung des Personenstandes und die Form der Eheschliessung, mit Commentar. Berlin, 1875.

Kletke, C. M. Gesetz über die Eheschliessung im deutschen Reiche. 3rd edit. Berlin, 1875.

Scheuerl, Adf. Die Entwicklung d. kirchlichen Eheschliessungsrechts. Erlangen, 1877.

Einsiedel, H. v. Die Verheirathung ohne Einwilligung der Eltern oder des Vormunds. Leipzig, 1878.

Chapter VI.—WOMEN.

Meiners, C. Geschichte des weiblichen Geschlechts. Hannover, 1788–1800.

Geist. Sitten und Character der Weiber in den verschiedenen Zeitaltern. Chemnitz, 1793.

Münch, E. v. Margariten: Frauencharaktere aus älterer u. neuerer Zeit. Cannstadt, 1840. (Unfinished.)

Jung, G. Geschichte der Frauen. Erster [and only]. Theil (die Unterdrückung der Frauen und ihre allmählige Selbstbefreiung bis zur Erscheinung des Christenthums. Frankfurt, 1850.

Weinhold, K. Die deutschen Frauen in dem Mittelalter. Wien, 1851.

Düntzer, H. Frauenbilder aus Goethe's Jugendzeit. Stuttgart, 1852.

Weimar and its Celebrities, in 'Westminster Review.' 1859.

Klarum, G. Die Frauen: culturgeschichtliche Schilderungen des Zustandes und Einflusses der Frauen in den verschiedenen Zonen und Zeitaltern. Dresden, 1859.

Wiese. Die Stellung der Frauen im Alterthum und in d. christlich. Zeit. Berlin, 1854.

Scherr, J. Geschichte der deutschen Frauenwelt. 3rd edit. Leipzig, 1873.

Chapter VII.—FOREST ROYALTY.

The German press teems with books on the subject of forest culture and forest rights. It is therefore unnecessary to do more than mention a few of the latest and best works on the subject.

Bernard, S. Geschichte des Waldeigenthums, der Waldwirthschaft u. Forstwissenschaft in Deutschland. Berlin, 1872–75.

Bernhard, A. Die Waldwirthschaft. Berlin, 1859.

Heiss, L. Der Wald und die Gesetzgebung. Berlin, 1875.

Albert, J. Lehrbuch der Staatsforstwissenschaft. Wien, 1875

Bernhard, A. Chronik d. deutschen Forstwesens in den Jahren 1873 bis 1875, Berlin, 1876; im Jahr 1876, Berlin, 1877; im Jahr 1877, Berlin, 1878.

Grimert, J. Th. Die staatliche Beschränkung der Gemeindeforstverwaltung in Preussen. Leipzig, 1876.

Binzer, C. A. L. Die Oberaufsicht d. Staates üb. die Waldungen der Gemeinden. Frankfurt, 1876.

Doehl, C. Waldungen und Waldwirthschaft, deren Bedeutung für Nationalwohlstand und Landeskultur. Elberfeld, 1876.

Fischbach, C. Lehrbuch der Forstwissenschaft. Berlin, 1877.

Obermayer, Thdr. Die Lehren der Forstwissenschaft. Berlin, 1877.

Gayer, K. Die Forstbenutzung. 3rd edit. Berlin, 1878.
Mühlen, A. Beitrag zur Frage über den Waldschutz gegen die Waldbesitzer, mit besond. Beziehung auf das preuss. Gesetz vom 6. Juli 1875. Reval, 1878.
Oelschläger u. Bernhardt. Die preussischen Forst- u. Jagdgesetze. Berlin, 1878.
Homburg, G. Th. Die Nutzholzwirthschaft im geregelten Hochwald-überhaltbetreibe u. ihre Praxis. Cassel, 1878.

Chapter VIII.—EDUCATION.

Horace Mann. Educational Tour in Europe. English edit. London, 1846.
Heppe, H. Geschichte des deutschen Volksschulwesens. Gotha, 1859.
Education Commission: Reports of the Assistant Commissioners appointed to Enquire into the State of Popular Education in Continental Europe. Vol. IV. London, 1860.
Arnold. M. Higher Schools and Universities in Germany. London, 1874.
Laas, E. Gymnasium und Realschule. Berlin, 1875.
Kehr, C. Geschichte der Methodik d. deutschen Volksschulunterrichtes. Gotha, 1878.
Laacke, K. C. F. Schulgesetzsammlung. Leipzig, 1878.
Schultze, G. V. Das deutsche Reich u. die Bildung der Jugend nach Entlassung aus der Volksschule. Leipzig, 1878.
Steinbart, O. 'Unsere Abiturienten.' Berlin, 1878.
Gräfe, H. Deutsche Volksschule, od. Bürger u. Landschule, nebst eine Geschichte der Volksschule. Jena, 1878.
Cauer, E. Die höh're Mädchenschule u. die Lehrerinfrage. Berlin, 1878.
Giebe. Verordnungen betr. das gesammte Volksschulwesen in Preussen, nebst ausführlich. Lehrplänen für die 1. bis 6. klass. Volksschule. 3rd edit. Düsseldorf, 1878.
Jahresbericht der höheren Bürgerschule zu Karlsruhe für das Schuljahr 1877–78. Karlsruhe, 1878.
Jahresbericht der städtischen höheren Töchterschule in Karlsruhe für das Schuljahr 1877–78. Karlsruhe, 1878.

Chapter IX.—THE UNIVERSITIES.

Hagelgans, J. G. Orbis literatus Academ. Musarum Sedes, Societates, Universitates. Frankfurt, 1737.

Meiners, C. Geschichte der Entstehung und Entwickelung der hohen Schulen unsres Erdtheils. Göttingen, 1802-5.

Kuchhäuser, J. Erinnerungen aus d. höchstmerkwürdigen Lebensgeschichte eines Studenten. Solothurn, 1848.

Tholuck, A. Das akademische Leben d. 17. Jahrhunderts. 2nd edit. Halle, 1854.

Meyer, J. B. Deutsche Universitäts-Entwicklung. Berlin, 1875.

Helmholtz, H. Ueber die akademische Freiheit der deutschen Universitäten. Berlin, 1878.

Deutscher Universitäts-Kalender. Berlin, twice annually.

Chapter X.—THE ARMY.

Notes d'un Officier russe sur l'Armée allemande, in 'Bulletin de la Réunion des Officiers,' Paris, 1877, Nos. 13-49; 1878, Nos. 2, 5. (German officers have assured me that this is the best account of their army organisation that has appeared.)

Egidy. Die Dienstverhältnisse der Mannschaften d. Beurlaubtenstandes, einschliesslich der Rekruten u. Ersatzreservisten. 5th edit. Bautzen, 1878.

Haber, R. v. Die Cavalerie des deutschen Reiches. Hannover, 1878.

Witte. Das Ausbildungsjahr bei der Fussartillerie. Berlin, 1878.

Bütow. Die kaiserliche deutsche Marine. Berlin, 1878.

Dilthey. Militärischer Dienstunterricht für einjährige Freiwillige, Reserve-Offizieraspiranten u. Offiziere d. Beurlaubtenstandes der deutschen Infanterie. 10th edit. Berlin, 1878.

Eintheilung u. Standquartiere des deutschen Reichsheeres. Berlin, 1878.

Poten, B. Handwörterbuch der gesammten Militärwissenschaften. Bielefeld, 1878.

Niemann. Militär-Handlexicon. 3 vols. Stuttgart, 1877-78. (A capital book.)

Kirchner, C. Lehrbuch d. Militär-Hygiene. Stuttgart, 1877.

Roth u. Lex. Handbuch der Militär-Gesundheitspflege. 2 vols. Berlin, 1875.

Militair-Encyclopädie, allgemeine. Herausgegeben und bearbeitet v. e. Verein deutscher Offiziere. Leipzig, 1878.

Militär-Gesetze d. deutschen Reichs. Berlin, 1878.

Buschbeck-Helldorff. Feld-Taschenbuch für Officiere aller Waffen der deutschen Armee zum Kriegs- und Friedensgebrauch. 4th edit. 1878.

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Chapter XI.—THE STAGE.

Devrient, E. Geschichte der deutschen Schauspielkunst. Leipzig, 1848.

Deutscher Bühnen-Almanach. Berlin. Appears annually.

Brachvogel, A. E. Geschichte d. königl. Theaters zu Berlin. Berlin, 1878.

Genée, R. Das deutsche Theater und die Reform-Frage. Berlin, 1878.

Kürschner, J. Jahrbuch für das deutsche Theater. Leipzig, 1878.

Chapter XII.—MUSIC.

Kiesewetter, R. G. Geschichte der abendl. europ. Musik. Leipzig, 1804, 1846.

Schlüter, J. Allgemeine Geschichte der Musik in übersichtlicher Darstellung. Leipzig, 1863.

Brendel, F. Geschichte der Musik in Italien, Deutschland und Frankreich. 5th edit. Leipzig, 1874.

Reissmann, A. Allgemeine Geschichte der Musik. Leipzig, 1863, 1866.

Reissmann, A. Von Bach bis Wagner, zur Geschichte der Musik. Berlin, 1861.

Riehl, W. H. Musikalische Charakterköpfe. 5th edit. Stuttgart, 1878.

Köstlin, H. A. Geschichte der Musik im Umriss für Gebildeten aller Stände. Tübingen, 1875.

La Mara. Musikalische Studienköpfe. 4th edit. Leipzig, 1878.

Mendel u. Reissmann. Musikalisches Conversations-Lexicon. Berlin, 1878.

Wasielewski, W. J. Geschichte der Instrumental-Musik. Berlin, 1878.

Ambros, Aug. W. Geschichte der Musik. Leipzig, 1878.

In addition a vast number of monographs on the great composers.

Chapter XIII.—THE KULTURKAMPF.

It is unnecessary to give a list of the innumerable pamphlets the *Kulturkampf* has given birth to.

An abstract of the laws affecting the Catholic Church in Germany, in a compendious form, will be found in—

Die preussische-deutsche Kirchengesetzgebung seit 1871: vollständige Sammlung der auf den Kirchenconflict in Preussen und Deutschland bezüglichen Staatsgesetze und wichtigeren ministeriellen Erlasse. 2nd edit. Münster, 1876.

Chapter XIV.—PROTESTANTISM.

Dewar, Rev. E. H. German Protestantism. Oxford, 1844.

Laing, S. Notes on the 'German Catholic Church.' London, 1845.

Laing, S. Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of Italy, France, and Germany during the Ninteenth Century. London, 1842.

Religious Thought in Germany. Reprinted from the 'Times.' London, 1870.

The Protestant Church in Prussia, in the 'Foreign Church Chronicle,' 1878 and 1879.

Of German books and pamphlets the number precludes their being quoted, but the following deserves mention as containing annual information concerning the events that have taken place in the Evangelical Churches of Germany:—

Mathes. Kirchliche Chronik. Herausgegeben von Pfarrer Werner in Gruben. Altona (annually).

Chapter XV.—THE LABOUR QUESTION.

Bamberger, Lud. Die Arbeiterfrage unt. d. Gesichtspunkte d. Vereinsrechtes. Stuttgart, 1873.

Böhmert, Vict. Der Socialismus u. die Arbeiterfrage. Zürich, 1872.

Diefenbach, R. J. Ueber die Arbeiterfrage. Stuttgart, 1872.

Stahl, Fr. W. Die Arbiterfrage sonst und jetzt. Berlin, 1872.

Felix, Ludw. Die Arbeiter und die Gesellschaft: eine culturgeschichtliche Studie. Leipzig, 1874.

Sickinger, C. Das alte Zunftwesen und die moderne Gewerbefreiheit. Kirchheim, 1875.

Berliner, Adf. Die Lage d. deutschen Handwerkerstandes. Hannover, 1877.

Chapter XVI.—SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

Marx, K. Das Kapital: Kritik der polit. Oekonomie. 2nd. edit. Hamburg, 1872. (Incomplete.)

Contzen, H. Die sociale Frage, ihre Geschichte und ihre Bedeutung in der Gegenwart. 2nd edit. Berlin, 1872.

Dannenberg, J. F. H. Das deutsche Handwerk und die sociale Frage. Leipzig, 1872.

Jäger, Eug. Der moderne Socialismus: Karl Marx, die internationale Arbeiter-Association, Lassalle und die deutschen Socialisten. Berlin, 1873.

Schultze-Delitzsch. Die Genossenschaften in einzelnen Gewerbszweigen. Leipzig, 1873.

Schüren, N. Die Katheder-Socialisten. Berlin, 1873.

Schüren, N. Zur Lösung der sociale Frage. 2nd edit. Berlin, 1873.

Fröbel, Jul. Die Wirthschaft d. Menschengeschlechtes auf dem Standpunkte der Einheit idealer und realer Interessen. I. und II. Die Privatwirthschaft und die Volkswirthschaft. Berlin, 1874. III. Die Staatswirthschaft. Berlin, 1876.

Lassalle, Ferd. Zur Arbeiterfrage. 6th edit. Braunschweig, 1875.

Lassalle, Ferd. Arbeiterlesebuch. Braunschweig, 1873.

Lassalle, Ferd. Arbeiterprogramm. Braunschweig, 1874.

Pfeil, Graf L. v. Lösung der sociale Frage. Breslau, 1874.

Dühring, E. Kritische Geschichte der National-Oekonomie und des Socialismus. 2nd edit. Berlin, 1875.

Goltz, Th. v. Das Wesen und die Bedeutung der deutschen Socialdemokratie. Leipzig, 1875.

Treitschke, H. Der Socialismus und seine Gönner. Berlin, 1875.

Treitschke, der Socialistentödter, u. d. Endziele des Liberalismus: eine socialist. Replik. Leipzig, 1875.

Diest-Daber, Otto v. Geldmacht und Socialismus. Berlin, 1875.

Rodbertus-Jagetzow. Zur Beleuchtung der sociale Frage. Berlin, 1875.

Schuster, R. Die Socialdemokratie nach ihrem Wesen und ihrer Agitation quellenmässig dargestellt. 2nd edit. Stuttgart, 1876.

Calberla, G. M. Sozialwissenschaftliches. 1. Hft. Karl Marx, 'Das Kapital,' u. der heutige Sozialismus. Kritik einiger ihres Fundamentalsätze. Dresden, 1877.

Hitze, Fr. Die sociale Frage und die Bestrebungen zu ihrer Lösung. Paderborn, 1877.

Mehring, Fr. Die deutsche Socialdemokratie: ihre Geschichte und ihre Lehre. 2nd edit. Bremen, 1878.

Schäffle, A. Die Quintessenz des Sozialismus. 3rd edit. Gotha, 1878.

Kritik der 'Quintessenz des Sozialismus' von Schäffle, von einem praktischen Staatsmann. Bielefeld und Leipzig, 1878.

Chapter XVII.—CULTURE.

Math. Quad von Kinckelbach. Teutscher Nation. Herrlichkeit. Kölln, 1609.

Des Bauernstands und Wandels entdeckte Uebelsitten und Lasterproben. Osnabrück, 1713.

Hüllmann, K. D. Städtewesen des Mittelalters. Bonn, 1826.

Huscher. Skizze einer Culturgeschichte d. deutschen Städte. Culmbach, 1808.

Gagern, H. Ch. E. v. Die Resultate der Sittengeschichte. 6 vols. I. Die Fürsten; II. Aristokratie; III. Demokratie; IV. Politik; V. VI. Freundschaft und Liebe. Stuttgart, 1822–37.

Rauschnick. Das Bürgerthum und Städtewesen der Deutschen im Mittelalter. Dresden, 1829.

Rauschnick. Geschichte d. deutschen Adels. Dresden, 1836.

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Vehse, Ed. Geschichte der deutschen Höfe seit der Reformation. 48 vols. Hamburg, 1851–60.

Nork, F. Die Sitten und Gebräuche der Deutschen und ihrer Nachbarvölker. Stuttgart, 1849.

Riehl, H. Culturstudien aus drei Jahrhunderten. Stuttgart, 1859.

Riehl, H. Die Familie. Stuttgart, 1861.

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Riehl, H. Land und Leute. Stuttgart, 1861.

Freytag, Gust. Bilder aus d. deutschen Vergangenheit. Leipzig, 1860.

Kriegk, G. F. Deutsches Bürgerthum im Mittelalter. Frankfurt, 1868–71.

Scherr, J. Deutsche Kultur- und Sittengeschichte. 7th edit. Leipzig, 1878.

Chapter XVIII.—ARCHITECTURE.

Kallenbach, G. G. Chronologie der deutsch. mittelalt. Baukunst in geometr. Zeichnungen. München, 1844–6.

Kallenbach, G. G. Die Baukunst d. deutschen Mittelalters chronologisch dargestellt. München, 1847.

Heideloff, C. Der kleine Altdeutsche, oder Grundzüge des altdeutschen Baustyles. Nürnberg, 1850–2.

Heideloff, C. Die Ornamentik des Mittelalters. Nürnberg, 1851–2.

Otte, H. Handbuch der kirchlichen Kunstarchäologie. 4th edit. Leipzig, 1868.

Lübke, W. Abrisse der Geschichte d. Baustyle. 3rd edit. Leipzig, 1868.

Lübke, W. Geschichte der Architektur. 4th edit. Leipzig, 1870.

Lübke, W. Grundrisse der Kunstgeschichte. 4th edit. Stuttgart, 1868.

Lübke, W. Kunsthistorische Studien. Stuttgart, 1869.

Deutsche Renaissance: eine Sammlung von Gegenständen der Architektur, Decoration und Kunstgewerbe. Leipzig, 1878. (In course of publication.)

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LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

00032368

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018